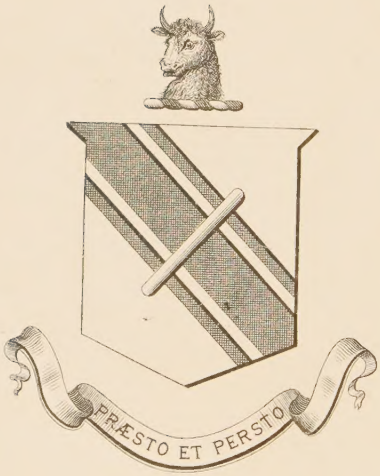

John Tallow,

1780.

John G. Fallow
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MEMOIRS,

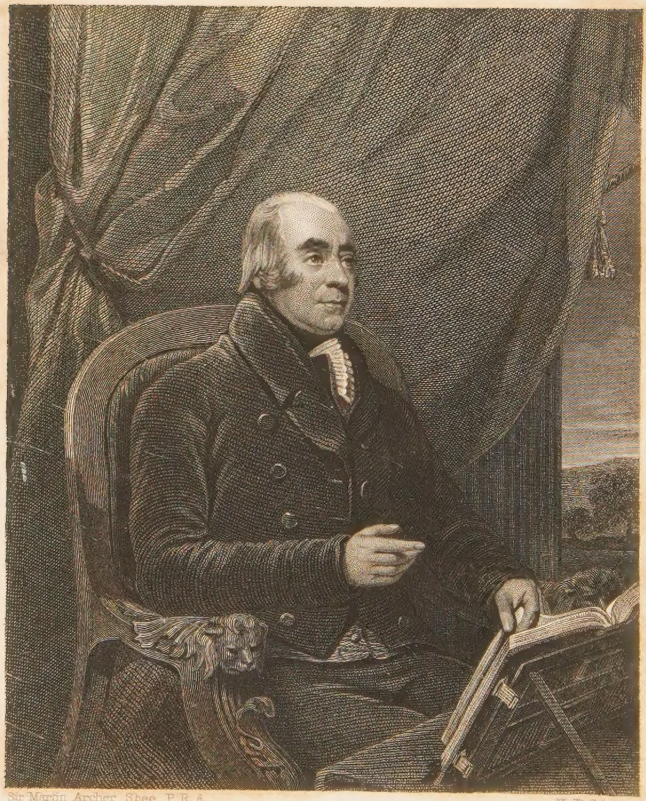
JOURNAL, AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

THOMAS MOORE.

VOL. II.

(The Author's Assignees hereby give Notice that they reserve to themselves the right of Translation of this Work.)



Sir Martin Archer Shee, P.R.A. H. Robinson.

Lord Moira.

MEMOIRS,

JOURNAL, AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

THOMAS MOORE.

EDITED BY

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, M.P.

"Spirat adhuc amor."—Hor.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS
1853.

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JOURNAL, AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

THOMAS MOORE.

LETTERS.

1814—1818.

[No. 264.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Monday, Jan. 10. 1814.

Why don't you write to me? Why don't you write to me? Why don't you write to me? Two-pence to be paid upon the inclosed, and forwarded directly. Lord Byron dedicates his Corsair to me, and from this on't lords are to dedicate to poor poets, instead of poor poets dedicating to lords. Mrs. Wilmot has written to me to furnish her with an epilogue for her tragedy, with fine flourishes about its being the wish of Messrs. Sheridan, Whitbread, &c. &c. I have taken time to consider. Last packet brought me proposals of being elected librarian to the Dublin Society, 200*l.* per annum, coals, candles, and to be qualified in *German* for it, at half an hour's notice, by Mr. Professor Feinagle. Every body thinks me a person of some consequence except you two sisters there,

in Davies Street; and unless you give some *signs of life* in the course of this week, I shall hand you over to the Humane Society for resuscitating persons in said condition. Ever yours notwithstanding,

T. MOORE.

[No. 265.] *To Mr. Power.*

Monday, Jan. 17. 1814.

My dear Sir,

I did not intend to have any communication with you till Friday, but as I have been requested by the Coopers to send the inclosed, I must give you the trouble of forwarding them; and I think I shall not inflict another packet on my friend Lord Glenbervie till this day week, when you shall have the two jobs of the present week. I was very much delighted to receive your two last letters, though I did not answer the one about your excursion to France so soon as you seemed to wish, concluding that there is *as yet* no hurry, though certainly I have no doubt of a peace taking place very soon, and then, my dear sir, after I have seen my poor Bessy safe over her July production, I shall be at your command for a short musical trip at a day's notice: besides the pleasure of our being together, I think it is quite necessary for you to have some one with you that speaks French, and I have but little doubt that we shall make the excursion *tell.*

I have had a letter from old Sheddon, in which there is no money, but some sort of promise, which I can hardly understand, of remittances I may expect, he says, on account of last year. Heaven grant it! they can never come amiss.

Lord Byron's new poem is dedicated to me, and as it

will be a fortnight yet before it appears, I will give you a taste of what he says, which I flatter myself will be a cordial to you. "I take this opportunity of adorning my pages with a name consecrated by unshaken public principle and the most undoubted and various talent. While Ireland ranks you among the firmest of her patriots; while you stand alone the first of her bards in her estimation, and Britain repeats and ratifies the decree, permit one, whose only regret since the commencement of our acquaintance, has been the years he had lost before it began, to add his humble suffrage of friendship to the voice of more than one nation:" then, at the end, he says, "it may be of some service to me that the man who is the delight both of his readers and his friends; the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own; permits me here and elsewhere to subscribe myself," &c. &c. Is not *this* very fine? They may say the praise is *laid on with a trowel*, but at least it is a *golden* trowel that lays it on.

Best regards to Mrs. Power from Bessy and myself, and believe me, my dear Sir, ever cordially yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 266.] *To William Gardiner, Esq.*

Mayfield Cottage,
Wednesday, Jan. 19. 1814.

My dear Sir,

I have a thousand apologies to make for not answering your letter sooner, but I rather think I must have *dreamed* that I had done so, for though I have thought of you often since, it was without the least symptoms of remorse, till this morning I was awakened to a full sense of my

wrong towards you by discovering your letter in the *un*-answered side of my letter-box. I hope by this time you have recovered from the effects of Mr. Cheslyn's method of "teaching your young idea how to shoot," and that you will in future keep out of the way of such *unpoetical* things as guns, squires, rabbits, &c.* The Prince was very gracious to you, and no one can be more so when he chooses. To give the devil his due, he is very fond of music, and that is one great step towards redemption, at least where you and I are the judges.

We are here, in a very delightful situation, where we should be most happy if you would pay us a visit. You must not come, however, till we have better *cottage*-weather, as, in these snows, we cannot stir a step without pioneers and shovels in the van.

When are we to have your second volume? Pray give our kindest regards to our *well-remembered* friends in High Street, and say that we have often meditated a visit to them, and shall hardly let another summer pass without putting it into execution.

Will you take the trouble of telling Clarke to send me a bill of the things he made for me, and believe me, very truly yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

What do you think of my friend Buonaparte? like most of our modern dramatists, he *falls off in the last act* deplorably.

* *Note by Mr. Gardiner:* — "This alludes to my having been persuaded, much against my will, to join a shooting party, at which some stray shots from my friend's gun, firing at a rabbit, wounded me in the knee, and I returned to the hall bleeding."

[No. 267.] *To Edward T. Dalton, Esq.*

Thursday, Jan. 25. 1814.

My dearest Dalton,

I have just heard that you are at Lord Bective's, and very ill there: for goodness' sake, my dear fellow, *do* let me hear from you, or, if you dislike writing yourself, I am sure Mrs. Dalton will let me have a line of intelligence about you. If the letter I wrote to you some time since did but *half* justice to the anxiety I felt to hear from you, I am certain you would not have left me so unaccountably long without that gratification. My appearance as a "sweet singer of Israel" is near at hand, and I want to know whether you will let me dedicate the first number to *you*, and whether I may call you, "My dear Dalton," *in print?* Answer these two questions immediately, as the printer's devil's claws are extended over me, and there is no time to lose. Yours ever affectionately,

T. Moore.

[No. 268.] *To his Mother.*

Tuesday, Jan. 1814.

My dearest Mother,

I am sorry to find you are as wretchedly off with snow in Dublin as we are here; it made me quite sad to read of the miseries they are suffering in the Liberty, &c. Our roads have been completely blocked up, and we had four mails due yesterday. I expect by the post Mrs. Wilmot's tragedy, for which I have half promised to write an epilogue; but, unless it is pathetic enough to *melt* its way to

me, I fear I shan't get it in time. We struggled through the snow to see Statia yesterday, and were delighted to find her improving very fast: she has cut two teeth.

Lord Byron's poem comes out on Tuesday next: I shall contrive to send you over a copy. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 269.] *To his Mother.*

Thursday, Jan. 1814.

My dearest Mother,

Lord Byron has sent me a proof sheet of his Dedication, and I hope he will keep it as it is, for nothing was ever so flattering or gratifying: as I have just said in a letter to Rogers, "the overflowing praise he lavishes on me is exactly what might be expected from a profuse, magnificent-minded fellow, who does not wait for scales to weigh what he says, but gives praise, as sailors lend money, *by handfuls*." I shall keep the proof till I see whether he makes any alteration, and shall then send it you with any difference there may be.

We are almost completely blocked up by snow, and cannot stir without pioneers and shovels in our van. I have had a proposal from Dublin to stand for the librarian of the Dublin Society, with a promised prospect of success; but 200*l.* a year and residence on the spot are but poor temptations, and I have declined it. Ever, my darling mother, your own,

TOM.

[No. 270.] *To his Mother.*

Mayfield Cottage, Thursday, 1814.

My dearest Mother,

I forgot to mention in my last, that my *bile* was quite gone again, and I am this moment returned from a long walk with as good a colour on my cheeks as even you, my darling mother, could wish to see.

Barbara has this moment interrupted me with her often-repeated demand for "pretty mookis," which means "pretty music," and I have accordingly set her up on a chair at the pianoforte, where she is inflicting all sorts of tones on my ears. I hope she will continue as fond of it as she is now.

Best love to dear father, Nell, and Kate, from your own,

Tom.

[No. 271.] *To Mr. Power.*

Thursday, Jan. 29. 1814.

My dear Sir,

You did not, of course, receive my letters of last week till late in this. We have been so blocked up here that I have not been able to take my exercise, and from this cause, and a very bad cold, I have been upon the whole rather unfitted for my studies. I send you, however, a Song, and an Irish Melody, which I have altered from one in Crotch's collection; it is the second verse I have sent with it, as I am not yet satisfied with the first, and indeed shall have some alterations to make in this second one. I am resolved to make this number, at least in *words*, better, if possible, than any one of them; there are some old airs

for it that will admit of a fine measure for poetry. From what I hear of the fifth number, I begin (though you know how dissatisfied I was with it) to think it will not let down the character of the work: it is, at all events, much better than the third. One good sign is, that I find different people choosing different favourites from it. Lord Tamworth said to me at the Derby ball, "Moore, you never wrote anything so good as 'The Young May Moon;'" but our sixth shall be a *smasher*. I mean to write the regular number through before my year is out, to leave nothing for your brother to complain of; but I will positively protest against its publication till I think it all excellent; and what are over may be laid by, till we recommence the work.

I am determined, as soon as my poem is published, to give all my soul and body to the stage and music. I shall not be deterred even by a *failure*, for I mean to throw so much of the best writing I can muster up into what I do, that even should the galleries damn it, I may have the critics on my side.

I don't know whether I told you that I have had a request from the party lately at Whitbread's to write an epilogue for Mrs. Wilmot's forthcoming tragedy. I have said that I will try, and the manuscript is on its way to me; it ought to have come last week, and I hope no accident has happened to it. There is no time to lose, as she comes out in February. I shall take pains with it. I think the oftener I rub my skirts to the Dramatic Muse the better, and who knows but (if I receive something from Bermuda) I may take a trip myself to town to school Miss Smith in her recitation of it. Ever yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 272.] *To Mr. Power.*

—— 1814.

My dear Sir,

I have been disappointed in not hearing from you this week past. I send you words of a song for Stevenson to set: there is a third verse, but the two will do to send him. He may introduce much variety in it. Let the verses be copied out correctly from my manner of writing them. I told your brother in my letter, thanking him for the Irish airs, that you would not bring out the sixth number till it was as perfect as possible, and he has written in reply that he would not, on any consideration, have me harried in this or any other work till I was completely satisfied with it myself.

Mrs. Wilmot's play does not come out for a month yet, and this extraordinary phenomenon, Kean, is her hero.

You have seen, I suppose, the lashing I have got in Drakard: it is an unfair renewal of all the old charges against my early poems; but you perceive the Irish songs are sacred even in this fellow's hands; indeed, these songs are, at present, the main bulwark of my reputation, and I am rejoiced at it for your sake; but I hope to show these gentlemen they are mistaken, when they say there is nothing better in me than I have yet exhibited.

You shall have another melody next week. Ever yours,

T. Moore.

Poor Mr. Kean is now in the honeymoon of criticism. Next to the pleasure of crying a man down, your critics

enjoy the vanity of crying him up; but, when *once up* and fixed there, he is a mark for their arrows ever after.

"When first the Fount of life was flowing,
Heavy and dark and cold it ran,
Every gloomy instant growing
Bitterer to the lips of Man;
Till Love came by, one lucky minute,
Light of heart and fair of brow,
And flung his sweetening cordial in it,
Proudly saying, 'Taste it now.'

"Then bring the Lyre, to rapture wake it,
Who one drop of Life would waste,
When the balm of Love can make it
Fit for Gods themselves to taste?

"Still, though now no longer bitter,
Still, the Fount in darkness strayed,
Ne'er had morn or noontide glitter
O'er its cloudy surface played;
Till Wit, the Spirit of the Mountain,
Stooping from his airy heights,
Came and scattered o'er the fountain,
All his richest rainbow lights!

"Then bring the Lyre, to rapture wake it,
Who one drop of Life would waste,
When the beams of Wit can make it
Fit for Gods themselves to taste?"

The first four lines of each verse ought to be slow and melancholy. I should think the varieties of the expression particularly suited to a three part glee.

[No. 273.] *To his Mother.*

Monday, —— 1814.

My dearest Mother,

I have just been copying out some music to send to Power by this opportunity, so that I have not left myself

a moment to say more than that I have got the two newspapers you sent me. I fear my friend Bryan has not done quite right, though I perceive he has not lost ground with the Catholic Board, and I should suppose that illustrious body would have shown their sense of his misconduct if he had been wrong. What a set they are! they make me blush for poor Ireland.

Bessy is not at all well to-day, and it is unlucky, as we have the Coopers to dine with us. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 274.] *From Mr. Jeffrey to Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

92. Gee Street, Edinburgh,
March 30. 1814.

My dear Sir,

I have long been desirous of preferring an humble petition to your friend — and I hope I may say mine also — Mr. Moore, for some assistance on the Review, and have at last resolved to give you the trouble of making my application. I can more easily state to you than to him the terms upon which we solicit contributions; and I am sure my application will have a far better chance of success, if you condescend to say a word or two in its favour. On my return from the other side of the world, I found the affairs of the Review in some degree of backwardness and confusion; and feel that it would require the assistance of finer and stronger heads than my own completely to restore them. The brilliant success of some of Mr. Moore's late (reputed) works brought him very quickly to my thoughts; and all that I have since heard of the manly and noble independence of his conduct, in circumstances of much difficulty, has increased the ambition I felt to connect myself in some way with a person of such talents

and such principles. I understand that he is living without any profession, cultivating literature and domestic happiness, in a situation of retirement. I am inclined to hope, therefore, that he may, occasionally at least, have leisure enough to furnish us with an article, if he has not other and more radical objections to enrolling himself among our contributors. If he can be prevailed on to do us this honour, it will be for himself to choose the subject upon which he would like best to enlarge, though there is one sort of article which I should be tempted to suggest, both because it is one with which I should be peculiarly glad to embellish our journal, and because I know of nobody who could execute it half so well. I mean a classical, philosophical, poetical article, after the nature of that on Aristophanes in one of the late Quarterlies, in which some ancient author is taken up, and estimated, and commented, and poetically translated in fragments, and the purity of classic literature combined with the depth, boldness, and freedom of modern discussion. I have no particular author or publication in view for the subject of such an exercise; but if Mr. Moore was inclined to do the thing we could soon find him the occasion.

And now I have only to add, that our regular allowance to contributors of the first order is about twenty guineas for every printed sheet of sixteen pages; but that for such articles as I have now hinted at, we should never think of offering less than thirty, and probably a good deal more. I have some discretion in this matter, which I am not disposed to exercise very parsimoniously.

You see I presume a great deal on your good nature, when I venture, without any apology, to trouble you with all the negotiation; but I have already experienced so

much of your kindness that I do not feel at all afraid of offending you, and cannot help having a kind of assurance that it will give you pleasure to be the means of bringing your excellent friend and me into something of a nearer connection. I hope there neither is, nor can be supposed to be, any kind of indelicacy in the proposal I have now asked you to make. Heaven forbid that you should make it if there was the shadow of a doubt on the subject; and I rely entirely on your good sense and good feeling to proceed on it or to let it alone as you think most advisable. At all events, I must beg of you to take some means to let Moore know that I respect and esteem him, and should be sincerely gratified to have the means of doing him any service. For yourself, I have only now to assure you that I am, with the utmost respect, dear sir, your obliged and very faithful servant, &c.

F. JEFFREY.

[No. 275.] *From Mr. Jeffrey.*

Edinburgh, April 23. 1814.

My dear Sir,

Few things have ever given me more pleasure than the account which our excellent friend Rogers has just sent me, not only of your favourable, but your kind reception of the proposal I took the liberty of making you, through him, about a fortnight ago. It is a great matter to gain such an associate for the Review; but I do assure you this has but an insignificant share in the gratification I feel in having found a fair and natural occasion to cultivate your friendship, and to show my admiration of your talents and your character. I am sorry that you cannot engage to do much for us for some time to come; but hope you may still find some odd ends and fragments of

time that may be bestowed on us without inconvenience. I am extremely anxious to have you fairly dipped in our ink, and should feel my periodical anxiety very much lightened for the next number if I could but reckon on its containing one little piece of yours, however short and inelaborate. We are most in want of light articles indeed of late, as I dare say you have observed; and they bear a higher value with us, like light guineas under the bullion act. I wish I could think of a bait to tempt you with in the *genus* ridiculous; but at this distance from town we know little of such matters, and I think I may say with perfect safety that you may choose for yourself, or let any London friend choose for you, without the least risk of falling upon anything that has occurred to any of our contributors. I am obliged to go a great distance into the country for a trial in a few hours, and am excessively hurried at this moment; but I could not think of delaying one hour the expression of my great satisfaction at the prospect of your co-operation, and my anxiety to have something from you as early as possible. The number, I am ashamed to say, has not yet gone to press, and anything which you may have to send before the 25th of May next will be in time for insertion. May I hope soon to hear what you think can possibly be done for us? At all events, I shall take the liberty of writing to you again when I have a moment of greater leisure. In the meantime believe me always your obliged and very faithful servant,

F. JEFFREY.

[No. 276.] *To his Mother.*

Monday, April 25. 1814.

My dearest Mother,

I will now give you an extract or two from Jeffrey's letter to Rogers. * * * * Is not this very flattering? There is nothing half so gratifying as winning round such antagonists to praise and friendship.

I shall be off for London on Friday: poor Bessy does not at all like my going, but she would be very sorry I did not. Barbara is in high health and spirits, and little Statia getting on very well. Ever your own,

Tom.

[No. 277.] *To his Mother.*

—— 1814.

My dearest Mother,

I am again in quiet, and again able to renew my regular correspondence, which I know you will forgive the interruption of during my very bustling visit to town. I certainly never was in half such request before, and feel great spirits from finding my character in every way standing so high. I had not time to tell you of my appearance at Power's trial; but Lord Ellenborough's manner to me was of the most marked respect and politeness; and was so far *politic* as well as polite, for he has secured my silence in his favour for ever. I would not from this on't touch one hair of his wig. I send you a report of the trial, in which his compliments to me are noticed.

Did I tell you that I was offered two thousand guineas for my poem while I was in town? My friends thought

I might command three thousand; but I should not like to ask more than I could be sure of getting.

Poor Bessy was, as you may suppose, delighted to have me back again. I found Barbara visibly improved in the five weeks I had been away, and little Statia much better.

Bessy sends a collar for Ellen, which she bids me say is only worth acceptance as being worked by herself, and the first she ever worked. God bless you, dearest mother. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 278.] *To his Mother.*

Mayfield Cottage, Thursday night,
June 1. 1814.

My dearest Mother,

Bessy received Ellen's letter this evening, and it rejoiced us exceedingly to hear you were so merry on my birthday*: long, long may you be merry on that day, my own dear mother, and may we soon be able to celebrate it all together. This last time even Bessy and I were separated.

Did I tell you that Mrs. Dalton was asked to be godmother to our forthcoming little thing. She has made Bessy very happy by a present of a most splendid cap and frock for it; they are quite the admiration of all our female neighbours.

I assure you I have the credit here of being a pattern for husbands, on account of my goodness in coming back to Bessy just as all the gaieties were beginning in London; but in this they allow me more credit than I deserve, for I have no great curiosity after emperors (except *ex*-ones),

* May 28.

and of the gaieties I had quite enough. Ever, my dearest mother, your

Tom.

[No. 279.] *From Mr. Dalton.*

28. Cavendish Street, June 27. 1814.

My dearest Moore,

It is really impossible to give you any idea of the scenes which have been passing in this metropolis since you left it, and of which we have been, in common with others, most amused spectators. We have been constant in our attentions to the great visitors from their arrival to their departure. We have seen them in all places and in all ways. The most striking exhibition which I saw was their first appearance and reception at the Opera. I do not believe that Europe could produce anything like it. The Regent, who entered along with the Emperor and King of Prussia, and who of course shared in the applause, which was prodigious, turned pale when he saw the artfully timed entrance of the Princess of Wales exactly opposite, at the critical moment when the applause had subsided. I never saw anything so pointed as the manner in which almost the entire audience turned to her and cheered her.

The good-natured Duke of Devonshire asked us to Chiswick to meet them; but think of our extraordinary good fortune in getting tickets for White's *fête*. Olivia got them. It was, I think, beautiful beyond all description, and far exceeded my expectations. Imagine the extent and effect of a room in which 2500 people assembled and danced without being crowded. The supper room was equally large and beautiful.

Blucher has continued, I think throughout, the object of

greatest curiosity and admiration. The Emperor is a very amiable-looking person; the King of Prussia is, I think, much more interesting from his simple and unostentatious demeanour; but the contrast between their natural manner and unaffected dress, and the artificial dignity and manufactured appearance of our Regent, is most striking. Bating all the shows, emperors, &c., London, people who know it say, has never been so stupid.

We have decided upon going to Paris immediately. Oh! that you would come with us. Would it be possible? I think it would be prudent. By this time I sincerely hope that Mrs. Moore has removed your chief anxieties about her, and in a very few days she will be well enough to bear your absence a short time. We propose to set off on Monday week, the 4th July, take very few things with us, and spend in France about three clear weeks. During that time, you would have many opportunities of looking about you, and making inquiries, which can be so much more satisfactorily done by oneself than by any other person, concerning a desirable situation for the permanent residence, about which you spoke so positively. This is, I think, what most people do. We should take you from this to Dover, and, on our return from Dover, back here. When we got to Calais, we should make a little stock purse, and a very small contribution from each would answer. Now, my dear Moore, if I could but convey to you an idea of the pleasure which such an arrangement would give me. I must be off on Monday or Tuesday week at farthest, as I am limited in time. I believe we shall have Power with us as a fellow-traveller. Beecher will set off a few days before, and Corry and his *femme* a few days after. You must write to me by return of post, but do not decide against us without some good reason.

Mrs. Dalton and I tried your pianoforte at Broadwood's. We both thought it an uncommonly good one, and the best there. I have given the direction to Power. I had the temerity, at the same time, to select three grand pianofortes for Sir John.

Do not lose any time in writing to me. Ever most truly yours,

E. T. Dalton.

[No. 280.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Tuesday, June 28. 1814.

Ladies, who could forget a friend for such poor creatures as the Bourbons, can hardly be expected to have remembered him during the late Imperial proceedings, and therefore I have very quietly made up my mind to your being (as Lord Moira says) "*oblivious*" of me for the last three weeks; but now that these royal persons are gone, and it is the opinion of the Morning Chronicle that we should all "return to reason and reflection," I beg leave to call your attention to a certain *un*-royal person in Derbyshire, who is exceedingly anxious to hear all you can tell him about every single soul that has figured away since he left you, from the Emperor of Russia down to Paul Methuen and the Prince Regent. Seriously, I know that you are the very centre of chit-chat; that you have the first bloom and blossom of every good story that's going; and I shall take it very unkind of you, if you do not share some of your treasures with me. Even an old cast-off report, or a thread-bare letter from Elba, is as pretty a present as you can make to a country acquaintance.

Talking of presents, my dear Bessy was quite delighted with the very beautiful things you all sent her; and I brought down at the same time a cap and frock for the forthcoming babe from Mrs. Dalton, which quite crowned the offerings. I never came back to her so richly laden before. The Atkinsons are come on a visit to their brother-in-law in this neighbourhood, and invaded our territories in full force the other day. I had long ago rather imprudently told Bessy what old Joe had said to dissuade me from marrying her, and it had dwelt so upon her mind, that she burst into tears upon meeting him. However, she soon recovered, and got on, I think, very well with them. I am sorry not to be able to go to them for a day or two, but I cannot think of leaving her just now. * * * Such family minutiæ as I bore you with! but it is what is uppermost just now, for I feel deeply anxious about her, and I know *you* will not laugh at it. These fine days are very favourable to poetry. I have my chair and my manuscript book in the garden, and stay out whole hours. I am quite sure, from the more "genial current" of thought I feel in summer, that the warm sun of Southern France would suit me exactly.

I send you back the document you were so good as to take so much trouble about; and as there seems to be but one step more to the eleven pounds for the poor sailor, I know you will take it cheerfully for him.

A kiss to bold Barbara. Ever yours affectionately,

T. Moore.

[No. 281.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Mayfield, —— 1814.

I ought to have thanked you both much sooner for your very enlivening pair of letters. In my absence from all your fine London *fêtes*, I ask no better festival than one of these letters of an evening, and they have as *illuminating* an effect (upon our faces at least) as a despatch from Lord Wellington has among *you*. I assure you Bessy rubs her hands with as much glee as I do when she sees your seal, and says, "Now for a nice letter from Lady D. and Miss Godfrey," so that you are very much mistaken when you think that Friendship does not thrive in a cottage as well as Love; and I only wish you were near me, that you might see how pleasantly they would go together, and be, "like Juno's swans, coupled and inseparable." I have had a great number of letters lately from Lord Byron.

By the bye, how is the Giaour liked? and how does Rogers seem to bear the review of Columbus? It is in many parts most insidiously done, and the accusing him of *haste* is really too impudent a humbug, when they and all the world know so entirely to the contrary. I am very glad to hear that I am in such high favour with that *Begum* of *literature*, Madame de Staël. Rogers has told me much more to the same purpose: that she says "she has a *passion* for my poetry," &c. &c. I should like very much to see her, though you know how shy I am of this kind of animal, and that Goldsmith's young Marlow is not more afraid of a *modest* woman than I am of a learned one. However, as I am told she is good-natured, and too much of the true lioness to hurt a little terrier like me, I think I would venture within the reach of her claws. We have been visited by some of the *respectables* in this neighbourhood,

as, luckily, there is no fashion; though I have already met with a blooming old lady of sixty, who writes poems in *imitation of me*, about "Coming to bowers," &c. &c.: altogether, though, we are very well off for quiet, and I hope will continue so.

I send you herewith a little job to do for me. Will you take the trouble of sending John to Perry's for me with the inclosed draft? It will be paid perhaps immediately, perhaps not till next day; but, as soon as you get it, inclose it in a frank to me. It is not in payment for Chronicle squibs, for I have not once taken to my *Brown* studies since I left town; but Perry discounted a bill on Power for me two or three weeks ago, and this is part of the amount.

Ever, with best love to Lady D. (to whom I shall write soon about her kindest of all kind offers of a lodging in Davies Street) and remembrances to sister Philly, yours, most truly,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 282.] *To his Mother.*

Mayfield, Sunday, July 11. 1814.

My dearest Mother,

We feel it very long, indeed, since we heard anything from you, and though I grumble a little when a letter comes with an envelope on it that *ought* to be franked, there is no money I pay with more pleasure than that which brings me news from home. Bessy and I are particularly anxious about poor Kate, and hope another day will not pass over without bringing us some intelligence. Poor Joe Atkinson is at last gone! His death was easy, and no one ever lived a more prosperous or kind-hearted life. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 283.] *From Mr. Jeffrey.*

Edinburgh, July 12. 1814.

My dear Sir,

After our correspondence in April, I hope you will neither be vexed nor surprised at my renewing my importunities now. You were then so kind as to say that, by the time another number was in contemplation, you expected to be able to do something for me. Now I have just finished one number, which ought to have been finished six weeks ago, and am casting up all my ways and means to be able to go to press with another, if possible, by the beginning of September. I cannot help reckoning a little — I am afraid not quite a little — upon you in this emergency, and trouble you with this letter to ask whether I may not go on with my reckoning?

I have suffered a great deal for these last six weeks with toothache, or rheumatism, or ague, and have really been quite incapable of doing anything for myself, at a time when my friends were almost all prevented from doing anything for me. The publication of the present number has consequently been very distressingly retarded; and it comes out after all, I fear, in a state which requires more indulgence than it is likely to meet with. I am extremely anxious to redeem a part of the time that has been thus lost, along, perhaps, with a little character, and therefore feel even more than my former solicitude about the success of my application to you. I am persuaded you will do what you conveniently can for me; and I hope you do not imagine that I ever wish you to sacrifice your own convenience to mine. For books or subjects, I leave the choice entirely to yourself; and whether you take to light, or to scholar-like articles, I do not think the hazard of

your interference with any of our other labourers is at all considerable. It may be well, however, that you should let me know your election as early as possible, that I may warn all other persons off the premises. For time, I have already said that I should like to have something by the beginning of September, but if you must have to the middle, or even later, you shall. Now here is all the needful, and I do not feel well enough to-day to go much beyond it. Have the goodness to let me know your determination as soon after you have made it as possible; but pray do not be precipitate in determining against me. Believe me always very truly and heartily yours,

F. JEFFREY.

[No. 284.] *From Mr. Jeffrey.*

Edinburgh, July 23. 1814.

My dear Sir,

A thousand thanks for your kind letter, which I have this instant received. Both the books you mention are disengaged, and entirely at your service. I have never happened to see the work on the Fathers, but I have no doubt that you will handle it discreetly, and edify our readers prodigiously both in verse and in prose: do not omit the verses by any means. It is quite lawful, and sufficiently orthodox, to laugh at the Fathers: Middleton settled that point of law, and it is now at rest. I am delighted to hear that Lord B. is again in the press. I had not heard anything of this new work except from the newspapers: is it still in Paynim land? I long to see how he manages without beads and veils; and I want him above all things to write a tragedy. I have quoted him unmercifully, you will find, in the last number, but what can

a man do who is deserted by all his friends, and obliged to write against *space* by himself? I shall take care that a Review is sent you to-morrow. It is likely enough that your bookseller's copy (you see I take it for granted that you take one) may reach you as soon, but it will be a pledge of my zeal, and a glory to make the Admiralty a convenience. I have been in the country for ten days, pruning roses and tying up carnations. Sydney Smith maintains, indeed, that these are exotics which we only know among us by engravings, but if you will come before the end of next month, I undertake to convince you of his error. The best of it is that I have got rid of my toothache, and hope to get rid of my indolence by and bye. Believe me ever very truly yours,

F. Jeffrey.

I have said nothing of the noble author whose merit you are so anxious to blazon; but I hope you understand that you may take your pleasure of him. I never could read any of his lucubrations, but promise to go through every word that you may quote.

[No. 285.] *To his Mother.*

Mayfield Cottage, Monday night, 1814.

My dearest Mother,

As Bessy is by my side, this letter must all be about Barbara; she bids me tell you she has got her a nice little stuff gown for the winter, in which she looks prettier than in anything she ever wore, and Bessy means to send you a pattern of the gown in my next letter, or rather in her own, for she means to write next time. Barbara now has got her mamma's phrase "Bird," and looks at me very significantly, as if she had discovered something wrong I had

done, and says "Oh, Bird!" We have at last heard about Statia, she had been a little ill with her teeth, but was getting quite well again. Bessy looks forward to having her home with great impatience.

We are going to a ball this evening, given by the son of a poet in this neighbourhood. I wish there was always such a vein of gold running beside the vein of poetry, for his father (Gisborne) will leave him fifteen thousand a year. Ever, my dearest mother, your own,

TOM.

[No. 286.] *To his Mother.*

Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne,
Thursday night, 1814.

My dearest Mother,

We last night went into Ashbourne to see a phantasmagoria and automatons, and supped afterwards with our neighbours the Coopers. We found several cards of visitors on our return home; amongst others the Arkwrights, who live in Sir B. Boothby's fine place, Ashbourne Hall. I am glad he has called on me, for he was the person opposed to Lord Rancliffe in the Nottingham election, and it shows he bears me no grudge for my zeal in his antagonist's cause.

We are very glad to get back to our quiet little cottage, which has been a good deal improved since we left it, by the addition of the paling, and little Barbara runs about now without any fear. She is again very well, though I think still cutting more teeth. God bless my darling mother. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 287.] *To his Mother.*

Mayfield Cottage, —— 1814.

My dearest Mother,

I know it delights you to hear of instances of friendship towards your own Tom, and I have one now to tell you that gave myself very great pleasure. My friend Douglas (whom I have not, you know, seen more than twice in eight or nine years) has just been appointed admiral on the Jamaica station, and the first thing he did was to offer me the secretaryship. The salary is something under five hundred a-year, but the perquisites, even in peace, are considerable, and in case of war it is a sure fortune. He also tells me he has a fine house and near one hundred acres of land allowed him, which are all at my disposal. I, of course, have declined it, as the emoluments in peace are not sufficient to counteract the risk of sea, health, and other objections; but the friendliness and *courage* of the offer (considering the interest by which Douglas must have got the appointment) can never be forgotten by me.

We shall be all anxiety now, my dearest mother, to have accounts of your health, and your letters may be inclosed under cover to the person who franks this, "Richard Arkwright, Esq., Ashbourne Hall, Derbyshire." Bessy will write to Ellen the next time.

Have all sorts of comforts for yourself, my darling mother, and make my father draw upon me to furnish them: mind this. If we had you here we would nurse and make you well again; and perhaps at the first appearance of spring you will let me run over for you; the change of air and scene would do you good, and we should all return to Ireland with you. Ever your own,

Tom.

[No. 288.] *To Miss Dalby.*

Tuesday, —— 1814.

My dear Mary,

Bessy insists upon my writing you a line, and I'll be generous enough to write you two; indeed I have, at this moment, time for very little more. We were truly sorry at the cause of your not coming to us, and Bessy, who wants the smile of a friend about her just at this moment particularly, is grievously disappointed. However, come to us as soon as you can, and I'll treasure up all my London recollections for you — "my prancings with Mary Ann Skiddy," &c. &c. If I could have foreseen that this show of emperors, &c. would have taken place so soon, I should certainly have waited for it; but the quiet of my cottage and my books, and my Bessy and my Barbara are so delightful to me after the racketting wits, dukes, and countesses I have been living with, that I but little regret the loss I have had, and can even read of the meeting between those two old profligates, the Regent and Blucher (which affected some of our honest neighbours here even to tears), without one sentimental wish to witness the interview. Barbara is improving beyond my expectations, and little Statia is tolerably well. Ever yours, with both our loves,

T. Moore.

Bessy seals this letter with the tassie she has got for you.

[No. 289.] *To Miss Dalby.*

Mayfield, Monday morning, —— 1814.

My dear Mary,

We have both been sad truants to you, but Bessy bids me say that as soon as Miss Lawrence leaves her, she will

write to you with a punctuality that will astonish you. I suppose you have heard that we have been to Derby; and a very pleasant visit we had of it. I like the Strutts exceedingly; and it was not the least part of my gratification to find a very pretty natural girl of sixteen reading the sixth book of Virgil, and not at all spoiled by it. This is Joseph Strutt's eldest girl, a very nice dancer as well as a classic, and a poetess into the bargain. Indeed, they have quite a nest of young poets in that family; they meet every Sunday night, and each brings a poem upon some subject; and I never was much more surprised than in looking over their collection. I do not think I wrote half so well when I was their age. Then they have fine pianofortes, magnificent organs, splendid houses, most excellent white soup, and are, to crown all, right true Jacobins after my own heart; so that I passed my time very agreeably amongst them, and Bessy came away loaded with presents of rings, fans, and bronze candlesticks. I have wound up my gaieties for the season by being steward to the Wellington Ball at Ashbourne, where I danced with your friend Annette, and had another opportunity of seeing the pretty tremble of her eyelids in a poussette.

We have had invitations without end to the Gells of Hopton, the Arkwrights, &c. &c.; but I intend to go into a torpid state for the winter, and give no signs of life to any one of them.

Miss Lawrence has gone about with us everywhere, and is liked very much; she is, indeed, a very sensible, pleasing girl.

We have not heard anything of your little Statia, which makes us very uneasy; but Barbara is in high bloom, and has not forgot Coopsh. Ever yours, my dear Mary,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 290.] *To his Mother.*

Donington, Friday, Aug. 1814.

My dearest Mother,

I have been to the Derby ball and races on my way hither, and met shoals of my fine friends. The Duke of Devonshire has asked me to pass some time with him next week at Chatsworth, to meet the Harringtons, &c. &c. I don't know whether I shall go. I have been lucky enough to be brought on hither by an old acquaintance of mine in his curricle, and, instead of going to the Turk's Head Inn at Donington, I am very comfortably situated at his house, within a mile and a half of the Park. I left Bessy getting on very well.

I got my father's letter. Best love to him, from his and yours ever,

TOM.

I have heard from Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald. She wishes to tempt me into Devonshire; tells me of a cottage near her, with two acres, and only twenty pounds a-year. But it is much too far off.

[No. 291.] *To his Mother.*

Mayfield, Thursday night, 1814.

My dearest Mother,

I fear I have been very remiss this week, but my trip to Donington put me out of all my regular ways. I found Bessy, on my return yesterday, doing as well as I could expect, but her appetite is not come yet. She has been in the garden these two days.

I believe I told you the Duke of Devonshire has asked me to pass a week at Chatsworth, to meet the Harring-

ton's. I do not think I shall go, one requiring a man servant at these great houses; and, besides, I have some business which demands my presence at home.

I am grieved to find, my own darling mother, that your health is not so good as it ought to be. For God's sake keep up your spirits, and be well and cheerful to receive all the dear strangers that I mean to introduce to you in spring. You may depend on us, please Heaven! Rogers is gone to France. Good bye. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 292.] *To Mr. Power.*

Aug. 1. 1814.

My dear Sir,

I have received both your letters, and am much delighted by your kind assurances of unaltered, and I trust *unalterable*, friendship. There are, however, one or two things you have said, which I either do not understand quite right, or (if I *do* understand them right) am not *quite* satisfied with, and I am more and more convinced that the only way for me to get spotless out of the scrape is, by adhering to the resolution I made in town, and *totally breaking* the *engagement*. I shall finish the set of twelve sacred songs, as I have begun them, but shall not take anything for them: they shall be a saintly work of supererogation, and a peace-offering to the bond in parting. All *other* matters you and I can talk over when you come here in your way to Ireland, which you *must* do, set out when you will, for let Bessy be up or down (and she is, I am sorry to say, still up) there can always be a *shake down* for *you*. Longman has communicated to me through Perry his readiness to treat on the basis of the three thousand guineas, but requests a

perusal beforehand: this I have refused. I shall have no *ifs*. Murray's two thousand *without* this distrustful stipulation is better than the three with it. I mean, in a day or two, to *turn* Carpenter's *stomach* by a communication of these proposals.

I send you the first verse of the glee (which I have succeeded in beyond my hopes) and the duet: the following is the second verse of the duet. I have a third and fourth for it, which are *under consideration.*

"When every tongue thy follies nam'd,
I fled th' unwelcome story;
Or found in e'en the faults they blam'd,
Some gleam of future glory.
In e'en thy last, thy fatal fall,
These arms would still have caught thee;
I could have died, to prove thee all
My fancy first had thought thee.
But go, deceiver! go;
Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken
From pleasure's dream, to know
The curse of hearts forsaken!"

I begin to be in high good-humour with this number, but I find I have a devilish deal to do to it yet to satisfy me in the words. Ever, my dear sir, yours most truly and cordially,

THOMAS MOORE.

What do you think my landlord has had the conscience to ask for this little cabin? a thousand guineas; — to the no small amusement of the country gentlemen.

[No. 293.] *To Miss Dalby.*

Thursday, Aug. 18. 1814.

My dear Mary,

Another girl! but no matter: Bessy is safe over it, and that's all I care for at present. This morning, at ten

minutes after ten, Miss Olivia Byron Moore (that is to be) opened her eyes on "this working-day world," and one of the first things Bessy thought of was a despatch to you upon the happy event. It is really such a weight off my mind, that I feel as if I had been delivered myself.

Now, in a very few weeks, two or three, we shall be ready for you, and you positively *must* come and help me to get poor Bessy well and fat again. In about one week, I hope to see you at Donington. Ever yours, very sincerely,

THOMAS MOORE.

Write to Bessy immediately.

[No. 294.] *To his Mother.*

Mayfield, Sunday evening, 1814.

My dearest Mother,

Bessy is getting on as well as can be expected, and the little thing is as strong as a young lioness. I am taking advantage of this moment to go and read a little at the library at Donington, for an article I have promised Jeffrey to write for the next number of the Edinburgh Review. You'll see me very flatteringly mentioned in the Drakard I send you to-day.

The Atkinsons are come back from Matlock, whither they went last week, and dined and slept at our friends the Coopers on their way: this was on Tuesday last, and, next morning, Bessy made a great effort and walked over to breakfast there: the next morning she produced Miss Olivia Byron Moore. I believe I told you Lord Byron is the godfather.

I send this letter through young Joe, and will continue to do so till old Joe returns; you shall then have

them through him. God bless my own darling mother. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 295.] *To E. T. Dalton, Esq.*

Sunday night —— 1814.

My dear Dalton,

I could not have two things to tell you more delightful in the telling than first, that Bessy is safe and well; and second, that you and I shall meet in May. I only wish I could make the *partie quarrée* by taking her with me; and indeed the first time she has expressed any regret at not accompanying me, was upon hearing that Mrs. Dalton was to be in London, for she is quite constant to the impression that *Olivia's* face and manner made upon her. I have had a letter from poor Tom Sheridan within these few days, and I told him in my answer, that he was one of the very few fellows in this world who, I thought, might compare with me in the article of *wives*, and *you*, my dear Dalton, are another of this very few; for to have a wife *pretty* as well as *everything* else she *ought to be* is a thing us men ought, morn and night, to bless God for.

I am sorry I cannot put on a long face and be grieved at what you tell me about the tumour; but, besides that I am very sure it is like mine, and of no consequence, I look upon it to be the cause of your coming to London, and therefore cannot (as yet at least) feel very sorry about it.

Tell Mrs. Dalton I think Adelaide a very pretty name, but that as I always value names according to what I feel for those who wear them, I have a strong suspicion that Olivia is, *next* to Bessy, the prettiest name in the whole circle of nomenclature, that therefore I think she was very

wrong in not bestowing it upon the little child. Our last God-send is the *weecest* little thing that ever was produced; something like the Countess of Hainault's children at the wax-work, which came 360 at a time; but she is thriving, I believe, and the mother is doing wonderfully.

I shall reserve all the multifarious things I have to communicate till we meet; more particularly as, having to go out early in the morning, I write this letter over night after a dish of spinach and eggs, and a pint of ale; all (except the *eggs* and *ale*) out of our own garden. So you must excuse the *muzziness* you may have detected throughout this epistle, and believe me, in happy anticipation of our coming days together in London, ever sincerely and truly yours,

T. Moore.

I hope to be in town about the first week in May, and if you could but contrive to blindfold Mrs. Dalton, and stop her ears till I arrive, I shall be very much obliged to you.

[No. 296.] *To his Mother.*

Ashbourne, Monday, —— 1814.

My dearest Mother,

I congratulate you upon the certainty of peace, though I own I think the French shabby dogs for taking back the Bourbons, and *returning* to *their vomit* so quietly.

I find Lord Byron's being out of town was the reason of my father's last letter coming to me unfranked. We had yesterday a poor French prisoner of Ashbourne to dine with us, who was an officer of Buonaparte's guards. He damns the "ingratitude" of his countrymen to Buonaparte, and says if he was in his army now he would stick by him

to the last. It has been from first to last a strange melodrame, and if it had not been so very bloody, would be very ridiculous. It is that mixture of the tragical and the farcical, which poor wretched human nature exhibits so often.

We are very anxious to hear from you, and hope you still think of the delightful plan of coming to us. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 297.] *From Lady Donegal.*

Tunbridge Wells, Aug. 30. 1814.

We are all impatience and anxiety to hear something about Bessy, and I beg of you to let me have a line from you by the return of the post, if you can, to say how she is. — I need not add what our feelings are on the occasion.

Upon *mature* deliberation I cannot help feeling great regret that you have embarked as a reviewer. If you were a hard-headed, hard-hearted sort of man, like the rest of them, I should not care what you did. But let the person that you attack be ever so ridiculous, if you give him pain, you will be sorry for it. You may put your hand to the plough, but you will look back in spite of yourself. I shall say no more upon the subject: perhaps you may think I ought not to have said so much.

We are now going on as usual, with the variety of Lord Cranley and his barouche occasionally, and with the expectation of the Princess Sophia, who is coming here for a month.

It must be confessed that the society of the place has degenerated since the days of our serenades. Those were days that can come but once in one's life.

Now let us hear from you immediately, and ever believe me yours most sincerely, &c.

B. D.

[No. 298.] *From Mr. Jeffrey.*

Edinburgh, Aug. 31. 1814.

My dear Sir,

I think it right to give you notice that I have actually gone to press with my new number of the Review; and that I shall have need of you, as soon as you can possibly come to my assistance. I believe I gave you to the 20th of September for both articles, but I hope to receive one of them, at least, before that time — the sooner certainly the more convenient for me; but it is right and natural that you should study your own convenience chiefly, and I handsomely desire that you would; but at all events let me know *when* I may expect you, and how much of you, that I may make my arrangements accordingly. Remember, however, that I certainly should not survive an absolute disappointment. Believe me always most faithfully yours,

F. Jeffrey.

The death of *Lara* is exquisite; the first canto a little heavy, and with an air of labour. Jaqueline is not advantageously placed with that companion. I wish you would make Lord B. write a review.

If you can get franks for your articles they will come quickest by post; but they will be safe enough put up in strong paper, and addressed to me, *by the mail.* I would not trust any other coach. If you send them by London, Cochrane and White, in Fleet Street, will forward them if you desire them.

[No. 299.] *From Mr. Jeffrey.*

Edinburgh, Sept. 14. 1814.

My dear Sir,

I have just had the pleasure of receiving your letter and your packet, which, from my being two days in the country, came to my hand together. Your castigation of Lord T. is admirable, though far more merciful than I had expected, as are also your *incartades* on a certain great personage. I suspect your heart is softer than you know of, and you look upon that as extreme severity, which to harder fibred men is mere tickling. However, nothing can be more entertaining, or more cleverly written; and if your taste for reviewing keep any proportion to your genius for it, I shall have many such packets from you. I cannot say that the task of a critic is altogether as animating as that of a poet, but there are ways of managing it that take away much of its irksomeness; and when you have acquired the freedom which a little use of our weapons will give you, I hope you will not find it very laborious, especially if you will gratify me by taking some subject on which more strength may be suitably put forth. Perhaps you will feel yourself happier in the society of the Fathers, though you will never understand what gratification this new vocation can give till you set about correcting some prevailing error, or laying down some original principle of taste or reasoning. It is something to think that at least fifty thousand people will read what you write in less than a month. We print now nearly 13,000 copies, and may reckon, I suppose, modestly on three or four readers of the popular articles in each copy: no prose preachers, I believe, have so large an audience.

It will do very well if I receive the Fathers about the 20th, though we are far on with our printing. Lord T. is

already in hand, and will go to about thirteen pages. A thousand thanks for what you say of Lord B., though you must not subject me to the risk of a contumelious refusal. What I said to you about him was at least half in jest, and I certainly should never have had the presumption to make such a proposal directly to himself. There is no person I have so great a desire to meet with.

I have only one daughter yet, which I think is almost enough, when you consider that I was only married last October, but I earnestly wish all the children I may have to be of that sex: I have something of a natural antipathy to boys. Ever most truly yours,

F. JEFFREY.

[No. 300.] *From Mr. Jeffrey.*

Hatton, Sept. 18. 1814.

My dear Sir,

I am not quite so rigorous a taskmaster as you seem to think me. I dare say your Saints will be in good time if they are here by the 25th; and if I were not afraid of relaxing your zeal and exertions, I would add that if it would accommodate you materially, I believe I could make a shift to get through this number without them; my contributions have come in rather better than I expected, and I am now at all events quite sure of *quantity* enough to fill up my pages; so if you think you could finish the article more to your own satisfaction by keeping it a fortnight or three weeks longer on your hands, I shall try to get on without it for this time, and reckon upon having it to begin the next. The publication will not be very long postponed at this rate, for I intend, if possible, to publish another number by the middle of November, and consequently must go to

press again before the middle of October. I am afraid I have lost a day in answering your letter by being in this place, where I pass a part of the summer in an old ruinous chateau, a few miles from Edinburgh, which I hope will one day be honoured with your inspection.

I have a task to suggest to you, which in prudence I should have taken a less hurried moment to recommend, but I shall just mention it at present. What would you think of undertaking a review of *Sismondi's Literature of the South*, and, without confining yourself to the book, characterising the great poets of Italy, Spain, and Portugal; and perhaps giving us *the spirit* of some of them in a free version of their most characteristic passages? You shall have till April to do this, if you will undertake it; and you need not make it more extensive or laborious than you feel you are bound. Tell me, at least, what you think of it; and if you cannot, or rather will not do it yourself, tell me if you know anybody that can.

Tell me, too, that you will come for a fortnight to Edinburgh early next winter, and see our primitive society here. It is but thirty hours travelling, and will at the least be something to laugh at in London, and to describe at Mayfield. We shall treat you very honourably, and let you do whatever you please. Ever most truly yours,

F. JEFFREY.

[No. 301.] *From Mr. Jeffrey.*

Edinburgh, Oct. 14. 1814.

My dear Sir,

I hope that you have, long ago, received our new number, and found but few faults in the printing of your article. I hope, too, that you like it in print nearly as well

as I do; for then you will set yourself with good will to the preparation of another, and not hate me for putting you in mind of your promise to put me in possession of your Fathers about the beginning of November. I hope that time will suit you; take a week longer if you want it, or send them a week sooner, if you can oblige me without putting yourself to any inconvenience. I tremble a little on casting up the number of attacks on the P. R. that occur in this number; however, I bespoke none of them, and if testimonies come from the east and the west I cannot well help inserting them. However, the thing may be overdone I fancy, and I shall admit no more for a while, unless they are witty and good humoured, like some that I wot of.

Could you hunt me up a good smart German reviewer, do you think; one who knows that literature thoroughly, without thinking it necessary to rave about it, and above all who can write a concise, vigorous, and striking style? If he understood Russian and Polish so much the better. I want an account of the vernacular productions of these countries at the present day.

Do not forget my humble petition and remonstrance about the Literature of the South, and let me know by and bye what determination you are to make on it.

Is it true that Lord Byron is about to be married? It would make him happier I have no doubt, but probably less poetical; better for him, and worse for us. Believe me, always most faithfully yours,

F. Jeffrey.

I inclose a shabby little bill on said number; I have treated you this time very little better than an ordinary critic, just to give you a notice of our misery.

[No. 302.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Mayfield Cottage, Monday, Oct. 25. 1814.

When people go "upon a tour" (as I saw by the papers *you* did), I make it a rule never to write after them, for it is ten to one that I don't hit them, and then there is so much ammunition lost. But now that I find you are settled in the old *form*, Tunbridge Wells, *have at you*, my lady! I am afraid you will think my phraseology not much improved by my retirement, but as this is the sporting season, I naturally fall into some of the technicals of the art, and I know you will forgive me for making *game* of you, for once in my life. I must certainly, *some time* before I die, have a season with you at Tunbridge Wells, and conjure up a phantasmagoria of vanished hours; indeed, if ever you have seen a phantasmagoria, it is no bad emblem of one's pleasant recollections, for the objects brighten considerably as they get farther off, and so it is with past joys; and those of Tunbridge (though I dare say I thought but middlingly of them while they existed) have acquired a brilliancy in receding back into time, which flashed upon me with full force when I read the other day of the "Marchioness Dowager of Donegal going to Tunbridge Wells." I most earnestly implore you both, that however you may take the liberty of forgetting me in other places, you will make it a point to remember me with all your hearts and souls at Tunbridge, — that you will think of our serenade at Miss Berry's, — our dear quiet dinners *at home*, — our hearty laughs at the expense of some of the wise-ones of the party, — and (if your *saint-like* heart does not feel remorse at the recollection) your own innocent and unconscious courtship of the widow for me. This last remembrance is a melancholy one. "When

I consider (says Sir W. Temple) how many noble and *esteemable* men, how many lovely and agreeable women, I have outlived among my acquaintance and friends, methinks it looks impertinent to be still alive." There are already *three* whom I (at least fancied I) loved, now cold in the earth!

"Then warm in love, now withering in the grave."

But this is too sad, and perhaps part of it too foolish, to dwell upon; and it was only this plaguy Tunbridge phantasmagoria that put it into my head, assisted, no doubt, by a little melancholy music I have been playing this evening. But to turn from the foolishly-loved that are *dead*, to the rationally and fondly-loved that are *living*. My Bessy and my little ones, you will be glad to hear, are quite well; and your little god-daughter (though far from pretty) is filling so fast with intelligences, archnesses, and endearments, that she *already* begins to be "the light of her father's house." The other (Anastasia) is still at nurse, and getting on very well. I have filled this letter so completely with *sentiment* (after a fashion) that I have no room left for news; but as soon as you answer this, I will write a little more soberly and communicatively, and in the meantime tell you that, whenever I think of *you* and one or two others, I bless my stars that *love* has not been the only article I dealt in in my youth; but that I have still on hand so much of that far less perishable commodity, friendship: and so with this tradesman's metaphor I shall conclude. Ever yours,

T. M.

[No. 303.] *To Mr. Power.*

Oct. 31. 1814.

"'Tis gone—and for ever—the light we saw breaking,
Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead,
When Man, from the slumber of ages awaking,
Look'd upward and bless'd the pure light, ere it fled!
'Tis gone—and the gleams it has left of its burning
But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning,
That dark o'er the kingdom of earth is returning,
And darkest of all, hapless Erin! o'er thee.

"For high was thy hope, when that glory was darting
Around thee through all the gross clouds of the world;
When Truth, from her fetters indignantly starting,
At once, like a sun-burst her banner unfurl'd.
Oh, never shall earth see a moment so splendid!
Then, then, had one Hymn of Deliverance blended
The tongues of all nations, how sweet had ascended
The first note of Liberty, Erin! from thee.

"But shame on those tyrants who envied the blessing,
And shame on the light race, unworthy its good,
Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies caressing
The young hope of Freedom, baptiz'd it in blood!
Then vanish'd for ever that fair, sunny vision,
Which spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,
Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright, and Elysian,
As first it arose, my lost Erin! on thee!"

At last, my dear sir, after several days twisting and turning, I have licked this young bear into shape, and a promising cub I am sure you will think it. It is bold enough; but the strong blow I have aimed at the French in the last stanza makes up for everything. I am delighted to have written something to "Savourna Deilish," which, though it may not supplant Campbell's words in *singing*, has stuff enough in it to bear some comparison in reading. I am not afraid now of the poetry of this number, though I fear, with all your mildness and toleration, I shall not escape without a few curses on my delays and

changes. Talking of changes, the burthen to the first verse of "When first I met Thee" must, after all, be thus:

> "Find one whose love can glow
> Like hers, now lost for ever!"

I have another *bothcrer* now in "Sweet Harp," but it is in fair train. I am impatient to see the design from the Wellington song, and wish you would likewise let me have the list of the songs as Bennison has placed them. I wish those three, the Wellington, Savourna, and Sweet Harp, to come at a tolerable distance from each other.

Upon looking over Stevenson's manuscripts, I find he has left only two Sacred Melodies done, viz. "Mary Magdalene" (a new setting), and "This World is all," which he has done very successfully. He was four or five days hammering away at "When faint beneath the folding Wings," and at last took it away unfinished. I am afraid I am too fastidious with him; but certainly he neither did much himself (though working quite enough), nor suffered me to do *anything*. The rest of the things he left are merely airs for the Sacred Melodies, not one of which, I fear, I shall be able to make use of; indeed, without some striking melodies, I shall have but little hope of the success of that work. I have now only two selected ones, that are good. Ever yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 304.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Mayfield, Oct. 31. 1814.

I have been lately very much teased, and have had my time much interrupted by a constant succession of visitors. First, I had Sir John Stevenson for near a fortnight. He

came upon business that might have been done in three days, and took the whole of that time in *not* doing it. He then wrote to his son to come to him here from London, and the next night changed his mind, and set off for London himself, crossing the son, in a very national and characteristic manner, on the road; and this son has ever since remained with us here, waiting filially for the father to come back again. By way of episode, Lambart and his wife (Stevenson's daughter), who were at Lord Talbot's in this neighbourhood, must needs come over to see the young gentleman (who is just returned from America), and we have had *them* too to entertain: in short, amongst them all, I have not had a minute of this whole month to myself, and the loss of so much time just now is really a most grievous calamity to me. Nor is the grievance over yet, for the son is still here, inflicting all his messroom intelligence upon me. But I trust in providence and the mail-coach for bringing Sir John down from London to-morrow, and then the day after, if there is one principle of shame in an Irish bosom, they shall both pack out of my house for Ireland. All this makes me feel the horror of the incursions I should be exposed to (from my countrymen in particular) if I lived what they call *convaniant* to London; and though I shall certainly go near town when I am publishing, I shall as certainly, after that, keep at a respectful distance from it,—at least till I see some chance of being made secretary of state in the new order of things that is approaching. By the bye, have you heard how *soon* the revolution is to take place? You remember the story of a lady who told the King she had seen every fine sight except a coronation, which she wished to see exceedingly. The Lord keep us from a similar curiosity about revolutions; but, for myself, I shall only say, I never saw

one, and —— that's all. You must not take this hum-ing and ha-ing too seriously though, for I really believe, after all, that a revolution is a bad sort of thing, and that the only part of the community which deserves to suffer its horrors, are those stupid rulers who might avert it but will not. Such profane talk as this under a secretary's cover is, to be sure, something like smuggling French wares under a bishop's petticoat (if any such smuggling ever took place). But I think the inclosed head will be quite sufficient to frighten away any prying eyes that might peep into the contents of my packet. Ah this head! how cruel it is of you to take it away from me. I may almost apply, in my grief, Voltaire's lines upon sending back Frederic's portrait.

"Je le reçus avec tendresse,
Je le renvoye avec douleur;
Comme un amant, dans sa fureur,
Rend le portrait de sa maîtresse."

But mind, though I give it into your keeping, it is *still mine*, and I know nothing in the world that would induce me to part with it, even in this way, but your command. For I think it a most admirable portrait of a most excellent and highly gifted person; therefore posterity must not lose it.

Will you take the trouble of sending the packet I inclose; and believe me, with my dearest Bessy's best regards, yours and my *very* dear Mary's attached and affectionate friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

I have not said a word of your kindness in asking us to be your guests; but what *can* one say to such kindness? I shall write again soon.

[No. 305.] *To his Mother.*

Mayfield, Saturday, Nov. 12. 1814.

My dearest Mother,

These "stormy winds that blow-ow-ow" have very nearly frightened out of my head the thoughts of taking little Baboo over to you, and I dare say I shall put up with their noises till spring, when certainly you shall have the advantage of at least one of the little vociferators. The young Olivia is getting on wonderfully, and is a very lively, pretty baby.

I am going to give a dinner on Monday to some of the gentlemen in the neighbourhood that have been civil to me, and then we mean to shut up and go into a torpid state, like the bears, for the winter. Bessy is all bustle about this dinner, which is to be superfine. Sir Henry Fitzherbert dines with me; he is a very good sort of man, who will be Lord St. Helen's. Bessy shall write to you next week the bill of fare, company, &c.

My dearest father's last letter was written in such good spirits it quite delighted us: make him fat again. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 306.] *To his Mother.*

Mayfield Cottage, —— 1814.

My dearest Mother,

I have but one moment for one word. I told you, I believe, that I was to give a dinner on Wednesday. It went off illustriously. Power sent me down a fine turbot and lobsters, one of which was really nearly as large as myself. All Ashbourne rings with the fame of this monster.

I am writing so many letters by this inclosure, that I have not time for a word more; but God bless my darling mother. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 307.] *To Mr. Power.*

Saturday, Nov. 12. 1814.

My dear Sir,

I send you on the other side the two verses to "Forlorn" as (I trust in Providence and the Muse) they will be allowed to stand. "When first I met Thee" is altered; but as you have by this time engraved it off, it is unnecessary to send you the alterations till I get the proofs. I fear very much there must be a new plate for it, but I request most earnestly that every extra expense I may be the cause of in this way, by either my fastidiousness or caprice (call it which you will), shall be set down to my account.

I have had a letter from your brother, which I shall not know how to answer till I hear from you. He says you have written to him, that you have every reason to think *I* shall act upon the deed this year, and that therefore you request he will send over his last quarter. I have been some time threatening to ask you when the last bill I drew becomes due, as if I can take it up no other way, I must only draw upon you again to gain time, for certainly my decided wish is to be let off all tasks but the Sacred Melodies, and any little occasional things, for the remainder of the year, and that these shall be accepted (as I have already explained) in lieu of the accommodation. Your name shall not be compromised by my renewal of the bill, as I

will either get it cashed by a different hand, or if you could pay the other first, I will draw immediately after and give you the money, by which means you will be but a short time out of it. I could, of course, raise this sum with ease in other ways, but I wish not to be dependent upon any one but *you*, and upon you, I hope, I shall long have dependence of every kind. I think whenever we move from this it will be to the neighbourhood of town, for I feel in many ways the inconvenience of being away from you, and I am growing steady enough now, I think, to resist the temptations of London, when it is necessary.

I hope the sketch arrived safe; there was another delay in my letter of next morning; indeed we are obliged very often to trust to any chance messenger we can lay hold of. I fear the engraving will take a long time. I shall send you the second verse of "Sweet Harp" next time: it is done, and there will *only* be two verses out of four or five I wrote for it; you had better print both. Stevenson, I suppose you know, has been appointed to the new Castle chapel, and is continually busy with the Viceroy making arrangements about it. Ever yours,

T. Moore.

1.

"Oh! where's the slave so lowly,
Condemn'd to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
Would wait till time decay'd it,
When thus its wing
At once may spring
To the throne of Him who made it?
Farewell, Erin! farewell all
Who live to weep our fall!

2.

"Less dear the laurel growing,
Alive, untouch'd and blowing,
Than that whose braid
Is pluck'd to shade
The brows with victory glowing!
We tread the land that bore us,
Her green flag glitters o'er us,
The friends we've tried
Are by our side,
And the foes we hate before us!
Farewell, Erin! farewell all
Who live to weep our fall!"

[No. 308.] *From Mr. Jeffrey.*

Edinburgh, Nov. 23. 1814.

My dear Sir,

The affairs of the Duke of Queensbury have kept our whole bar in such a state of hurry for these last ten days, that I have been obliged to neglect many things besides my thanks and acknowledgments to you. I was a little mortified at first when I found you had repented you of the verses, and would have written a letter of remonstrance and supplication if I had thought it would have been in time. Upon receiving the article, however, I was obliged to forgive you, both omissions and commissions. The candour, and learning, and sound sense of your observations are, if possible, more delightful than their point and vivacity, especially when so combined. Notwithstanding your pamphlet on the Popery laws, which I saw some years ago with the greatest surprise and satisfaction, I own I was far from suspecting your familiarity with these recondite subjects, and am still afraid that this article has cost you more trouble than we are any way entitled to put you to. It has been printed several days, and extends,

I am sorry to say, only to about thirteen pages. It is no small distinction, however, in our journal to be the author of a paper which every reader must wish longer.

Pray think of something else for us. I now give you *carte blanche* as to subjects, and shall scarcely be surprised if you come out in next number with a sublime treatise on astronomy. I think it would cost you very little trouble to make pleasing reviews of books of travels, and have only to say that Dan Clarke's last ponderous tome is at your service; though, as I have a sort of kindness for the said Dan, I hope you will not abuse him. I only throw out this hint, however, upon the supposition that you *read* such books for your amusement. I should be extremely sorry to set you upon such subjects as a task, and hope you have thought already of something more worthy.

I am excessively flattered with the hope of seeing you one day in Edinburgh, though I am half afraid of exposing the defects of our society to so acute and difficult an observer. Come, however, from Mayfield, and after a good long abstinence from London, otherwise the falling off will be too sensible. I can insure you of being very much admired, and you must bear and excuse anything that may be asinine in our courtesies. Mrs. J. is extremely gratified by the notice you have taken of her, and has a great desire — mixed, however, with a little fear, as all great desires are — to see you. Do think of this project, not merely as a thing to write about. Two days' journey will bring you here, and I hope you will let me have the honour of receiving you when you come.

Tell me about Lord Byron and his bride, and about excellent Rogers. I do not even know whether he has yet returned from the Continent. Do not think of deserting us just after you have gone through the irksome-

ness of learning our exercise. Moreover, we cannot spare you. Ever most truly yours,

F. Jeffrey.

[No. 309.] *To E. T. Dalton, Esq.*

Saturday, Nov. 23. 1814.

My dear Dalton,

Your letter gave me great pleasure in many ways; but in none so much as in the tone of kindness and cordiality there is throughout it, which I assure you was quite *comfortable* to me, and I have great delight in thinking that, whenever we meet, it will be

> "With heart as warm, and brow as gay,
> As if we parted yesterday."

When that will be, however, I have as little idea as yourself, for I am more and more convinced every day that this is the only place for *me*, — or, indeed, for *any one;* and therefore, unless you will show that you agree with me in opinion, and transplant yourself and your fair rose and rose-*bud* hither, I am afraid our meeting is rather distant. I am glad to hear that you are writing for the horses; they are the only decent actors going, and nothing *pays* here like your *hippo*-drames. Do you recollect the use I made of Mathilda in the melodrame I began in Dublin, and do you think the plot would be of any use to you? If you do, I will send it over. I shall be most ready and happy to give you all the advice and criticism I can muster up, though I have never, I must say, thought myself any great hand as a critic, and least of all as a critic in the *drama*, for which, I strongly suspect, I have very little aptitude or ability. Not that any one can

form any just opinion upon this subject from the M. P., which was written quite as a hasty job, and therefore gave me nothing but sickness in my stomach from beginning to end; but the point I think I should always fail in is a knowledge of stage effect. Lewis will be of great use to you in this way; there is no man who (as they say) "knows the *inside* of a theatre" better than Lewis.

I was very much flattered by Stevenson's favourable anticipation of my music; but I *know* he has been disappointed. It was the first time I ever composed airs premeditatedly (for I need not tell *you* that they have always come by chance); and the idea of a task disgusted and disabled me. Again I made an effort to compose for dramatic effect, which took me out of *my own* element, without naturalising me in any *other*. And, lastly, the harmonist and the actors inflicted such improvements on all the airs, that they have lost even the few features of the parent which they brought into the world with them: an instance of this you will see in the way the simple ballad of "Oh Woman!" is set,—the barbarous pause upon the word "what" in the second line, &c. Some of these things I have altered for the detached edition of the songs, and Rhodes' fine air (which I am sure you delight in, and which I fancy I hear you singing with Mrs. Dalton) will be arranged for four voices, which is the way I always intended it, as much more rich and perfect, but the scene where it was introduced would not allow of it.

Pray tell Mrs. Dalton that she is not to lose her duet by the theft I have made of it for the finale: it was little noticed on the stage, and as the finale will not be printed singly, it has not lost much of its gloss by the exposure; besides, if it even *had* been faded a little, the other words

and *her name* would bring it back to life and freshness again.

You will be glad, I know, to hear that I am employed most resolutely and devotedly upon a long poem, which must decide for me whether my name is to be on any of those medallions which the swans of the temple of fame (as Ariosto tells us) pick up with their bills from the stream of oblivion. The subject is one of Rogers's suggesting, and so far I am *lucky*, for it quite enchants me; and if what old Dionysius the critic says be true, that it is impossible to write disagreeably upon agreeable subjects, I am not without hopes that I shall do something which will not disgrace me.

I think, early in this next year, I shall have a little money, and if you will send me over an account of some of your *minor* debts, I will try and extinguish them: this sounds very magnificent, but it is only *very slow justice.*

Best regards to Mrs. Dalton, and a kiss to the dear little child (which I appoint *her* as my proxy to give), and believe me, dearest Dalton, sincerely your attached friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 310.] *To Messrs. Longman & Co.*

London, Dec. 17. 1814.

Dear Sirs,

I have taken our conversation of yesterday into consideration, and the following are the terms which I propose: "Upon my giving into your hands a poem of the length of Rokeby, I am to receive from you the sum of 3000*l.*" If you agree to this proposal, I am perfectly ready to close

with you definitively, and have the honour to be, gentlemen, your very obliged and humble servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

I beg to stipulate that the few songs which I may introduce in this work shall be considered as reserved for my own setting.

[No. 311.] *Copy of Terms written to Mr. Moore.*

"That upon your giving into our hands a poem of yours of the length of Rokeby, you shall receive from us the sum of 3000*l.* We also agree to the stipulation, that the few songs which you may introduce into the work shall be considered as reserved for your own setting."

[No. 312.] *To his Mother.*

Mayfield Cottage, Wednesday, —— 1814.

My dearest Mother,

Here I am, returned in safety, after a most lucky visit to town. I received a sum from Bermuda, quite unexpectedly, which my friend Woolriche (who is returned and was with me) insisted upon my instantly delivering up into his hands, and he purchased for me five hundred pounds stock; so that I am now a stockholder, and, as this next year I shall be enabled to increase the deposit considerably, I look forward most sanguinely to being a *rich* old fellow. My other piece of good-luck was concluding *definitively* a bargain with the *Longmans*, whereby, upon my delivering into their hands a poem of the length of Rokeby, I am to receive from them *three thousand* pounds! What do you think of that, my darling mother? The

poem is not, however, to be out till this time twelvemonth. I have only time to give you a skeleton of my transactions, but my next letter this week shall be fuller. Love to my dearest father and Nell. Ever your own,

Tom.

[No. 313.] *To his Mother.*

Thursday, —— 1814.

My dearest Mother,

We were delighted beyond anything last night to hear of dear Kate's safe recovery. Long life and happiness to both mother and child! Give my best love and congratulations to the whole establishment.

So the wise persons in Dublin believe, upon the credit of the Morning Post, that there is to be an impeachment of Lord Byron! — that would be too ridiculous.

My Drakard's paper of last Sunday has been mislaid by Mr. Cooper, but you have no loss. There was a sort of criticism upon my early poems in it, trying to be very severe, but calling my fancy delightful, my Irish songs very beautiful, &c. Nothing shows me where I stand more than the quantity of shots there are aimed at me.

I wish I could send you Hunt's Feast of the Poets, just re-published, where I am one of *the four* admitted to *dine* with Apollo; the other three, Scott, Campbell, and Southey. Rogers, very unfairly, is only "asked to tea." I am particularly flattered by praise from Hunt, because he is one of the most honest and candid men I know. Ever yours, my darling mother,

Tom.

[No. 314.] *To his Mother.*

Mayfield Cottage, Tuesday, 1815.

My dearest Mother,

I have just received my father's letter, and cannot tell you how it grieves me to hear so bad an account of your health. If you think, my darling mother, it would be any comfort for me to run over and nurse you for awhile myself, say but the word, and nothing shall prevent me. But I trust it is only the fatigue of your attendance on my dearest father, and that, with Ellen's care of you, you will soon come about again. We have a contrivance for keeping the feet warm at night—a tin bottle, pretty large, with a screw at one end to keep in the hot water, which we often wish we could send over to you. But I think by describing it to a brazier, he could make it, and there is nothing, I am sure, would be of more service to you; have it made larger in circumference than a bottle, and about a foot and a half long, and you must cover it with flannel, or put it into a woollen stocking; otherwise it is too hot for the feet, the water of course to be put in boiling. Do take care of yourself, my own dearest mother, and, above all, keep up your spirits.

The Duke of Devonshire has just passed through here, and has invited us to Chatsworth; I shall go for a day or two, certainly. Poor Anastasia has been very ill, but she is now getting much better. Ever your own,

Tom.

[No. 315.] *To his Mother.*

Mayfield, Monday morning.

My dearest Mother,

I am just setting off for the Duke of Devonshire's, from which I shall write to you more fully. I have had some little trouble to rig myself out, as the coat my London tailor sent me down did not fit me, and I have been obliged to have an Ashbourne bungler at me.

There are assembled there the Morpeths, the Boringdons, the Jerseys, the Harrowbys, all lords and ladies, and I shall be, I dare say, the only common rascal amongst them.

Anastasia is quite well, and Bessy is pretty well. The Coopers, two of them, stay with her while I am away. Ever darling mother's own,

Tom.

[No. 316.] *To his Mother.*

Chatsworth, Jan. 25. 1815.

My dearest Mother,

I snatch a moment from the whirl of lords and ladies I am in here, to write a scrambling line or two to you: they are all chattering at this moment about me, dukes, countesses, &c. &c. It is to be sure a most princely establishment, and the following are the company that sat down the first day I came: Lord and Lady Harrowby and their daughter (he is a Minister, you know); Lord and Lady Jersey, Lord and Lady Boringdon, Lord and Lady Leveson Gower, Lord and Lady Morpeth, Lord and Lady Cowper, Lord Kinnaird, the Duke himself, and the Poet *my*self, with one or two more *inferior* personages. I could

have wished Bessy were here, but that I know she would not have been comfortable in it. She does not like *any* strangers, and least of all would she like such grand and mighty strangers as are assembled here.

I hope, my own dear mother, I shall find a letter at home from you with better accounts than my father gave us in his last. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 317.] *To his Mother.*

Jan. 26. 1815.

My dearest Mother,

My father's last letter would have made us very unhappy indeed, if we had not the pleasing thought that by that time you had received the intelligence of Lord Mulgrave's letter, and were lightened at least of *half* your sorrow; indeed, my darling mother, I am quite ashamed of the little resolution you seem to have shown upon this occurrence; it was an event *I* have been expecting for years, and which I know *you yourselves* were hourly apprehensive of; therefore, instead of looking upon it as such an overwhelming thunderclap, you ought to thank Providence for having let you enjoy it so long, and for having deferred the loss till I was in a situation (which, thank God! I am now) to keep you comfortably without it. I venture to say "comfortably," because I *do* think (when the expenses of that house, and the et-ceteras which always attend an establishment are deducted), you will manage to live as well upon your 200*l.* a-year, as you did then upon your 350*l.*, which I suppose was the utmost the place altogether was worth. Surely, my dear mother, the stroke was just as heavy to *us* as to *you*, for I trust we have no separate

interests, but share clouds and sunshine equally together; yet you would have seen no gloom in *us* — nothing like it; we instantly made up our minds to the reduction and economy that would be necessary, and felt nothing but gratitude to Heaven for being able to do so well; and this, my sweet mother, is the temper of mind in which *you* should take it. If you knew the hundreds of poor clerks that have been laid low in the progress of this retrenchment that is going on, and who have no means in the world of supporting their families, you would bless our lot, instead of yielding to such sinful despondency about it. For my *father's* sake (who is by no means as stout himself as he ought to be) you ought to summon up your spirits, and make the best and the brightest of it.

Let him draw upon Power at two months for whatever he may want for the barrack money, and when the rent comes due in March, we shall take care of it. Ever, my dearest mother, your own affectionate,

Tom.

[No. 318.] *To Mr. Power.*

Sunday night, Jan. 31. 1815.

My dear Sir,

I am just returned from Chatsworth, where I have passed a very delightful time, with many stings of conscience, however, at my being obliged to leave the proofs and sketch unnoticed. With respect to the *latter*, however, I was in hopes I should be able to prevail upon either Lady Cowper or Lady Boringdon (two very tasteful artists) to give me a design for it; but they promised from day to day, and were either unwilling or unable to perform it at last. Lady Cowper, indeed, promised to send me a sketch

of it, but we must not wait for her. What do you mean to do about it? I think the best way is to let the man sketch the Leprechaun somewhat like what it was in the last you sent me, but without the cobbler's implements; and as there is so little time to spare, you need not send it me again.

You cannot imagine what a sensation the Prince's song excited at Chatsworth.* It was in vain to guard your property; they had it sung and repeated over so often that they all took copies of it, and I dare say, in the course of next week, there will not be a Whig lord or lady in England who will not be in possession of it. Ever, my dear sir, yours most truly and penitently,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 319.] *To Mr. Power.*

—— 1815.

My dear Sir,

I did not get your parcel till too late last night to return the proofs by this morning's mail, and now I believe to-night's Pickford will take them as soon to you as the mid-day coach. On Tuesday morning I intend to try my new franker in Lord Bathurst's office, and send you another Sacred Melody. I think I *can promise* to make up *twelve* for you before the end of March, but I am decidedly of opinion we ought to go on till we have twenty-four, or at least eighteen good ones for the first number: you may depend upon my despatching them as quick as possible. I do not expect to get much in Gretry, and that is not at all the sort of music I want to rummage in. I want *lessons* of all kinds, old and new,—Bach,

* "When first I met thee warm and young," &c.

Schubert, Kozeluch, &c. &c., mere rubbish as to *price* (but valuable for our purpose), which, with a little industry, might be collected for a trifle. I know I could do a great deal with such materials, but French operas are the last things I should think of searching in for what I want. Whenever I go to town again, I certainly will go about with a few pounds in my pocket, and do the job myself.

We were in much anxiety at not hearing from you for so long a time after the announcement of your little girl's escape of the crisis. I trust a little time will restore her perfectly; youth soon picks up again.

Pray look after the corrections of the second sheet yourself, and it need not be sent again to me. Have the goodness to spell Leprechaun as Dr. Kelly spells it; there ought, at all events, to be a *c* in it.

I do not like to smuggle anything in without your perfect concurrence, but you will see I have put the date of 1789 as a note upon the Prince's song. This I think quite harmless, and it will prevent (if the idea of an equivoque should occur to any one) the confusion of supposing it to be Mrs. Fitzherbert, or some deserted mistress, instead of Ireland. Leave it or not, however, just as you please.

From your last letter I fear your spirits are not so good as I could wish them to be. If the expediting our Sacred Melodies can cheer you a little, you may depend on my setting my shoulders to it. Best regards from Bessy. Ever yours,

T. M.

[No. 320.] *To his Mother.*

Wednesday night, Feb. 1. 1815.

My dearest Mother,

I meant to have written again from Chatsworth, but we got up so late, and the day was so soon over in various little occupations, that I could not find a minute except for a letter or two I had to write upon business, and I knew you would forgive me. My time was very pleasantly passed there indeed, and it required some resolution to break away from the pressings and remonstrances employed to keep me there longer. Upon my return, I found my dearest father's letter, and it delighted us both to hear that you were even a little better. But indeed, my darling mother, you have no right whatever to yield to low spirits: your children all well and happy, and loving you with all their hearts and souls; and though for a time absent from you, looking forward to being very speedily about you, and showing you how fondly and perfectly they love you. All this ought to give sunshine to your heart, my dearest mother, and keep away everything like depression or despondency. I think it is very likely when we *do* go over to you, that we shall make a long visit of it, and, as Bessy is very cheerful, I think she and the little ones will be new life to you. Anastasia you shall certainly have early in the spring. Love to all. From your own

Tom.

Bessy is still very thin and weakly.

[No. 321.] *From Mr. Jeffrey.*

Edinburgh, Feb. 10. 1815.

My dear Moore,

I ought to have written to you long ago, to have thanked you for all your kindness, and for the hope you held out of letting us see you here; but I have lately taken an extraordinary fit of zeal and diligence in my profession, and have thought, or endeavoured at least to think, of nothing but law for these two months. I break my vow of fidelity, however, to thank you for your letter, which I have just received, and to request that you would assure your friend that Peake is entirely at his service, and that I shall be extremely glad to receive his article at the price he mentions. I hope it will not be *much* later, as I hope by that time to be well on with my new number. I am extremely anxious to hear of your poem; which, I hope, is to resemble Rokeby in nothing but length. When may we expect to see it?

I shall be delighted to hear all good things of Lord Byron.

I am not quite sure that I may not make a little burst to Paris this spring; and, at all events, I think I must be in London. Is there any hope of our meeting in either of those latitudes in April? Ever most truly yours,

F. Jeffrey.

[No. 322.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Wednesday evening, March, 1815.

Oh for some of those ways of coming together that they have in the fairy tales,—wishing-caps, mirrors, flying

dragons, anything but this vile intercommunication of pen and ink. I am afraid we shall never get *properly* into it; and, whenever I get a letter from either of you, it makes me regret my own laziness in this way most bitterly, as I feel you only want "*stirring up*" now and then, like those other noble females, the lionesses at the Tower (no disparagement) to make you (as Bottom says) "roar an 'twere a nightingale." Whether you like this simile or not, you really *are* worth twenty nightingales to me in my solitude, and a letter from you makes me eat, drink, and sleep as comfortably again; not that I do any one of those things *over* it, but, without any flattery, it sweetens them all to me. I am as busy as a bee, and I hope too, like him, among flowers. I feel that I improve as I go on, and I hope to come out in full blow with the Michaelmas daisy, — not to publish, you know, but to be finished. I was a good deal surprised at *you*, who are so very hard to please, speaking so leniently of Scott's Lord of the Isles: it is wretched stuff, the bellman all over. I'll tell you what happened to me about it, to give you an idea of what it is to correspond *confidentially* with a *firm*. In writing to *Longman* the other day, I said, "Between *you* and *me*, I don't much like Scott's poem," and I had an answer back, "*We* are very sorry you do not like Mr. Scott's book. Longman, Hurst, Orme, Rees, Brown," &c. What do you think of this for a "between you and *me?*"

I think there are strong symptoms of the world's being about to get just as mad as ever, — the riots, Lord Castlereagh, Sir Frederick Flood, and Buonaparte! What the latter has done will be thought madness if it fails; but it is just the same sort of thing that has made heroes from the beginning of the world; success makes *all* the difference between a madman and a hero.

Bessy is, I hope, getting a little stouter. The little things eat like cormorants, and I am afraid so do *I*. There are two things I envy you in London, — Miss O'Neil and your newspaper at breakfast; all the rest I can do without manfully. Rogers has written me a long letter from Venice, all about gondolas. Best love to my dear Lady Donegal. Ever yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 323.] *To his Mother.*

Mayfield, Saturday, —— 1815.

My dearest Mother,

You are prepared by my letter of yesterday for the sad news I have to tell you now. The poor baby is dead*; she died yesterday morning at five o'clock. Poor Bessy is very wretched, and I fear it will sink very deep into her mind; but she makes efforts to overcome the feeling, and goes on with all her duties and attentions to us all as usual. It was with difficulty I could get her away from her little dead baby, and then only under a promise she should see it again last night. You know, of course, we had it nursed at a cottage near us. As soon as it was dark she and I walked there; it affected her very much of course, but she seemed a good deal soothed by finding it still so sweet, and looking so pretty and unaltered: she wants to see it again to-night, but this I have forbidden, as it will necessarily be a good deal changed, and I should like her impression of last night to remain. I rather think, my darling mother, this event will bring us all together sooner than I first in-

* Olivia Byron.

tended, as the change and your kindness will enliven poor Bessy's mind. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 324.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Mayfield, Monday, March 27. 1815.

You have seen by the newspapers that we have lost our poor little Olivia. There could not be a healthier or livelier child than she was, but the attack was sudden, and, after a whole day of convulsions, the poor thing died. My chief feeling has, of course, been for Bessy, who always suffers much more than she shows; and whose health, I fear, is paying for the effort she made to bear the loss tranquilly. I mean, however, as soon as the fine weather comes, to take her over to my mother, who is also in a bad state of health, and pining to see us all: a few months together will do them both good: and I *will* say for them, they are as dear a mother and wife as any man could wish to see together.

What do you think now of my supernatural friend, the emperor? If ever tyrant deserved to be worshipped, it is he: Milton's Satan is nothing to him for portentous magnificence—for sublimity of mischief! If that account in the papers be true, of his driving down in his carriage like lightning towards the royal army embattled against him, bare-headed, unguarded, in all the confidence of irresistibility—it is a fact far sublimer than any that fiction has ever invented, and I am not at all surprised at the dumb-founded fascination that seizes people at such daring. For my part, I could have fancied that *Fate herself* was in that carriage.

Good by: write soon: by your not mentioning my

"Fathers" in the Edinburgh, I take for granted you cannot read it, and "no blame to you," as we say in Ireland. Ever yours,

T. M.

What desperate weather! all owing to Buonaparte.

[No. 325.] *From Lady Donegal.*

Tunbridge Wells, March 30. 1815.

Your letter of the 27th followed us here this morning, and I lose not a moment in thanking you for it. We had seen by the papers that you had lost your little girl, and we know how much Bessy would regret her, and were anxious to know something of her, and of you; but of all things in this world I think letters of condolence the most distressing and the most useless, for real friends will always feel for one under every disappointment and trial, and I was very sure that you would do our feelings justice on this occasion, as well as on all others, in which you are in any way concerned. Change of scene will do Bessy good, and your mother will forget all her aches when she has you all under her roof; yet I cannot help feeling regret that you are going to Ireland, for it is not a *safe* residence for you in any way, and to let you go, without intruding my wise cautions upon you, I cannot. I begin by most earnestly imploring you to be cautious about politics. You will be in the society of some whose heads and hearts are *too wrong* to have any influence with you, but their very society will do you harm, and the association of their names with yours would grieve me most sincerely. I beseech you to avoid them all, if you can, and if you cannot, be as guarded as in your nature lies, for the Irish democrats (if you choose I will call them Opposition) are

a dangerous, unprincipled set as ever existed, and are held in great disrepute by all the respectable part of the Opposition in this country. I put all my own *courtly* feelings out of the question, and do not let my prejudices in any way influence the advice I have the presumption to give you. I do assure you that I am perfectly impartial, and I call Mary as my witness. I am satisfied that you should go as far in your politics as Lord Lansdowne or Lord Grenville, but I will never give my consent to your going one step beyond them. As for Sir F. Burdett in this country, and Mr. B. and others I could name in Ireland, I have a horror of them, and join heartily in the general feeling of contempt into which they have fallen. Once more I beg of you to keep clear of them. Another request I have to make of you is, not upon any account to be security for anybody, and I wish that you would give me a *promise* that you would not, for then I should feel sure of you.

Tell me, as soon as you can, that you do not think me the greatest bore that ever lived, and that you pardon me for the freedom with which I speak to you, but I know no other language when I am communicating with a friend. Fortunately for you my head will not let me write more to-day, for I have had one of my old nervous attacks lately, and am not yet quite recovered from its effects. Mary will write to you when we hear anything more of this fiend Buonaparte. * * *

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Poor Lady Shaftesbury is still at Paris. We have let our house in town for four months, and mean to pass our summer here.

We were in great luck not to have begun our travels

before all this business began in France. I think that a little gentle squeeze from Buonaparte would do Rogers no harm, for he certainly was too partial to him, and never forgave me for having rejoiced last year in his misfortunes, and for having ventured to wish that a wing of the Temple* might be singed by the Russians, for which he heartily wished that Dublin might be burnt to the ground.

We did read your review, and liked it very much, as did others, more to the purpose than ourselves. A Roman Catholic man-friend of ours, however, was very angry at it, but I do not think that he knew it was yours.

Direct to us here for the next six months. We have let our house in town. Our best loves to Bessy and to yourself as usual. Ever truly yours,

B. D.

[No. 326.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Monday, April 10. 1815.

Your letter deserved a much speedier answer, both to thank you for the very kind anxiety you have expressed about me, and to set your heart at rest upon the subject of them. If there is anything in the world that I have been detesting and despising more than another for this long time past, it has been those very Dublin politicians whom you so fear I should associate with. I do not think a good cause was ever ruined by a more bigoted, brawling, and disgusting set of demagogues; and, though it be the religion of my fathers, I *must* say that much of this vile, vulgar spirit is to be traced to that wretched faith, which is again polluting Europe with Jesuitism and inquisitions, and which of all the humbugs that have stulti-

* *Qy.* Tuileries?

fied mankind is the most narrow-minded and mischievous; so much for the danger of my joining Messrs. O'Connel, O'Donnel, &c.

Now as to poor Bryan, whom I know you particularly allude to, I believe I need not tell *you* who know me *a little*, that not all his wrong-headedness, nor all the clamours of the world against him, could make me guilty of one minute's coldness towards a man who has shown such genuine, hearty, and affectionate interest about me and mine. He is, I own, a blunder-headed politician; but, luckily both for himself and me, he is no longer a politician, for he has split with the Catholic board for ever. I had almost forgot the "giving security." I *do* promise you; and if any needy gentleman, presuming upon my funded property, should venture to hint such a thing, I will tell him I have been sworn upon a hundred pound debenture, never to risk so dangerous a proceeding. Seriously, though it is not very likely any one should ask me, I am aware of the danger there is in so committing one's self; and I only hope, most anxiously hope, that your warning does not proceed from any sad experience of your own.

It is a hard thing that you, who like London, should find it necessary, or at least prudent, to quit it just now; for I fear *that* is the case. For myself, I know I ought to *pay* before I talk of *lending;* however, I shall only say that my debentures, such as they are, are now and evermore most heartily at your service.

T. M.

[No. 327.] *To Mr. Longman.*

Mayfield Cottage, April 25. 1815.

My dear Sir,

I hope to see you in town the beginning of next week. I had copied out fairly about 4000 lines of my work, for the purpose of submitting them to your perusal, as I promised; but, upon further consideration, I have changed my intention: for it has occurred to me that if you should happen not to be quite as much pleased with what I have done as I could wish, it might have the effect of disheartening me for the execution of the remaining and most interesting part, so I shall take the liberty of withholding it from your perusal till it is finished; and *then*, I repeat, it shall be perfectly in your power to cancel our agreement, if the merits of the work should not meet your expectation. It will consist altogether of at least 6000 lines, and as into *every one* of these I am throwing as much mind and polish as I am master of, the task is no trifling one. I mean, with your permission, to say in town that *the work is finished;* and merely withheld from publication on account of the lateness of the season: this I wish to do, in order to get rid of all the teazing wonderment of the literary quidnuncs at my being so long about it, &c.; and as the fiction is merely a *poetic* license, you will perhaps let it pass current for me; indeed, in one sense, it is nearly true, as I have written almost the full *quantity* of verses I originally intended.

I shall call upon you on Monday or Tuesday, and hope to find you and your friends in perfect health. Ever yours, my dear sir, very truly,

Thomas Moore.

[No. 328.] *To Mr. E. T. Dalton.*

Mayfield Cottage, May 4. 1815.

My dear Dalton,

I think I might complain a little in my turn now of not having received any answer to my letter; but I will be magnanimous (to say nothing of conscience), and forgive you for once. There were two or three things I omitted telling you in my last, which you had expressed a wish to be informed about. My poem, *imprimis*, I *am* to get *three* thousand for it, *not* four, as that exaggerative father-in-law of yours proclaims. It is to be the length of Rokeby, measured out upon the counter in Paternoster Row; and as to its merits, why, they are to be "of what colour it pleases God." Jeffrey says, in a letter I had from him lately, "I hope it will resemble Rokeby in nothing but length." As to your kind advice of putting the produce in some funds, I mean to do so with whatever remains over and above the discharge of debts; and as to the time of the poem's appearance, and the money's payment, I think, between ourselves, it can hardly be till near this spring twelvemonth; for, as the article is to consist, per agreement, of at least five thousand lines, and there are but three thousand written, it can hardly be finished off, fit for delivery, before that time, unless I am much more industrious than I have any prospect of being in that idlest of all *poco-curante* places, Dublin. Here I get on most flourishingly; it is, at this moment, while I write to you, but half-past nine, A.M., and we had done breakfast near an hour ago. This, I know, will appear to you about as true as the Courier, or a French bulletin, but you may depend upon the fact, however marvellous.

Mrs. Wilmot's play got a most complete damning: the

unfortunate epilogue was hardly spoken, and not at all heard: indeed, when the play is in the flames, the epilogue can scarcely escape *singeing — tel maitre, tel valet;* and it was a most unlucky tail-piece to a damned drama. "No, no; your gentle Inas will not do," was quite an echo to those cursed executioners in the pit; they must have taken it so.

I want you *most* particularly to urge Stevenson in the various jobs he is *not* doing for Power; particularly the Sacred Melodies, and the air to "The World has not a Joy to give." I have pledged myself to Power that your influence will procure their speedy completion, and I am sure you will not falsify my assurance. I hope you have seen my first verse to your favourite "Ho sparso tante lagrime:" it goes beautifully to English words.

Poor Bessy is still very weak, and my chief hope for the recovery of her strength now is sea-bathing, when we get to Ireland. Best regards to Mrs. D. Ever yours,

T. Moore.

[No. 329.] *To Mr. Power.*

[Dublin], Tuesday, May 30. 1815.

My dear Sir,

I have made twenty attempts to write to you since our arrival (which was on last Friday night), and this is the third or fourth letter I have begun; but you can have no idea of the whirl we are in; all very flattering; everybody in hysterics of joy to see us.

What I write now chiefly for is to supply an omission in my last dispatch before leaving the cottage. I wish a design to be made of a *Mary Magdalene*, as beautiful as possible, from the words,

"Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep;
'Love much,' and be forgiven."

This I should like to be the chief and leading frontispiece of the work: it is such a mixture of the sacred and profane as will be most characteristic of *me*, and may be made most tasteful and interesting. The other subject, and a very fine one, will be from the last Melody I sent you, "Sound the loud Timbrel." You may let the artist form his idea upon a comparison of my words with the text in Exodus, chap. xv. verse 20., "And Miriam the prophetess," &c. &c.

I write this actually on a dinner-table, among chatterers, drinkers, and all sorts of noise-makers; but I thought it wrong to defer any longer.

Best and warmest regards to Mrs. Power and our little friend Jane. Stevenson is almost free of his operatic labours, and means speedily to attack the Sacred Melodies. We have seen your brother, who again offered us his lodgings; but Richard Power has left us his house in Kildare Street, where we are in great comfort, and where you will direct to us, No. 7. Yours ever most cordially,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 330.] *From Mr. Jeffrey.*

Edinburgh, June 11. 1815.

My dear Moore,

As I do not see your poem yet announced, I am afraid you are still occupied in a more interesting way than with reviewals; but I cannot help taking the chance, however desperate it may be, of your having an hour or two to throw away on the baser avocation. I was shot in the eye with a sky-rocket on the king's birthday, and have

been almost blind ever since; which has thrown me back with all my preparations, and reduced me to such extremities in providing for the next number as must touch all Christian hearts with compassion. I forbear to suggest any subjects: a man like you must have his head full of theories and opinions to which it must be a relief to give expression; and we are not difficult you know as to our choice of the occasions for bringing them forward. If you should prefer amusing yourself with a particular book, you know far better than I do both what books will afford the most amusement, and how it is best to be extracted. Do think whether anything can be done for me, and let me know what has occurred to you.

I have just got a set of Lord Byron's works, and read his Hebrew Melodies for the first time. There is rather a monotony in the subjects, but a sweetness of versification to which I know but one parallel, and a depth and force of feeling which, though indicated only by short sobs and glances, is here as marked and peculiar as in his greater pieces. I have heard nothing of him lately, but am now persuaded that he cannot be long idle. I cannot see to write any more. Believe me always most truly yours,

F. JEFFREY.

[No. 331.] *To Mr. Dalton.*

Athassel Abbey, Cashel, Friday,
Aug. 22. 1815.

My dear Dalton,

Bryan, as I suspected, will not stir, and Killarney is given up. If it were possible or me to wait *your* time, we could manage, I think, to achieve the business without him; but that's out of the question, and sincerely do I

regret that it is so; for I flatter myself Killarney has seldom had, within its enchanted precincts, two souls that would agree better in enjoyment of all its beauties. My sister has been alarmingly ill since we came, from a miscarriage; she is now much better; but a sick house, and a dull, ugly country, render our visit here rather a melancholy proceeding, and I look with some impatience to next week for a release from it. The only *stimulants* we have are the Shanavests, who enter the houses here at noonday for arms, and start out, by twenties and thirties, upon the tithe-proctors in the fields, stark naked, and smeared over with paint like Catabaros. The good people of Tipperary will have a bloody winter of it.

Lord Llandaff's is the only fine house in this neighbourhood; but it is one of those unfinished and never-to-be-finished places, which, as far as I can perceive, abound throughout Ireland.

Bessy is all anxiety to hear about Mrs. Dalton; therefore pray let us have a bulletin of her progress immediately.

The rector of this place has just passed the windows on a tithe-hunting expedition, with a large gun in his gig. This is one of the ministers of peace on earth! Ever, my dearest Dalton, your faithful friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 332.] *To Mr. Dalton.*

[Dublin], Wednesday, Sept. 13. 1815.

My dear Dalton,

Here I am still, kept on from day to day, watching alternately the weathercock and poor Barbara's pulse, and still undecided whether I shall sail alone or wait for her. She recovers strength so rapidly, that I dare say it will

end in my staying the few days that Duggan prescribes as necessary for her restoration; but in such a state of doubt and fidgettiness it would be impossible for me to enjoy *any thing*, even you and *Beau-parc;* yet how lovely it must be now!

In last Friday's Morning Chronicle there was the following paragraph, "We have had so many and such incessant applications for the paper which contains the exquisite *jeu-d'esprit*, entitled 'Epistle from Tom Cribb,' &c., that we shall reprint it to-morrow." I knew that flash fun would tell in England, though it was all flash in the pan here: *you* were the only one of all I read it to, in the least up to its humour.

That pathetic warrior, Mr. George Lidwill, sailed the day before yesterday for the Pistol Congress, to be holden at Calais on the 20th. I hear that there is a vast assemblage of *amateurs* from Kerry, Galway, and other warlike places expected on the ground.

Stevenson has found out how economical it is to live alone; he says he can now breakfast for a penny per morning. I have no other important news for you; but do write, my dear fellow, do write to me, and let me know how you get on, whether the boil on your neck is troublesome, and whether you are better of those uneasy heats at night. I sat with P. Crampton near an hour and half on Sunday, and again on Monday; he is just now the most spirited skeleton that can be imagined. Best regards to all around you. Bessy will answer Mrs. Lambert's very kind note before we go. Ever faithfully yours,

T. Moore.

[No. 333.] *To his Mother.*

Derby, Tuesday, Oct. 17. 1815.

My own dear Mother,

I have run over here on a short visit to our friends the Strutts, and to buy a sofa for Bessy, who cannot do without lying down a good deal. Mr. Strutt, who never sees me without *giving* me something, has just made me a present of a very snug and handsome easy chair for my study. They are most friendly and excellent people.

I fear I have been a little irregular, my darling mother, this last week, in my correspondence, but I shall make up in the present one. Ever your own affectionate,

Tom.

[No. 334.] *To his Mother.*

Oct. 21. 1815.

My dearest Mother,

I returned from Derby on Thursday, and the chair Mr. Strutt gave me was not the only present I received. I owe the man there who furnished our cottage, a balance of about thirty pounds on his bill, and as I could not pay him, I was doubtful whether I should call upon him: however, I plucked up courage and went, and asked to look at a stand to hold my music, which we very much want. He showed me one, price two pounds, very handsome. I asked whether he made any cheaper: "some," he said, "at from thirty-two to thirty-six shillings; but, Mr. Moore, if you will do me the honour to accept that one, as a proof of the high respect I entertain for you, you will flatter me exceedingly." I, of course, accepted it without hesitation: what do you think of that for an English upholsterer?

Bessy, while I was away, has got the rooms and hall

stained, and we look much neater now: often, often, my darling mother, do we wish for you; and Bessy says she never will be quite happy till *you* see how comfortable we are.

Take the earliest opportunity of telling Power that I should have written to him long before this, but I have been waiting for his announcement of the departure of my books. Ever your own,

Tom.

[No. 335.] *To his Mother.*

Wednesday night, Nov. 8. 1815.

My dearest Mother,

Since I last wrote, or rather since Bessy's letter, we got my father's of the 26th, which was so far a comfort to us, but we are still astonished at receiving no later intelligence from you, and I only wait to know that it is not illness which has caused your silence, to give you all a *very good* scolding. Nell promised that now she knew Bessy well, she would write to her continually, and I believe she has sent her but *one* letter since we left you. There never was a creature more anxious about any thing than Bessy is to have your loves and good opinions; and, in addition to Nell's silence, she took it into her head that my father expressed himself coldly and drily towards her in saying, "Your mother desires me to thank Bessy for the papers." I tell her this is all nonsense; but *do* make my father say something kind about her in his next.

I hope, my own dearest mother, that to-day's post will put me out of the painful anxiety I feel about you all. God bless my darling mother. Ever her own,

Tom.

[No. 336.] *To his Mother.*

Saturday, Nov. 18. 1815.

My dearest Mother,

We are here in the midst of such gaieties as Derby and a large party of lively girls can muster up. Bessy is in high spirits, and looking better than I have seen her for a long time. The Longmans have just sent her down a present of Messrs. Inchbald's Theatres. They are, indeed, very liberal, and have been particularly kind in their offers of money to me, to prevent the sale of my little stock, which I commissioned them to effect for me. I have, however, refused their offer, thinking it more independent not to borrow while I can help it.

If my dear father should be in want of money towards Christmas, he may draw upon me, at sixty-one days, for twenty or thirty pounds. Love to all. Ever my dearest mother's own,

Tom.

[No. 337.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Tuesday, Dec. 6. 1815.

Where is my two for one? Ever since the magnanimous promise in your last, that you would really and truly let me have two of your letters for every one of mine, I have been waiting for the shot from the other barrel like a hero, but none has come, and, therefore, I fire off this little squib at you, just to try your courage, which, I hope, will show itself, by return of post, oozing out (like Acres's) from your fingers' ends. I have no news for you; except that the other day, being inclined to treat Bessy to Mrs. Inchbald's Modern Theatre, in ten volumes, I wrote to Longman's for them; and, lo! with a generosity unexampled

among bibliopolists, they sent her a present of *all* the plays Mrs. Inchbald has edited, consisting of forty-two volumes splendidly bound, with proof impressions of the plates. I have read *Walter*-loo, since I heard from you. The battle murdered many, and *he* has murdered the battle*: 'tis sad stuff; Hougomont rhyming to "long," "strong," &c. He must have learned his pronunciation of French from Solomon Grundy in the play — "Commong dong, as they say in Dunkirk." *Where* is Rogers? I have not heard from him for ages. Four goodly letters has he had from me since I left this for Ireland, and never answered one of them. This is even worse than you, Miss Two-for-one! Best, kindest love to Lady Donegal, from hers and yours faithfully,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 338.] *To Mr. Power.*

Sunday, Dec. 19. 1815.

My dear Sir,

I have only time to send you, according to my promise, the first verses of "When Day," &c. which you will, of course, lose no time in engraving.

"Thou art, O God! the life and light
Of all this beauteous world we see:
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee;
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

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* In similar phrase Lord Erskine wrote:

"Of all who fell, by sabre or by shot,
Not one fell half so flat as Walter Scott."

But Sir Walter only fell as a poet, to rise again as a novelist.

"When Day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of Even;
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into Heaven!
Those hues, that wake e'en Light's decline,
So bright, so soft, oh God! are thine.

"When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some celestial bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes:
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are thine."

I have sent off the copy from memory of "There's nothing bright" to Stevenson, and have entreated him to lose no time in returning it. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

[No. 339.] *To Mr. Power.*

Monday night, —— 1815.

My dear Sir,

I send you "Isis and Osiris," which I think very beautiful. Tell Stevenson that the alterations I have made in the original are all in submission to his opinion and correction; and I think Bennison had better write out the original opposite my copy, or Stevenson will never take the trouble of comparing them.

On the other side you will find the second verse of the last Sacred Melody I sent you. We shall get on *flamingly*, you'll see.

I hope we shall soon hear of your little girl being in a state to accept our invitation. Ever yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

"So grant me, God, from every care,
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to thee!

"No sin to cloud—no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings!"

[No. 340.] *To E. T. Dalton, Esq.*

—— 1815.

My dear Dalton,

I think it is a *toss-up* which of us has treated the other the worst, and Mrs. Dalton is the only one of the trio that has done her duty. Give her my best thanks for reminding you of me so often, and tell her that, whenever she finds you *will not* recollect me (let her do all she can), she has nothing for it but to sit down and write me a long letter herself, and she may depend upon a *speedy* answer and *soon*, like Sir William Curtis's peace. In one of Lord Byron's letters to me after I left London, he mentioned having met you, and that Mrs. Dalton sung "one of my best songs so well that, only for the appearance of affectation, he could have cried." Was it "Could'st thou look?" I received the songs you left with Power for me, but have not yet been able, in my own poor performance, to extract much delight from them. I begin to fear, do you know, that both Mrs. Dalton and you are refining yourselves too far into the *super-exquisite* of music, and one reason of my fearing so is that you did not seem to care about *my* humble ballads this last time of our meeting, half so much as formerly. But indeed there was no judging, and still less any enjoying of each other in that

vortex of London, in which it is as impossible to find out real opinions and feelings as it is to tell the colours of a top that is spinning. I was more disappointed than my proud stomach would let me tell you at your not making a little effort to come and visit us at our cottage. God knows when I shall have another opportunity of making Bessy known to Mrs. Dalton, for, unless my *paper* wings grow much faster and stronger than they have done of late, they will never be able to sustain the flight of my whole family to Dublin, and Bessy will not be easily persuaded to leave the children behind her. That land of promise, Bermuda, turns out a devilish bad land of performance: I get as near nothing from it as possible.

I am delighted to find that Stevenson and I are in harness together. I only hope the *whip-cord* will hold out with little Power. Tell Sir John that he *must positively* pass the next summer at this cottage with us. If he loves a beautiful country, where every step opens valleys, woods, parks, and all kinds of rural glories upon the eye, this is the Paradise for him, and (to descend lower in the scale) he shall have as good *brown soup* as we gave him in Kegworth. He and I *must* do something in the dramatic way. I believe I told you I had a long pressing letter from Whitbread to do something for Drury Lane, and I had another communication upon the same subject the other day from Holland House.

I am getting on prosperously with my poem, and hope to be ready, though rather *late*, for this next campaign. I wish you had been a little more communicative about yourself, but it is sufficiently gratifying to me to hear that you are not worse, because it leads me to hope that the complaint has reached that point when it will be no longer

troublesome, and perhaps even show symptoms of retiring altogether.

We have got into *much* too gay a neighbourhood, and I enjoyed the high dignity, the other night, of being sole steward to the county ball in honour of Lord Wellington. "Cock up, Spotty!" as the poet says.

Best regards to my dear Mrs. D. from Bessy and myself, and ditto to yourself from, ever yours affectionately,

THOS. MOORE.

[No. 341.] *To his Mother.*

Jan. 1. 1816.

My dearest Mother,

We were most happy to find, from dear Nell's letter, that your cough was gone, and I trust the pain in the side will soon go after it. Bessy has had a most severe bout of it, and is much weakened indeed; but I have just had her out in this sweet spring sunshine, that opens the new year so smilingly, and I think she is much better: her cough though, at night, is still very distressing.

The poor girl, of whose death I told you in my last, we now find died of an attack on the brain, and, during her delirium, she frequently sang parts of "There's nothing bright but Heaven," and other Sacred Melodies of mine, which the poor young creature was a great admirer of. Ever my darling mother's own,

TOM.

[No. 342.] *To Mr. Power.*

Sunday, Jan. 14. 1816.

My dear Sir,

I have been these two days past much better, have returned to my animal food and wine (which I think the

cursed apothecary kept me from too long), and, except for a troublesome cough, which still hangs about me, am as well as ever. Many thanks for your kind solicitude about me. I shall certainly not encounter another winter in this coldest house of a most cold country, and I dare say it is somewhere near town that our next move will be to. As to my spirits, they are, thank Heaven! pretty good. The only thing that sinks deep with me just now is the fear, almost to certainty, that I shall not be ready with my poem for the press till May, which will put publication till after the summer quite out of the question. This annoys me, but I could not help it. I have not been idle; but my trip to Ireland threw me back most cruelly. I have received the proofs and copies of the words, and, in the course of this next week, shall put the whole job clean out of hand for you. I was doing a little song these few days past in spite of my headaches and weakness, but I shall throw it aside for the present, and think of nothing now but the dispatching the Sacred Songs for you. You must engrave "Thou art, O God!" as a single song.

Why have you not put in "Ah! who shall see that glorious Day?" It is in a style that we want very much, and I think you had much better include it. I hope you have sent duplicates of these last proofs to Stevenson, for of course he must see them.

I do not know how to thank you enough for your generosity about the pianoforte, neither am I quite sure that I can allow you to be so liberal to me; at least not till I am more settled than at present, for a gift of *yours* I should consider so sacred that I never could think of parting with it; and this might be inconvenient as long as we are in our vagabond state. So perhaps it is better to wait till I have some prospect of *fixing* some-

where; and, in the meantime, your interposition to delay my payment of Broadwood for this is quite as much as I can require of you; not that, after all, I think I am *by any means* likely to part with this sweet pianoforte; but one does not know what might happen to make it expedient. Ever yours, most truly,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 343.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Jan. 24. 1816.

You must not be angry with me for not writing to you: we have had nothing but illness in the house since you last heard from me. Scarcely had Bessy begun to show symptoms of recovery when *I* must needs imitate my betters, and be ill too. For about ten days I could hardly hold up my head; but I really think the apothecary was, as usual, nine-tenths of my disease; for he starved and physicked me into such a state of debility, that, when the original complaint was gone, there was another, much worse, of his own manufacture, to proceed upon; but at last I took Molière's method of dealing with him, and am, accordingly, as well as ever: "Il m'ordonne des remèdes; je ne les fais point, et je guéris." I wish I could say as much for poor Bessy, but her state of health gives me great uneasiness; indeed, she is not an instant free from pains, either in her back or head, and there appears a general weakness and derangement all over her: but her spirits and resolution keep her up wonderfully, and the regularity of our little *ménage* never suffers an instant from her indisposition. She went the other night to an Ashbourne assembly (the first time she has been in company since our return from Ireland), and the change in her looks struck every one.

She feels, as I do, most sensibly your kindness in asking her to pass some time with you; and there is nothing she desires and raves of so incessantly as the seeing London, and the streets and the theatres once more; but no pleasure will tempt her to leave the children, and the impracticability of moving *with* them puts such a visit out of the question, till my present task is finished, and I can shift my quarters nearer to you for good and all: indeed, *here* it is impossible to stay another winter; so I have said for these two winters past, and then, like the returning smiles of a mistress, the sweet summer looks of the little place made me fall in love with it again, and all the past was forgotten: but we have suffered too much, I think, *this* winter, from its damp, smokiness, and smallness, to let anything tempt us into a repetition of such horrors. How have *you* both stood the campaign? I fear, from what Rogers said in his letter, that my dear Lady Donegal has had some returns of her attacks,—is it so? Do tell me all particulars about yourselves; for your letters sometimes make me feel as if you thought I was a selfish fellow: I am so entirely the hero of them; but then, on second thoughts, I should *not* be *your* hero, if you thought me too much my *own;* so it is all right as it is, only *do* tell me a little more of your concerns — physical, moral, worldly, and spiritual.

We have had a melancholy event among us lately: a lovely young girl, of eighteen, left us a bride, and in six weeks afterwards was a corpse. It seemed as if her marriage bells had but just ceased, when we heard of her death. During her last delirium she sung several of my Sacred Songs, of which the poor girl was a most enthusiastic admirer. Good by. Ever faithfully yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

What account do you hear of Lord Byron and his wife? He never mentions her, but writes, I think, in lower spirits than usual.

[No. 344.] *From Miss Godfrey.*

Feb. 1816.

We were extremely sorry to hear so bad an account of both you and Bessy. I am afraid this extremely cold weather, in your cold smoky cottage, will be felt severely by *her* in particular, for *you* seemed pretty well when you wrote. I am very glad you are resolved not to stay another winter there. We are all hoping that you will settle within a reasonable distance of us, and that we shall see more of you both for the rest of our days. Pray write soon again, and say how you all are, and how you bear this hard frost. As to ourselves I have to report that we are in a very tolerable state of health, though Bab's nervous attacks never fail. In the interval she enjoys good health and spirits, and altogether the current of time flows smoothly on at present. Taking life as it is, with all its goods and evils, and ups and downs, it is something to be able to say, "I am content;" and we say it, and, still better, feel it. One would rather that youth and health lasted for ever; but, as they do not, it is also something to be able to do without them. I wish, however, that it had been consistent with the order of creation to have given a longer summer to the year, and a longer youth to life; but, perhaps, it is all better as it is. We have been visiting about a great deal this year in the neighbourhood of London, and Bab has been twice at Windsor, being in high favour with the Queen, Princesses, and Duke of York, but just as usual with the Regent, that's to say, in no

favour at all. We were also at that poor dear honest man's, Lord Sidmouth's, for a few days. As to your wicked story of his getting drunk, and singing ballads with his royal master, there is not a word of truth in it; it would be much more like him in his cups to give him a high flown discourse upon all the cardinal virtues and Christian graces. Seriously, I believe him to be as honest, as frank, and as open a character, as free from all little meannesses as any man in the whole world. I was very much amused one day upon looking over their books in the drawing-room, the very room in which he receives the Prince Regent and all the Ministers, to see stuck up gravely on the shelf my old acquaintance the Twopenny Post Bag; the last book I should have expected to find in a Minister's house. I suppose you have heard from Lord Byron the history of his separation from his wife. The world are loud against him, and vote him a worthless profligate. She has gone to the country with her mother and Miss Doyle. She says she wishes to make no accusations; but she has advised him to go abroad for a few years. We don't know her; but every one praises and pities her. He is completely lost in the opinion of the world; and I fear he is the sort of character never to make an effort to recover it. So I look on him as given up to every worthless excess for the rest of his life. I hope he will go abroad for your sake, as he will certainly cling to you. Give him good advice, and tell him to go. A thousand kind things to you both from us both. I intended to write a longer letter, but have been interrupted; which I have great comfort in thinking will not break your heart, for I can't but feel that I am dulness itself at this present writing; but ever truly and sincerely yours,

M. G.

[No. 345.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Mayfield, April 4. 1816.

You know what it is to put off answering a letter; *right well* you know it; nobody better; and it is not to you I am going to apologise, but to my dear, trusty, and well-beloved correspondent at your side, who deserves all the punctuality, good letter-writing, wit, and fair penmanship I do *not* bestow upon her; and the fact is, when I got her last letter we were from home, actually smoked out of our house in those high winds, and blown into any of those of our neighbours that would give us shelter; and when we returned, I had so much to do for Power, besides my own never-ceasing job, that I could not muster up five minutes for letter-writing for the life of me. I cannot tell you how I am longing to be with you this sweet weather. I really believe spring has as much to do with friendship as with love, for I never think half so *genially* of all those I like as at this season. How soon do you leave town this year? I hope not till after June, as that will be about the period of my flourishing there. I have been thinking, as France is in such a ticklish state, to take a run over to Paris, just for about a fortnight, to take one peep into that great cauldron of revolutions, before the "bubble, bubble" begins again, as it will before long, as sure as Louis is an old woman. By-the-bye, are you, or are you not, a little ashamed of your dear friends, the Ministers? I don't mean on the score of their wisdom, talents, &c., for in this respect they are, of course, as admirable as ever, but for the shabbiness with which they are daily surrendering so many wise, indispensable, and sine-quâ-nonical measures to the bullies of Opposition. "Time was, that when the brains

were out, the man would die;" or that when a Minister (as Dogberry says) "was *proved* a fool, he would go near to be *thought* so too;" but now we see that so he keeps his place, he need not be nice as to *whose* measures he keeps it by: if he hasn't the vigour or the sense to force what *he* thinks right upon his adversaries, he has the convenient passiveness to let them force what *they* please upon *him*. We shall soon have all measures originate with the Opposition: they will lay the eggs, and the kind Cuckoo Ministers will hatch them. Bessy, though a little better within these few days, continues in general as weak or even weaker than ever; but I look with much hope to the summer for her amendment. The little ones are quite well, and Barbara, if she was but prettier, promises to be all we could wish her,—intelligent, sweet-tempered, and affectionate. How is *your* dear Barbara? You have not mentioned her to me this long time. I suppose I shall find her grown beyond redemption: what a pity they can't stay little young things for ever.

Be it known to you that on Saturday last I took the chair at the anniversary dinner of the Lancastrian Society at Derby, and astonished not only the company but myself by sundry speeches, of which the Derby paper of to-day gives such a flourishing account, that I blush to the eyes; seriously, I never saw anything like the enthusiastic effect I produced, and of all exertions of talent, public speaking is certainly the most delightful: the effect is so immediately under one's own eyes, and the harvest of its fame so instantaneous. This was the first time I ever really prepared or exerted myself in speaking, and oh! what would I *not* give to have many and higher opportunities for it. Would *you* bring me in if you could? *that* you

would, in spite of Dogberry and the Cuckoo Ministers; I know you would. Ever yours,

T. M.

In a letter I have had lately from Lord Byron he says, "There is not existing a better, a brighter, or more amiable creature than Lady Byron." Is not this odd? What can be the reason of the separation?

[No. 346.] *From Lady Donegal.*

Sunday night, —— 1816.

Mary has received your lecture, and means to answer it to-morrow; but I cannot let her cover go without a word or two from me, particularly as I want to ask a favour of you. You really would confer a lasting obligation on me, and as lasting honour on yourself, if you would comply with my request, which is, that you will sit down and write, without farther loss of time, the "Battle of Waterloo." Do not let that pitiful, wretched performance of Scott's remain the only tribute that genius has paid to such glorious deeds; but do you describe the day. And I will answer for it, be it ever so short, or done in ever so great a hurry, that you will get any thing for it that you choose to ask, and drive Walter Scott out of the field (at least of *that* field), for ever. It would be a magnificent subject for you; and the last Quarterly Review has made a collection of anecdotes, all ready to your hand, of the most interesting events of the day; and all such beautiful subjects, that I would give more than I can say if you would undertake it. The work that you have in hand must be ready for the press by this time; and I hope that you have begun nothing else that could prevent your under-

taking this. I implore you to think seriously of it, for I am sure you would make it the most beautiful thing in the language, and it would cost you but very little time or trouble. As I am rather out of my senses upon the subject, I shall keep the rest of my ravings to myself, when I once more exhort you to let the Irish bard record the deeds of the Irish hero. You might too, with a safe conscience, say a word or two of the merits of the Duke of York, who had made the army, and contributed his share to the glory of the day. Not a word of his box at Covent Garden, which we have at our command.

Give my love to Bessy. How is my godchild (I was just going to write grandchild) going on? How far is she advanced in her education? Ever truly and sincerely yours,

B. D.

[No. 347.] *To his Mother.*

London, May, 1816.

My darling Mother,

Safe arrived — quite well, but more pulled about, fussed, and bustled than ever. To-night I go to the Queen's house to see the bride in all her nuptial glory. Only think of Lady Donegal's courage to ask permission to take me.

I dine so early, for the purpose of being there in time, that I must bid good by, my own dearest mother. Love to father and Nell.

I must leave this letter with the Donegals in hope of a frank; but if she cannot get one, I have bid her send it off, and for once you must pay postage.

[No. 348.] *To his Mother.*

Saturday, May 4. 1816.

My dearest Mother,

What do you think of *me*, Tom Brown the Younger, having been at the Queen's house to see the royal bride in all her nuptial array? Lady Donegal had the courage to ask permission of the Princess Elizabeth for me to go. The Princess Charlotte stopped, as she passed, to shake hands with Lady Donegal, by whose side I stood, so that I had an admirable view of her. I am almost tired of the bustle of this place already, and even after a short week begin to sigh for my little cottage and Bessy again.

[No. 349.] *To his Mother.*

Monday, May, 1816.

My dearest Mother,

I cannot get a frank, and have not time to write *round* through Joe, so I must dispatch this as it is; to tell you I am quite well, in *terrible* request, never half so much so before, and that, flattering as it is all, I am delighted at the idea of being off on Friday next (as I expect) to the cottage. This, I know, will give you more pleasure than any thing else, as it proves I am happy at home, which is the source of every comfort and virtue in this life. I only wish you were there to make it still happier to me. God bless my darling mother. Ever your own,

Tom.

[No. 350.] *From Mr. Jeffrey.*

92. George Street, Edinburgh, May 28. 1816.

My dear Moore,

It is very kind in you to think of me; and your remembrances could never have come at a more acceptable moment; for I am, as usual, in a state of utter bankruptcy and despair. I commit Vathek to you with the greatest pleasure, though I have not an idea what you will do with him. I promised solemnly to begin printing before the end of this month; but, up to this hour, I have nothing to begin upon, so that I dare say you will be soon enough any time before the middle of June, but be sooner if possible.

I am glad you have learned to feel feverish in London, for then there is some chance of your condescending to take a peep at us here, where there is not half enough of movement and variety to fill the evening of a true London taste. We live in blissful ignorance of the doings which vex and scandalise you in that great city, though I have mourned a great deal to myself about Lord Byron, without knowing very well what to believe of the crude rumours that have spread so far.

May I venture to ask what has become of your *opus majus*, which you led us to expect nearly a year ago? I am afraid you are very idle in your retreat, though I have too long considered idleness and happiness as synonymous to blame you very much for this indulgence.

I meditate some little reviews of poetry, and certainly shall not be ill-natured to *Rimini*. It is very sweet and very lively in many places, and is altogether piquant, as being by far the best imitation of Chaucer and some of his Italian contemporaries that modern times have produced. I do not know exactly what to say of Christabell,

though with all its perversity and affectation I read it with some pleasure. I do not mean the pleasure of scoffing and ridicule. Indeed I scarcely ever read poetry in that humour, and usually find something to love and admire in works which I could never have courage or conscience to praise. My natural foible is to admire and be pleased too easily, and I am never severe except from effort and reflection. I am afraid some people would not believe this; but you will, when I tell you that I say it quite in earnest.

I was lucky, far beyond my deservings, in meeting with Samuel Rogers at Paris, and we had great comfort in talking of you. Is it not a little bit of affectation in you to say you are obliged to me for speaking kindly of you, of whom all men agree to speak kindly, and to whose kindness, and frankness, and generosity, I am indebted for a friendship which paltry spirits cannot comprehend? But I am not going to speak seriously of things that might make me too serious. Believe me ever, very faithfully yours,

F. Jeffrey.

[No. 351.] *To William Gardiner, Esq.*

Tuesday evening, —— 1816.

My dear Sir,

One would think by our anxiety to detain you that we had a *presentiment* of something worth your staying for; and, strange to say, an attraction has but this moment occurred, which, I am sure, to *you* is irresistible. My friend Rogers (who, I told you, left me a month or two since), returning by Kegworth, and not finding me there, has come by the evening coach, and is now sitting by the pianoforte at Mr. Peach's, waiting the effect of this note in bringing you back to us. He is a warm admirer of

your music, and is anxious to see the author before he leaves Leicester, which must be early in the morning; therefore pray come immediately. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

[No. 352.] *To his Mother.*

July 11. 1816.

My dearest Mother,

We got dear Nell's letter last night; and Bessy is afraid, by what she says, that she has not received a letter from her which I inclosed, I think, about a week ago. Perhaps, in my hurry, I may have omitted it, but I shall look among my papers. I sent one letter last week to you through Corry, which I fear you may not receive, from his being perhaps out of town.

Poor Sheridan! the Prince (I hear from town), after neglecting him, and leaving him in the hands of bailiffs all the time of his illness, sent him at last the princely donation of two hundred pounds, which Sheridan returned. I hope this is true.

I have given notice to my landlord, and shall be off from this as soon as the winter shows his ugly face; that is, I suppose, about the latter end of October.

It grieves me to hear of the poor car's being such an invalid; and if my father could but get credit for a new one for a few months, I think I could manage to supply him by the time. Just now, and for two or three months to come, I shall be without one *extra* pound; if, indeed, I am lucky enough to have any *intra* ones; but *couldn't* you manage it somehow before the fine weather is all over, my dearest mother? the exercise is so necessary to you. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 353.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Mayfield, July 18. 1816.

I know you will say that I put off my letter to this "last day of the world" in the hope of escaping, by *any* means, from the trouble of writing. But I am not quite so desperate, and I hope we shall have many "more last" days (though of somewhat a sunnier kind than this is) to give me an opportunity of convincing you that, though appearances may be against me, I am really a very good correspondent. Do you know what the chemists call "latent heat?" This I am full of. It is a property which some bodies have of keeping all their warmth to themselves; or, rather, *in* themselves; which makes them seem not half so warm as other bodies which have all their warmth on the surface. Now this is the case with me; and therefore, whenever you are long without hearing from me, set it down at once to "latent heat," and console yourself with the idea of its being all snug and warm in my heart, instead of lavishing its precious particles through the post-office. Seriously and really I ought to have written sooner; but, as I am very busy, and have no news for you, — nothing, in short, to send but a few bad jokes, which, like *over*-dead game, will hardly *keep* to town, — I thought I might as well let *you* begin with your "How d'ye do?" and then, like Paddy Blake's echo, I could answer "Very well, I thank ye." I found Bessy, I thought, a little better on my return, which I attribute a good deal to her having passed the time away from home, and out of the reach of those domestic cares which, limited as they are, she feels much too anxiously and busily for that repose, both of mind and body, which is so necessary to her. If I could but afford the money and time, I am

sure a few months of rambling and idleness would do her far more service than all the doctors in the world. She sometimes looks so wan and feeble as to make me quite miserable. I have given notice to our landlord, and, as soon as the winter months set in (at least those that don't call themselves summer ones, like the present), we shall hope to be off to you. My ulterior plans are so uncertain, that I think for the winter I shall only take a small furnished house somewhere near London.

Do you know that I was lately fool enough to waste a few days on a review of Glenarvon, and, thinking it rather comical, sent it to Jeffrey, who appears to have thought the same of it. But, in consequence of numerous applications he had from town, he pledged himself to more than one friend *not* to admit any mention of the book in his Review. Horner was one of the advisers, and I think, upon the whole, they were right.

Those two little brothers, the Powers, are going to war ding-dong, and seem resolved to be "belligerent Powers," as well as their betters. I am delighted that the work they come to issue upon is the Sacred Songs, as from them not even Garrow himself will be able to extract indecency.

Our little ones are quite well. Bessy was all delight at your presents, and is keeping the scarf for town display. Ever yours, with best love to Lady D. and sister Philly,

T. M.

[No. 354.] *To his Mother.*

Sunday, July 21. 1816.

My dearest Mother,

For want of news I send you a letter we got last night from our Derby friend, Mr. Strutt, which will show you what kindness pursues me everywhere. There is nothing I should like better than what he proposes, and it would do Bessy infinite service; but, besides the expense of joining them at Ramsgate (which I could not manage), it would unsettle all my plans of business for the rest of the summer; and Bessy, who is always self-denying and prudent, says, if *I* were wild enough to think of taking her, she would not let me. She was very ill all yesterday, but she is better to-day. Ever my darling mother's own,

Tom.

[No. 355.] *To his Mother.*

Thursday, —— 1816.

My dearest Mother,

You will get either by to-day's or to-morrow's post a Morning Chronicle, with some lines on the death of Sheridan by *me*, which you must send back when you have done with them. Let old Joe see them first; but you need not mention to any one else their being mine. Bessy has just been out walking to pay some bills, and call upon some of her poor sick women, to whom she is very kind and useful at very moderate expense. This delights her more than all the finery and company in the world. I never cease regretting, my dearest mother, that you have not an opportunity of seeing her in her own element — home and quiet. Mary Dalby (whose long and sincere attachment

to me makes her a very quick-sighted judge) said to me at the end of a fortnight she passed with us, "I do not think in the world you could have found another creature so suited to you as that." And she was right. God bless you, my dearest mother. Ever your affectionate,

TOM.

[No. 356.] *To his Mother.*

Sunday, August 18. 1816.

My dearest Mother,

I have only time to say that Rogers has just left us; he seemed to enjoy himself very much, and it was with some difficulty I got off going with him to the Lakes. Unluckily I cannot spare the time from my various jobs.

He made Bessy very happy by giving her, when he was going away, two pounds to lay out for the family of one of her poor women, whom he saw with her. He is an excellent fellow.

You will see by the Chronicle that my lines upon Sheridan were published in a pamphlet by some one, at 6*d.* price. Rogers tells me they made a great sensation. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 357.] *To his Mother.*

September, 1816.

My dearest Mother,

I was near letting this day go by, and it is the middle of the week, and then you would have reason to scold me for my neglect: but indeed you are very good and forgiving to all my little forgetfulnesses, which are not,

after all, *very* heavy, for I never cease thinking of my own dears at home; and it is only business sometimes that make me seem (as Lord Moira expresses it) "oblivious" of them. You will be amused at what Hunt says of my "Magdalen" Hymns, in the Examiner I send you. Bessy gives her best love. We have been paying visits to-day, and she is very tired. The little ones are quite well. I write in the midst of chatter, at Mrs. Belcher's. Ever your own,

Tom.

[No. 358.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Sept. 24. 1816.

I will not stop to make apologies for being so long without writing. My excuse is, that I had not time; but then, I have not time to make the excuse, as I merely seize the opportunity of a cover to Power to inclose a few hasty hieroglyphics to you. Part of my business lately has been gaiety; the business, of all others, I was born for. Bessy's doctor thought a trip to Matlock would do her good, and there accordingly we passed eight or nine days, dancing, walking, and keeping-never-minding any thing; for which Bessy, I think, was evidently better, and I, you may swear, not at all the worse. Rogers staid with us here from the Wednesday to Sunday, and left "an image of himself" (I mean, intellectually speaking), *very favourable indeed*, on the minds both of Bessy and the little ones. He was indeed particularly amiable; and took no fright at the superfluity either of melted butter or of maids, and even saw with composure a little boy who comes to clean my shoes; not that I can quite answer for his subsequent reflections on these luxuries.

As the time approaches for leaving our cottage, I begin to feel a little reluctance, and shall, I dare say, linger on here till the period of my publishing is near. Bessy is certainly a little better, and a break-up of our establishment just at this moment would be very deranging. She was delighted with the confidential frankness of your letter to her, and felt something far beyond the mere *honour* that it did her, though that was felt too, as it ought to be.

Tell our dear Mary that I look for it, under her own hand and seal, that she is quite as well and waggish as ever. Ever yours,

T. Moore.

[No. 359.] *To Mr. Power.*

Tuesday, Sept. 24. 1816.

My dear Sir,

I send you a very short, but very beautiful Melody. It ought to have been a Sacred Song this time, but I took a fancy to this air, and was resolved to strike while the anvil was hot. I should be happy to think that my work now would prove as *durable* as it is *quick;* but though I post on in this way, I shall not be so unjust either to *you* or *myself* as to let either collection appear till I am perfectly satisfied with all their ingredients. There are two or three of the Irish ones equal to any I have done; and one in particular ("This Earth is the Planet"), which will be very popular in my own singing of it; but our plan is to go on till we can select twelve *super-excellents.*

As the time approaches for our giving up the cottage, I begin to feel very reluctant, and shall probably linger on as long at least as there is any thing like tolerable weather; indeed, I feel a little afraid of a new place on account of

the *finances;* for here, whenever I have not the supplies, I have, at least, *credit*, which could not be expected in a new residence; we shall see, however. I have been expecting your answer about my Dedicatory Songs. Ever yours, very truly,

THOMAS MOORE.

Do you know that there is an edition of my Melodies published in Philadelphia. I wish we could get them.

[No. 360.] *To Mr. Power.*

Wednesday, Oct. 1. 1816.

My dear Sir,

I send you a Sacred Melody, which is, I believe, rather of a "Magdalen" cast (as Hunt very prettily said of them the other day), but the remaining verses will retrieve this fault. I think Stevenson may harmonise the air for three voices very charmingly. I grieve much at your difference with him, and trust that it will never go so far as to separate our alliance; for, let them say what they will, no man in general could understand or please me half so well. He has done the little duet of "If Thou'lt be Mine," beautifully; it is as pretty a thing, and will be as much sung, as any in the Melodies.

I have long been intending to ask you whether it is probable I shall be called upon by either you or your brother in the course of your law proceedings in Dublin this winter. I wish to ascertain this point, as it might a good deal influence my movements on leaving Derbyshire.

I have had a letter from your brother, but have not time now to advert to its contents. Ever yours,

THOS. MOORE.

[No. 361]. *To his Mother.*

Nov. 22. 1816.

My dearest Mother,

We got my darling father's kind and heart-warming letter, and were both deeply gratified by it. I am glad, my own dear mother, that you *feel* how I love you. I can but *half* show it; but I would do more, if I could. Bessy is continually making projects for our all living together; and no later than this morning, at breakfast, imagined a very pretty scheme for our taking the house next to you, making a door in the wall, dining every day together, &c. I am not without hopes that some of her visions may yet be realised.

God bless my sweet mother. Love from us both to father and our excellent Nell, and believe me, ever your own,

Tom.

[1817.

In the preface to the sixth volume of Moore's Works, published by Longman, will be found a statement, that in the year 1812 he first conceived the project of a poem on an Oriental subject, of the quarto size, which Scott had adopted, and rendered popular. It will be seen, also, that Mr. Perry insisted he should receive no less a sum than the highest that had ever been paid for a poem. "That," said Mr. Longman, "was 3000 guineas." "Exactly so," replied Mr. Perry; "and no less a sum ought he to receive." The sum of 3000*l.* was readily agreed to, and Mr. Moore proceeded with his work. In 1816 the poem was ready for publication; but as the year was one of great

distress, and consequently very unfavourable to publishers, Moore most handsomely wrote to the Longmans, to leave them at liberty to postpone or modify the bargain, or even to relinquish it altogether. Considering the years he had spent in the work, and the value of 3000 pounds to his family and to himself, this conduct was really magnanimous. But Mr. Longman was too liberal a man to take advantage of such generosity. The poem appeared in May, 1817, with a dedication to Mr. Rogers.]

[No. 362.] *To Mr. Power.*

Wednesday, Jan. 8. 1817.

My dear Sir,

I am glad you received the money safe; and rejoice that I could, even in such a trifling degree, be of service to you.

I suppose you have heard that my father has lost his situation. This is a heavy blow to me, as I shall have to support them all the remainder of their lives. I am not yet in possession of the circumstances; but as there is no one to be appointed in his place, I suppose it is a part of the system of retrenchment; and, if so, I cannot complain: but more of this another time. Ever yours,

T. Moore.

My head still troubles me, and I intend to have it bled copiously to-morrow, ten or twelve ounces.

[No. 363.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Jan. 12. 1817.

I have had various calamities lately. In the first place, my studies have been interrupted, in their very *capital*, by

a violent pain, which was at first thought to proceed from too much blood, and I was accordingly cupped, scarified, leeched, and bleached by abstinence, physic, &c. &c. In the next and more serious place, my father has been turned out of his employment in Ireland; and thus am I doomed to be a poor man for the remainder of my existence, as I must share my crust with him as long as he lives. They do not even give him half-pay; and his dismission has been attended with some unfairness (as well as I can understand from his own account and Joe Atkinson's), which I have endeavoured to counteract by the inclosed letter to Lord Mulgrave. You will smile at my having the impudence to write to him; but as I ask no favour, and merely entreat justice for my father, there could be no scruple on my part in addressing him; and, if *you* feel none in giving him the letter, I think it will be the means of drawing his attention more favourably to it. It was but this moment I thought of asking you to do me this kindness and I have not time for a word more; except to say, that next month we move towards town, and that it will give me real happiness, amid all my perplexities, to find *you*, my very dear friend, as much better in health as my heart wishes you to be. Best love to Mary. Ever yours,

T. Moore.

My head is much better. You need not be afraid of the *tone* of the enclosed; nor think, with Davy, that "it is, as I may say, a designing and malicious looking letter." I have written it with great respectfulness and humility, as I was in policy bound to do. You need not add any representations, I think, of your own, as I by no means wish to have the appearance of *making interest:* but the sooner you let him have it the better.

[No. 364.] *To Mr. Power.*

Saturday, Jan. 18. 1817.

My dear Sir,

You will be glad to hear that my father has got half-pay, which is a considerable relief compared with what we expected; and I write to you immediately, as I know you will be glad to hear it. *Between ourselves*, he never could have got it, had I not myself written to Lord Mulgrave on the subject: but more of this when we meet. It is pleasant, as well in point of *character* as of *money;* for the liberal gentlemen at the other side wanted to make it appear that he had done something very wrong, which merited such a dismission; but Lord Mulgrave, in his letter to me, says, he "can find nothing in Mr. Moore's conduct to prevent his receiving the retirement of half-pay; which he has accordingly directed." Next Monday or Tuesday you shall have the proofs, &c.; but I have been all distraction and nervousness lately. Ever yours,

T. Moore.

Could you in the course of a week or ten days muster me up a few pounds (five or six), as I am almost without a shilling?

[No. 365.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Thursday night, Jan. 23. 1817.

I am *upon* my *knees* before you. I find, from your statement, that I was quite wrong, and have not a word to say in my defence, except you can understand (what, perhaps, is unintelligible to any but "*wrong-headed Irish-*

men") the mortal dread I feel of being supposed to relax my principles in favour of my interest, or of being thought capable of attacking a man one day, and coming cap-in-hand to him on another, according as it suited my convenience so to do. Even now, so strongly do I labour under this wrong-headedness, that (simple as the transaction has been, and creditable, I think, to all of us) I should infinitely rather have worked to support my father myself *totally*, than have made one movement towards procuring this half-pay for him, did I not know that the idea of depending wholly upon my exertions would have made my mother and him wretched. But this is only my own (perhaps morbid) feeling. It was that plaguy word about "justice" in his note to you that set my fancy on horseback, and, as is the case with all beggars (which my fancy must be by this time, after an expenditure of six thousand lines), she rode to the devil with me. But *do* forgive me, my dearest friend, and, for Heaven's sake, write immediately to say you do; for among the calamities of this world I should rank as the *greatest*, my being in the slightest degree out of favour with you: indeed, I have not been happy ever since I wrote that hot-headed letter. Ever yours,

T. M.

I have inflicted double postage upon you, as I think the sooner he gets my acknowledgment the better, and I thought it would be satisfactory to you to see it. Do write soon, I entreat of you.

[No. 366.] *To his Mother.*

Ashbourne, March 6. 1817.

My dearest Mother,

I arrived here yesterday morning, after having set the printers to work on my manuscript, and fixed upon a cottage at Hornsey, within six miles of town. The way I have arranged my money matters with Longman is satisfactory and convenient to them, and, I should hope, safe for myself. I am to draw a thousand pounds for the discharge of my debts, and to leave the other two thousand in their hands (receiving a bond for it) till I find some mode of disposing of it to advantage. The annual interest upon this two thousand (which is a hundred pounds) my father is to draw upon them for quarterly, and this I hope, with his half pay, will make you tolerably comfortable. By this arrangement, you see, I do not touch a sixpence of the money for my own present use, and I consider myself very lucky indeed to be able to refrain from it. If my poem succeeds, I have every prospect of being very comfortable; and indeed, whether it succeeds or not, there is no fear of me.

I shall stay a few days here with our friends the Coopers, and, on Tuesday next, transport the whole colony (no easy or cheap matter, you may suppose) to London.

I was delighted to hear, by Ellen's letter through Lucy, that your spirits, my darling mother, were so much better. This is quite right; and I feel it the more joyfully, as I am sure your consideration for my wishes has been one great cause of your making the effort. God bless my sweet mother. Ever your own,

Tom.

Bessy is, I think, a little better, and the young ones are quite well.

[No. 367.] *To his Mother.*

Ashbourne, Tuesday, March 11. 1817.

My dearest Mother,

We are off to-night for town. I have taken the inside of one of the coaches to ourselves, and trust in Heaven that I shall carry all my little establishment safely to the end of their long journey. I have paid all my bills here, and believe that we carry with us the respect and good wishes of every one. Indeed I have never experienced more real kindness than from some of our friends in this neighbourhood.

You will perceive that my poem is announced, and I shall now have a most racketting time of it till I am published.

Bessy is a little better, and the young things are quite well. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 368.] *To his Mother.*

Friday, March 13. 1817.

My dearest Mother,

We arrived quite safe, and the little ones bore the journey like heroines. Bessy, too, went through it much more stoutly than I expected. We were at Drury Lane last night, and to-morrow we go to the Opera. This is merely to give Bessy a taste of London before we are off to our Hornsey cottage, where I shall be confined very closely to business for the next two months. We found a most comfortable and kind reception at the house of Bessy's friend (niece to Mrs. Ready), Mrs. Branigan, an excellent person, who appears to be very prosperously and comfortably married, and whose house will be a most

valuable convenience to us whenever we visit London. We stay with them till Monday. Bessy is just gone out with Lady Donegal in her carriage to look for a new bonnet. God bless my dearest mother. Best love to Nell and my good father. Ever your own,

TOM.

I have taken Bessy this morning to see the new house: she likes it exceedingly. I am to pay ninety pounds for the year. It is well furnished; and this clears taxes and everything.

[No. 369.] *To his Mother.*

Hornsey, Middlesex, —— 1817.

My dearest Mother,

We are at last settled, and I *begin* to feel at home. At first when we came, I was a good deal disgusted by finding that the place was full of rats, and that one of the rooms smoked,—indeed, you would have pitied me if you had seen the irritable state of fidget it put me into, everything now depending so much on my having these two next months free and quiet for the getting out my poem; but I think we have now got over all our grievances; and Bessy's exertions and good-humour throughout the whole, and the accommodating spirit with which she has encountered and removed every difficulty for me, has been quite delightful.

I hope my dear father has not suffered himself to want any supply: he may draw whenever he is in need of anything; and as soon as the poem is out I shall establish the *regular* channel through Longman for his annual hundred. Love to all. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 370.] *To his Mother.*

Tuesday, May 13. 1817.

My dearest Mother,

I am posting away, whip and spur, for the goal, which (you will have seen by the papers) I am to reach on the 22nd. Strange to say, the work is not finished yet, but I hope to give the last of it into the printer's hands before Saturday. I believe there is a good deal of anxiety for it, and the *first* sale will, I have no doubt, be rapid; but whether it will stick to that is the question, and I have my fears.

I never was better, thank God! I have been (for the first time since I was your own little *boy*) a good Catholic all this week, not having tasted a bit of *meat* since Tuesday last. I found myself getting a little too full of blood, and this regimen has made me as cool and comfortable as possible. Love to all. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 371.] *To his Mother.*

Hornsey, Saturday, May, 1817.

My dearest Mother,

I received my father's letter yesterday, and am glad to find you did not omit the celebration of my birthday: I meant, indeed, to have stirred you up a little on the subject. We are delighted to find that dear Kate is recovered.

I received some Edinburgh papers the other day, full of praises of Lalla Rookh; it seems, indeed, if I may judge from these journals, to have produced a great sensation in Scotland. One of these papers Bessy has forwarded to you, by the way of Derbyshire.

My father may draw upon the Longmans as soon as he pleases. God bless my sweet mother. Ever your own,

Tom.

[No. 372.] *To his Mother.*

Hornsey, May 30. 1817.

My dearest Mother,

The book is going on famously; I believe I told you in my last that we were already going into a second edition, so that my conscience as to the publishers' pockets is now quite at rest. I should suppose your copy was the first that arrived in Dublin. All the opinions that have reached me about it in London are very flattering; and I rather think I shall not be disappointed in the hope that it will set me higher in reputation than ever. Faults, of course, are found, but much less than I expected; and if I but get off well with the two Reviews, the Edinburgh and Quarterly, I shall look upon my success as perfect. The latter, of course, is rather hostile to me from my politics, but I believe, on the present occasion, they will be pretty fair.

I have had most pressing solicitations from the Opposition to undertake the superintendence of a new paper they have set up, "The Guardian," but it would not suit me; besides, living in London is what I do not now like at all. I dined and slept at Holland House on Wednesday last; we had Tierney, Lord Aberdeen, &c. &c. Bessy took a round with me, while we were in town, to return calls, — Lady Besborough, Asgill, Cork, Hastings, &c. &c.: we were let in at almost all, and she was very much amused. We go for a few days to Lady Donegal, on Wednesday next, children and all. Ever your own,

Tom.

I hope dear Kate and the little one are recovered: my love to her. I *think* she likes the book.

[No. 373.] *To his Mother.*

Wednesday, —— 1817.

My dearest Mother,

What with you and my *other* love, Bessy, I am kept in continual pursuit of franks. I shall send this to Lord Byron, and take my chance for his sending it to-day. You cannot conceive how kind everybody is to me here, and my visit will do me all the good in the world by inspiring me with confidence, and showing me the high ground I stand upon. I am invited to *lecture* at the Royal Institution next year; a very flattering distinction, which, however, I am doubtful, from many reasons, whether I shall accept. Lord Lansdowne last night at Lady Besborough's said, he should feel delighted if I would fix my residence near his house in the country, and that my best way would be to take Bessy there on a visit to him and Lady Lansdowne this summer, and look about us for something. Could anything be more pleasant or flattering than this?

I am very anxious to hear from you, my own dear mother; and with best love to father, Kate, and dear Nell, I am ever your own,

Tom.

[No. 374.] *To his Mother.*

Hornsey, June 1817.

My dearest Mother,

We are in expectation of some visitors here. Bessy's brother-in-law is arrived from Edinburgh, and we mean to

have him out for a day or two: and Barbara Godfrey, Lady Donegal's niece, comes to pass a few days with us next week — our neighbourhood to town imposes a little of this upon us. Our most welcome visitor, however, comes to-day, meaning no less a person than that gentleman of the gown and breeches, Master Tom (you know, I suppose, that a gown and short breeches form part of his costume). Sir Francis Burdett's brother, who lives in our neighbourhood, brings him to us from the Charter House, with his own two sons, and takes him back again on Monday. God bless you both. Your own,

TOM.

[No. 375.] *To his Mother.*

Keppel Street, June 25. 1817.

My dearest Mother,

Our College dinner on Saturday was a very curious one. I dare say you will see the account of it copied into the Irish papers, and it will amuse you to find that Croker was the person that gave my health. I could not have a better proof of the station which I hold in the public eye than that Croker should claim friendship with me before such men as Peel, the Duke of Cumberland, &c. &c. I was received with very flattering enthusiasm by the meeting. Bessy and the children left Rogers's yesterday, and came here for a few days to the Branigans. About the tenth of the next month I shall set off for Paris; and, having passed a month there, it is my intention to run over to Dublin for a week or two, my darling mother, to see you and my own dears at home, as I have given up the thought of taking my whole establishment over, which would be imprudent unless I meant to live some time in

Ireland, and *that*, I think, I had better *not* do. Bessy is pretty well in spite of all her racketting. She saw Kemble take leave on Monday night, Lady Besborough having sent to us to go to her box. Everybody is most kind to her. The little things are not quite well. God bless my own dear mother. Ever yours,

TOM.

[No. 376.] *To his Mother.*

Hornsey, Thursday, —— 1817.

My dearest Mother,

I am kept in the most perplexing state of bustle all this week by Rogers's delay of our departure: however, on Sunday he promises positively to be off. I will try and write again between this and then, and you shall hear from me as often while I am in France as possible. Bessy, too, shall write a line on the newspapers she sends you to tell you how I am. I expect much pleasure from the trip.

I take a letter of credit for three hundred pounds; pretty well, you'll say!—but this is mere form, and only for the dash of the thing, as I dare say I shan't draw more than thirty. Ever my darling mother's own,

TOM.

[No. 377.] *To his Mother.*

Hornsey, Saturday, —— 1817.

My dearest Mother,

I have come down here for a day or two, previous to my flight for France; and a bustling, crowded house I find it, —Branigan, his wife, two children, and two servants, in ad-

dition to our own establishment. Bessy has stowed us all away, though, very comfortably; and when *he* is gone to Scotland, and *I* to Paris, which will be the beginning of next week, she will get on very well with her group till our return. It is very delightful to her to have her friend with her while I am away.

I have seen the Daltons on their way to Paris. Poor fellow! his complaint seems to grow more near its fatal consummation every day. God bless my darling mother. Ever your own,

TOM.

My father has nothing to do with accounting for the difference of exchange: it is the same thing to the Longmans and me, and only puts a few pounds more in his own pocket. How much does he receive for the twenty-five pounds British?

[No. 378.] *To his Mother.*

Amiens, July 16. 1817.

My dearest Mother,

I seize one moment, on my way, to write a line (if this cursed French ink *will* write) to tell you that I am quite well and merry, and enjoying myself in this grotesque country amazingly. Our passage from Dover to Calais was but three hours and a half, and I was as sick as need be; but the journey hither (we are within seventy or eighty miles of Paris) has quite set me up again: and I assure you, my own dears at home, that pleasant as this journey promises to be, I look forward to a still pleasanter one after it, in my trip to you all in Dublin.

God bless my own darling mother. Wherever I am, yours ever affectionately,

TOM.

[No. 379.] *To Mr. Power.*

Paris, August 7. 1817.

My dear Sir,

Though I have hardly one minute for writing, and Bessy always claims the little minute I have, yet, as I promised you should hear from me, here goes! Paris is the most delightful world of a place I ever could have imagined; and, really, if I can persuade Bessy to the measure, it is my intention to come and live here for two or three years. You *must* come and see it. Stevenson is *not* in very high force here; the ice is too cold for his stomach, and he cannot get whisky-punch for love or money— accordingly he droops. I cannot make out well his designs or wishes with respect to his business with you; but he says, that as to the two first years he has nothing to do with them; he has a receipt from you to prove their having been settled to your satisfaction.

I am called away. Best regards to Mrs. Power. Ever yours,

T. Moore.

[No. 380.] *To his Mother.*

Wednesday, August 20. 1817.

My dearest Mother,

I have but this instant arrived safe and well, and am hastening, in great anxiety, to Hornsey; as I hear our poor dear Barbara is very ill indeed, from the fall she had a week ago. I suppose Bessy has told you of it. I have just seen Tegart; and I fear, from the way he speaks, that my dear child is in a very dangerous state. You shall know more by to-morrow's post.

God bless my darling mother. Ever your own,

Tom.

[No. 381.] *To his Mother.*

Sept. 10. 1817.

My dearest Mother,

Barbara is not at all better; indeed, this morning we have been in very great alarm about her; but the medical man, who has just left us, says she is not worse. If she should get a little better, I mean to go for a day or two to Lord Lansdowne's, to look at a house which he has most friendlily written to me about, which he thinks would suit me exactly. He has been searching his neighbourhood for a habitation for me in a way very flattering indeed from such a man.

God bless my own dearest mother. Your

TOM.

[No. 382.] *To his Mother.*

56. Davies Street, Berkeley Square,
Saturday, Sept. 20. 1817.

It's all over, my dearest mother; our Barbara is gone. She died the day before yesterday, and, though her death was easy, it was a dreadful scene to us both. I can bear such things myself pretty well; but to see and listen to poor Bessy makes me as bad as she is. Indeed, my dearest mother, you can only conceive what she feels by imagining *me* to have been snatched away from you at the age of Barbara. It will be some time before she can get over it; but she is very sensible and considerate; and her love for us that are left her will, I know, induce her to make every effort against the effect of this sorrow upon her mind. I succeeded yesterday in prevailing upon her to leave Hornsey, and come up to Lady Donegal's house, where we are now, as retired (for the family are at Tunbridge)

and as comfortable as we could desire. It is a great consolation to us to reflect, from what Duggan told us in Dublin, and from what the medical men say here, that if Barbara had lived she must have been always a suffering invalid from the bad state of her inward parts; indeed, Tegart says that the fall was not of itself the cause of her death, but merely *hastened* what would otherwise have come on. God bless you. Ever your own affectionate,

TOM.

[No. 383.] *To his Mother.*

Thursday, —— 1817.

My dearest Mother,

Poor Bessy, though she neither eats nor sleeps enough hardly to sustain life, is getting somewhat more composed in mind than she was, and will, I hope, soon recover from this sad shock. I shall, as soon as possible, go down to Lord Lansdowne's, who (I think I told you) wrote most friendlily to me to say he had been looking for a house in his neighbourhood for me. It would certainly be an object to be near such a man; his library, his society, all would be of use to me; not to mention the probability of his being some day or other able to do me more important services. Lady Donegal is very anxious that I should take the house he talks of.

We are anxious to hear from you. You had better direct to 56. Davies Street, Berkeley Square. We could not be more comfortable anywhere than we are here. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 384.] *To his Mother.*

Bowood, Sunday, Oct. 1817.

My dearest Mother,

I arrived here the day before yesterday, and found Rogers, Lord and Lady King, &c. Yesterday I looked at the three houses Lord Lansdowne had thought of for me; but there is only *one* of them at all within my reach, a little thatched cottage, with a pretty garden, for 25*l.* or 30*l.* a-year: it is, however, I fear, too small and humble even for our pretensions. I shall not decide till I return to Bessy, which I hope to do on Wednesday or Thursday.

It is a sad thing that my father cannot let his house; and I heartily wish it would suit us to live in Dublin, that I might take it from him.

My leg is not the worse for the use I have been obliged to make of it. Ever your own affectionate,

Tom.

[No. 385.] *To his Mother.*

Saturday, Oct. 11. 1817.

My dearest Mother,

Bessy, who went off the night before last to look at the cottage near Lord Lansdowne's, is returned this morning, after travelling both nights. Power went with her. She is not only satisfied but delighted with it; which shows the humility of her taste, as it is a small thatched cottage, and we get it *furnished* for 40*l.* a year! This is cheap, God knows. I am nursing my leg, which is free of the inflammation that my journey produced, and I hope, by giving it fair play, it will soon get well.

I have had so many letters to write to-day that my

hand is quite weary. God bless my dearest mother. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 386.] *To Mr. Power.*

Sloperton, Devizes, Wednesday, Nov. 19. 1817.

My dear Sir,

We arrived safe, and are in possession: all looks as if we were likely to be very snug. Our maids (servants being always the hardest to please) look a little sulky at the loneliness of the place; but I dare say they will soon get reconciled.

I am just sallying out to my walk in the garden, with my head full of words for the Melodies. You shall have them as I do them. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

The pianoforte! the pianoforte!

[No. 387.] *To Mr. Power.*

Dec. 20. 1817.

My dear Sir,

I hope all the corrections will be particularly attended to, as well as the notes I have added. If possible let "Hark! the Vesper Hymn" come *harmonised* before the single setting.

If you have any good place in the title-page, I should like to put this motto, "Naturâ ad modos ducimur." Ever yours,

T. M.

I dare say the "Tell me not" is as bad as need be, but I'll try again for you; or is it that he *will* not sing any thing of mine?

[No. 388.] *To Mr. Power.*

Dec. 23. 1817.

My dear Sir,

I am so anxious about a passage in one of the songs ("Dost thou remember"), that I cannot help writing expressly to have it re-corrected, though I hope it may have happened that my former correction is not yet under the tool of the engraver. Instead of

> "When, as the moonbeam fell tremblingly o'er thee
> And lit thy blushes:"

let it be

> "When, as the moonbeam, that trembled o'er thee,
> Illum'd thy blushes."

This passage has bothered me more than enough. You shall have the preface in a day or two. It will be very short. You need not mind about the motto. Yours very truly,

Thomas Moore.

[No. 389.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Sloperton Cottage, Jan. 9. 1818.

A pang of conscience has just come over me for having been so long without writing; and, in addition to this pang, I have just received the long-strayed letter from Calne, which has been half over the country, but has reached me at last safe and inviolate. We are getting on here as quietly and comfortably as possible; and the only thing I regret is the want of some near and plain neighbours for Bessy to make intimacy with, and enjoy a little tea-drinking now and then, as she used to do in Derby-

shire. She continues, however, to employ herself very well without them; and her favourite task of cutting out things for the poor people is here even in greater requisition than we bargained for, as there never was such wretchedness in any place where we have been; and the better class of people (with but one or two exceptions) seem to consider their contributions to the poor-rates as abundantly sufficient, without making any further exertions towards the relief of the poor wretches. It is a pity Bessy has not more means, for she takes the true method of charity, — that of going herself into the cottages, and seeing what they are most in want of.

Lady Lansdowne has been very kind indeed, and has a good deal won me over (as, you know, kindness *will* do now and then). After many exertions to get Bessy to go and dine there, I have at last succeeded this week, in consequence of our being on a visit at Bowles's, and her having the shelter of the poet's old lady to protect her through the enterprise. She did not, however, at all like it; and I shall not often put her to the torture of it. In addition to her democratic pride,—which *I* cannot blame her for,— which makes her prefer the company of her equals to that of her superiors, she finds herself a perfect stranger in the midst of people who are all intimate; and this is a sort of dignified desolation which poor Bessy is not at all ambitious of. Vanity gets over all these difficulties; but pride is not so practicable. She is, however, very much pleased both with Lord and Lady Lansdowne; who have, indeed, been everything that is kind and amiable to her. Her health is, I think, somewhat better; and little Anastasia is perfectly well.

I trust, my dearest friend, that you have not had another attack since that which, I was grieved to find, you had

suffered when the last letter was written: pray mention always particularly how you find yourself.

I am getting on wickedly with all the Fudges, and you cannot think how much your *list* embarrasses me; particularly with respect to that "venerable and illustrious female," whom I have now such an excellent precedent for attacking in the Memoirs of the patriotic and disappointed Bishop Watson. She is, however, safe, though it has already cost me the strangling of two or three young epigrams in their cradle. *All*, in fact, shall be safe, except Lord Sidmouth; but that the author of the Circular, the patron of spies and informers, the father of the Green Bag, the eulogist of the Knights of Northampton (?), &c. &c., should not have a touch or two, is out of the nature of things. I only promise that he shall neither be called "Doctor" nor "Old Woman," which is quite as much as his warmest friends could expect.

Best love to sister Mary, and a thousand thanks for her copying out the French verses, which I have not yet read. Ever yours faithfully,

THOMAS MOORE.

A kiss to Barbara. Does she get stouter?

Jeffrey's article is pretty fair, though within an inch, now and then, of being otherwise: but the Longmans write me word it will do the book much service, and they are the best judges.

[No. 390.] *To his Mother.*

Saturday, March, 1818.

My dearest Mother,

We are still without a line from you, and I really begin to be apprehensive that something is the matter. We have

had most dreadful weather here; the paling before the house was all blown in, and we were left bare to the road. How have you fared in Jervis Street?

Did I tell you that, when I was in town, I received an anonymous letter from some young girl, inclosing *three pounds*, as a token of her admiration of Lalla Rookh! It was wrong directed, and they made such work about it at the Post Office (as a *property* letter) that I really began to think there was something considerable in it; but I dare say it was as much to the poor girl as three hundred to another; and if every reader of Lalla Rookh would do the same, it would make us all pretty easy about money matters. I laid out the sum immediately in two sixteenths, and I hope they will be lucky to me.

They will soon go to press with a seventh edition of Lalla.

Poor Bessy is ailing with *her* new edition, and is often very low-spirited; but she keeps up for my sake, and does her utmost to make me happy and comfortable. God bless my darling father, and mother, and Nell. I often feel it dreary to be so long without seeing you all; but before the spring is over we shall meet, please Heaven. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 391.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Sloperton, Devizes, April 2. 1818.

I was just going to write to you, when I received your letter, and why I have deferred it so long since is more than I can satisfactorily explain to you, except that we are very often apt to take *other* people's performance of their duty for our *own*. I grieve, most heartily grieve, for the

annoyance and embarrassment these wretched people inflict upon you. I am afraid, after all, it is but a wicked world, and I am about too, myself, to be a victim of its wickedness. Within these twenty-four hours I have come to the knowledge of a circumstance which may very possibly throw me into a prison for life. You know I have had a deputy at Bermuda; he is nephew to very rich and respectable merchants (now my only hope), the Sheddons of Bedford Square. I had every reason to suspect his playing me false with respect to my share of the profits during the American war, and I had written so often in vain to demand his accounts for the last year of the war, that I at last gave up the matter as hopeless. I had forgot both him and the office, when yesterday I was roused into most disagreeable remembrance of them by a monition from Doctors' Commons, calling upon me to appear there within fifteen days, in consequence of my deputy having refused to produce the proceeds of a sale of ship and cargo, which had been deposited in his hands during an appeal to the Court at home. I suppose the sum was considerable, and the fellow has absconded with it. I have no security for him, as the place was so mere a trifle at the time I appointed him, that no one would have thought it worth either asking or giving security; and, at present, I see no chance for my escape but in the forthcomingness of his uncle Sheddon, who, as having recommended him to me, is bound, I think (at least in honour), to be answerable for the defalcation. If he (which is highly probable) refuses, I suppose I have nothing for it but a prison; and all I shall ask of your friend Sir William Scott is, that he will either make interest for the Rules for me, or at least let me have *two* rooms in whatever dungeon is to receive me. I dreamt, about a week ago, that I was walking home in

full sunshine, and that suddenly a pitch-black cloud came all over the sky, like the forerunner of an earthquake, that made me cower down to the very earth, exclaiming, "Oh, my dear Bessy and child!" Is this what they call one's dreams being *out?* Mind, I am only talking and anticipating now from what appears on the face of the monition, as I know nothing further of the particulars; but I wrote by last night's post to the Sheddons, and on their answer must depend a good deal of my comfort.

And now that I have given you grievance for grievance, I must say that our dear Mary's ill health gave us both very real concern; and I trust when I go up to town I shall find her much better, as well as yourself, in *every* way, as you both richly deserve to be.

Poor Bess, who — I don't know whether to be glad or sorry at it — is in the way of producing another little incumbrance for us (a little *prisoner* perhaps), is, as usual in that state, very weak and ailing.

Your friends, the Fudges, are nearly *out of hand.* It was well this shock did not come upon me sooner, as it might, perhaps, (though I doubt whether it would,) have damped my gaiety with them; but, I don't know how it is, as long as my conscience is sound, and that suffering is not attended by delinquency, I doubt whether even a prison will make much difference in my cheerfulness: "Stone walls do not a prison make," &c. &c. I shall be in town next week. Ever yours,

T. Moore.

I need not remind you that this is not a case for interference with Sir W. Scott, or *any one.* The thing must take its course; and any interest you have must be reserved for my *prison comforts.*

[No. 392.] *To Mr. Power.*

Monday, April 6. 1818.

My dear Sir,

I thought to have sent you back the proof of the duet by a parcel to the Longmans to-day; but it cannot go till to-morrow; and I can no longer delay congratulating you on the result of the arbitration, which, I conclude from what you say, is as favourable as you could desire; I wish you joy upon it most sincerely. Your kind prayer for me on my wedding day has, I grieve to say, failed; and I have heard within these few days of a calamity which *may* have the effect of imprisoning me for life. My deputy at Bermuda, after keeping back from me my proper share of the receipts of the office, has now, it seems, made free with the proceeds of a sale of ship and cargo deposited in his hands, and *I* am called upon, by a monition from Doctors' Commons, to be accountable for it. I know not what may be the extent of his defalcation, but it *may* be more than I can even attempt to pay. What a life it is! I am not, however, thank Heaven! at all cast down by the prospect: as it is not by my own misdeeds I shall suffer, there will be nothing in it to embitter my conscience, and I shall smile at Fortune still. They cannot take away from me either my self-respect or my talents, and I can live upon them happily *anywhere*. Good by, my dear friend; I shall see you on Friday next. Best regards to Mrs. Power. From yours, very sincerely,

Thomas Moore.

[No. 393.] *To his Mother.*

Sloperton Cottage, May 6. 1818.

My dearest Mother,

You cannot conceive how happy I am at finding myself quietly here again, out of the distracting bustle of London. I left my Bermuda affairs in as good train as I could, and, as my deputy has some landed property, I am in great hopes the burden will not fall so heavy on me as I first apprehended. In the mean time do not you, my darling mother, feel the least uneasiness about either our comforts or your own. The sum is so large that I could not think of attempting to pay it; and, as in the processes of the Admiralty Court they cannot touch *property*, let the worst come, my means of supporting myself, and continuing to contribute the little I do towards *your* comforts, will not be in the least diminished by it.

As soon as I rest a little, I hope to be off for about ten days (all I can spare now) to Dublin, and hope to find my own dears there well and comfortable. I want to persuade Bessy to go on as far as Derbyshire with me, where she might stay among our friends there till my return; but I am afraid she will not agree to it.

I left the Fudges prospering amazingly in town, — five editions in less than a fortnight, — and my share for that time (I go half and half with the Longmans) was 350*l.* Very convenient it was too, as I had overdrawn them; and it not only paid what was over, but gave me some *ready* in my pocket besides. God bless my darling mother. Ever your own,

Tom.

[No. 394.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Sloperton, May 17. 1818.

I have been, not so much reproaching myself, as regretting that I did not get one shake of the hand from you before your flight; but I had taken it into my head that Wednesday was to be the day of your departure (I find since it was the day of taking possession), and, on Tuesday morning, I went very quietly to breakfast with you between eleven and twelve, but found nothing except Farrance, with a long list of memorandums in his hand, and myself and Childe Harold commemorated thereon. I was heartily mortified. How badly this world goes on with us all! It *used* to be much better, I think; or is it that the bitters *always* lie towards the bottom of the cup? Your disappointment about the house is too bad; but it is lucky you do not like Brighton much, as you will have a regret the less. I mean to set off this next week for Ireland. I shall be away but three weeks in all; and for nothing but to gratify my poor mother (who is ill and out of spirits) would I leave just now my sweet, quiet cottage, where, in spite of proctors, deputies, and all other grievances, I am as happy as, I believe, this world will allow any one to be; and, if I could but give the blessing of health to the dear cottager by my side, I would defy the devil and all his works, and Sir William Scott to boot. Poor Bessy is not at all well, and though she is very generous and considerate about these absences from her, yet, in her low state of health and spirits, they are not by any means pleasant. I am happy to hear *you* speak of the good effects of Brighton upon your health, and, disagreeable as it is otherwise, I shall be glad to hear you are enabled to stay there.

My Bermuda business remained, when I left town, *in statu quo*, "nothing brighter or darker" than it was when I saw you. I have sent out a power of attorney to lay hold of whatever is forthcoming of my honest deputy's property, and I hope the person I have employed will do his duty.

Let me have a line from you in Dublin, directed 39. Upper Jervis Street. I shall be most anxious to hear whether you have got another tenant. Bessy sends her best love. Ever faithfully yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 395.] *From Mr. Jeffrey.*

Jordan's, St. James's Street,
Tuesday, May 30. 1818.

My dear Moore,

What I inclose has been justly owing you, I am ashamed to say, ever since you were so kind as to send me that account of M. de J—— I do not know how long ago; but I did not know your address, and I neglect everything. Will you let me hope for a contribution from you some day soon?

I cannot from my heart resist adding another word. I have heard of your misfortunes, and of the noble way you bear them. Is it very impertinent to say that I have 500*l.* entirely at your service, which you may repay when you please; and as much more, which I can advance upon any reasonable security of repayment in seven years?

Perhaps it is very unpardonable in me to say this; but upon my honour I would not *make* you the offer, if I did not feel that I would *accept* it without scruple from you.

At all events, pray don't be angry at me, and don't send me a letter beginning *Sir*. I shall ask your pardon with the truest submission if I have offended you; but I trust I have not, at all events; and however this end, no living soul shall ever know of my presumption but yourself. Believe me, with great respect and esteem, very faithfully yours,

F. JEFFREY.

[No. 396.] *To Mr. Power.*

Tuesday, June 16. 1818.

My dear Sir,

I was kept in such a state of bustle while in Dublin, that I had not a minute to write to you. I suppose you heard all the enthusiasm my visit excited there — the grand dinner to me — the design of making it an anniversary — my reception at the theatre, &c. &c. Nothing certainly was ever like it; and, if I had stayed there a week longer, it was very confidently said there would be a deputation to ask me to stand for the city of Dublin. I shall never say that Paddy is not national again.

I hope Mrs. P. is better. Ever yours, very sincerely,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 397.] *To his Mother.*

August 1. 1818.

My dearest Mother,

I have been just writing a long letter to the great Grecian, Doctor Parr, with whom I have entered into a correspondence about Sheridan; so that I have but a few minutes left for you; but I know a few words to tell you we are well and happy are to *you*

"Sweeter than all the Heathen Greek
That Helen spoke when Paris woo'd."

Will you tell Miss Creagh, if you ever see her, how grateful I am for her kind recollections in sending me the pretty music she promised, so beautifully written out. Don't forget this! There was a concert in this neighbourhood the other night, where they had got nothing almost but *my* things to be performed, in expectation that I should be there, but I was not.

Love to all around you. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 398.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Sloperton Cottage, Sunday, Oct. 11. 1818.

I have only time to write you a few words, in order to take advantage of a parcel I am sending to Power; but you shall have more anon. The tone of your letter has saddened me not a little,—Lady Donegal in bad health, and *you* evidently not at all in spirits; this is sad work, and I wish from my soul I could do anything to mend it. As for myself, it is not true that there has occurred anything to darken the gloom of my Bermuda prospects: on the contrary, since I received your letter, I have had one from Bermuda of rather a comfortable nature, as, in the first place, it assures me of my having a man of respectability there (to whom I applied), ready and willing to look after my interests; in the next place, it gives me intelligence that my deputy has not absconded from the island, which I rather feared; and, in the third place, it informs me that he has some property, which I much doubted.

Rogers is expected here soon. I have not time for another word. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

[No. 399.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Saturday, Oct. 24. 1818.

My dear Mary,

All's safe and well; our darling Bessy is, at this moment, lying snug and smiling, with a little *boy* in her arms!

I have not time for a word more, as I am writing dispatches in all directions. God bless you, my dearest Mary. Ever yours,

T. Moore.

[No. 400.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Sunday, Nov. 8. 1818.

My dear Mary,

I address you thus familiarly, because I am about to do a very familiar and (I am afraid, you will think) *too* friendly thing by you; and that is, to make you godmother to our little Johnny Newcome. It is Bessy's wish; and as it makes no *additional* tie between us (for I am sure you feel quite as much interested about me and mine as if you "were ten times our (god) mother"), why, I don't see any great objection you can have to the ceremony. Your *compères* are Lord Lansdowne and Dr. Parr, so that, as far as Greek and nobility go, you will be in good company.

I am glad you are returning to your own *couleur-de-rose* state of mind again, and hope our dear Lady D. will continue well enough to *keep* you in it. Poor Bess is not so stout as she was at first; her efforts to suckle the little hero do not well agree with her, and I am afraid she must give it up. God bless you ever. Your gossip,

T. M.

*** These letters are many of them — most of them, I may say — without a full date, and I fear several have been wrongly placed.—J. R.

DIARY

OF

THOMAS MOORE.

DIARY

OF

THOMAS MOORE.

1818.

August 18th. Went to Bath, on my way to Leamington Spa, for the purpose of consulting Mrs. Lefanu, the only surviving sister of Sheridan, on the subject of her brother's life: meant to call also upon Dr. Parr, with whom I had had a correspondence on the same subject.

20th. Breakfast in the coffee-room. Found Mrs. Lefanu—the very image of Sheridan, having his features without his carbuncles, and all the light of his eyes without the illumination of his nose. Her daughter, who has written novels, seems amiable, and looked up to by father and mother. While I was there, and talking of Sheridan, Dr. Parr entered in full wig and apron (which he wears as prebendary of St. Paul's, and not unwilling, of course, to look like a bishop). I had written to him to say Mrs. L. was in his neighbourhood, and he came thus promptly and kindly to visit the sister of his friend; a powerful old man both in body and mind. Though it was then morning, he drank two glasses and a half of wine; and over that, when he was going away, a tumbler of the spa. Asked me to dine with him at an early hour the following day (Friday), and on Saturday to meet the Lefanus and the Duke of

Grafton. Mrs. L. told me much about her brother. Dined with the Lefanus, and went in the evening to the Assembly — a galaxy of ugliness, except one, with whom I wished to dance; but the master of the ceremonies (a poor man, who seemed there in the double capacity of invalid and M. C.) told me she was engaged. Came home early, supped in the public room, and met the Burnes from Dublin, and old Wroughton, the ex-actor, whom I joined over a tumbler of brandy and water. Some tolerable stories told: mistakes in acts of Parliament — "the new gaol to be built from the materials of the old one, and the prisoners to remain in the latter till the former was ready" — a sentence of transportation of seven years, "half to go to the king, and the other half to the informer;" it had been, of course, formerly a pecuniary punishment, and, upon its being altered, they overlooked the addition.

Parr, in the conversation of the morning, had told me of a paper which Sir W. Jones had written in French on the subject of the liberties of the people, which somebody else had translated into Welsh, and which from thence was rendered (by Bishop Shipley, I believe) into English, and inserted in the papers of the Constitutional Society. I could not collect this at all accurately, on account of the thickness of Parr's utterance, to which it requires a little time to become accustomed.*

21st. Warwick Castle; much struck by its grandeur. The grounds beautiful — the mill for grinding corn, and making money by it, not at all in character with the romantic and baronial look of the place. From thence

* Lord Holland used to say that it was most unfortunate for a man so full of learning and information as Dr. Parr, that he could not easily communicate his knowledge; for when he spoke, nobody could make out what he said, and when he wrote, nobody could read his handwriting. — J. R.

went to Kenilworth—fine ruins, but ought to be seen before Warwick Castle. Dined with Dr. Parr: himself, his wife, and a friend he called "Jack," a clergyman of 1000*l.* a year, who lives in his neighbourhood, very much devoted to him, and ready at a call to come and write letters for him, &c. &c.; his own hand being quite illegible (see what he says of it in preface to "Fox's Characters"). He was very cordial and animated; hob-nobbed with me across the table continually; told me he had written whole sheets of Greek verses against Big Ben (the Regent); showed them to me: the name he designated him by, I saw, was Φυσκων, inflated or puffy. Told me they were full of wit, which I took his word for, as they seemed rather puzzling Greek. Talked a good deal of Halhed, Sheridan's friend, and mentioned a curious interview which took place between them about the time of Hastings' business, by his (Parr's) intervention, in consequence of an attack made by Major Scott upon Fox in the House, charging him with having set on foot a negotiation with Mr. Hastings some years before. Fox, who knew nothing of the matter, had nothing to say in reply. Scott was present at this interview procured by Parr, and it appeared that the negotiation had been set on foot without the knowledge of Fox, and that Sheridan was the chief agent in it. An explanation was accordingly made next night in the House by Scott. Parr's account of the abuse he poured out upon Scott at that interview—"Hot scalding abuse; it was downright lava, sir." Spoke of the poem of Fracastorius as very nearly equal to Virgil. Left him early and went to a play at Leamington, ordered by the Duchess Dowager of Rutland. A nice girl played a male part in the farce, a Miss Ivers, dressed in the most exquisite extreme of dandyism, and looking as like a man as any of the brother-

hood. On this day, when I went to my inn to dress, the landlord's sister gave me a letter, on opening which I saw it was poetry. "Here," said I, "some one has sent me a poem." "That, sir, is like sending coals to Newcastle," replied the young Bonifacia, who was an Irish girl just imported.

22nd. The deaf man gave me a pamphlet, by a Mr. Payne, to read, in answer to Lord Somers's attack upon the Reformers: read it at breakfast: very sensibly done — strong things in mild language. Went to Mrs. Lefanu, and received from her some papers relating to her brother; among others, letters from Mrs. Canning, aunt to the Right Honourable, giving particulars of the last moments of Mrs. Sheridan, whom she left all her family to attend to Bristol. Dined with Dr. Parr; the Duke of Grafton, the lion of the day; young Seymour, a nephew of Lord Hertford's; the Burnes, Lefanus, &c. &c. The doctor was glorious, often very eloquent, always odd; said there was no such man as Homer; that there were various poems tacked together by a collector, who was called 'Ομηρος (from *ὁμου, simul,* and *ἀρω, apto*) — that this was now the general opinion of the learned. He had told me before dinner that we Irish started with a blunder in the name we gave our St. Patrick, which meant the Devil, his real name being *Succat;* but the Pagan priests called him *Patric,* which meant an evil spirit: took down Vallancey's "Collectanea" to prove it to me. He mentioned after dinner the witticism that made Crassus (I think) laugh, for the only time in his life: "Similes habent labra lactucas." He said it was in Bayle. I mentioned that I had also, I thought, seen it in Erasmus's "Adagia." "Very likely. What a book that is! what a condensation of learning!" I quoted Morhof's "Polyhistor." "Have you a 'Morhof?'" he exclaimed;

"read him day and night." He had before dinner pointed out an anecdote to me in Gesner's "Isagoge," and advised me to get the book. Has a contemptuous opinion (which he is but too well justified in) of our Irish scholars; says we have had none since Archbishop Usher. *N. B.* I believe he claims descent from the Dr. Parr that was Usher's chaplain. His models of good English writing are, among others, Bishop Shipley, Uvedale Price, and Sheridan. Mentioned the freedom with which he had criticised to Fox himself his letter to the electors of Westminster — "your acquittal I confidently expect," a false use of the word; also his use of the word "defer" (which Fox, by the bye, has employed in the same manner in his "History"); and the cant phrase of "I am free to say." Had corrected me the day before for saying medi'cinal, which he accents medici'nal; he would say, also, inexo'rable, irrevo'cable, &c. &c. The Duke of Grafton said he had succeeded Sheridan, within a few years, at Harrow, and found his memory preserved very affectionately there, his poems repeated, and a room called after his name; quoted a translation of Pindar, by Richard Archdall, a schoolfellow of Sheridan's. Young Seymour, a pupil of Anthology Bland, who lives in the neighbourhood of Parr, and had quarrelled with him from (as well as I could understand) a mutual spirit of contradiction. Returned to my inn at ten o'clock; supped in the public room — Wroughton and brandy and water again, and both very pleasant. A gentleman told a punning epigram of Jekyl's upon an old lady being brought forward as a witness to prove a tender made:

> "Garrow, forbear! that tough old jade
> Can never prove a tender maid."

23d. Left Leamington to return home by way of Birmingham. In the coach as far as Hatton, a gentleman,

who had gone for two successive Sundays, and breakfasted and dined at a little public-house in the village, for the purpose of seeing Parr, and hearing him read prayers, but was disappointed each time, both morning and evening, was going now to make a third trial. Alone from thence to Birmingham, reading Horace all the way. From Birmingham had a Quaker lady in the coach, who had been poisoned by applying nightshade to her arm for the tic douloureux. A cloddish beau, who could not speak a word of decent English, joined us, with a little footman in gaudy livery, of whom he seemed to be more careful than if it had been his wife; had him inside the coach, and brought him into the same room with us at supper,—a footman evidently a new circumstance to him. This dandy found me out by the name on my trunk, and my having said I lived sometime in Leicestershire—proved to be the son of the extraordinary man alluded to by Southey in his Espriella letters, who had a museum of the ropes in which various malefactors had been hanged, all ticketted and hung in order round his room. If I recollect right, Southey says *his own* ought to have completed the collection. He was, notwithstanding this ferocious taste, a poor, weak, squeaking, unmanly mannered old creature; for I knew him a little. The hopeful son left us at Tewkesbury, where we took in a young man, who became very lively and intelligent in the morning. When we arrived at the Bush Inn at Bristol, the Quaker lady, who was a very amiable kind of person, and had been very attentive to my conversation with the rope-virtuoso's son, told the gentleman who I was; upon which he pressed me very cordially either to stay then in Bristol, or come over to his father's house within the following month, that he might show me the country, &c. &c.

His name is Bright, and he seemed to be intimate with Jeffrey and other literary men, — this worth inquiring about.

24th. Arrived at my cottage. Always glad to return to it, and the dear girl who makes it so happy for me. Found heaps of letters, some of them from poets and authors, who are the pest of my life: — one sending me a "Serio-comic Drama of Invasion, in Three Acts, including the Vision and the Battle," and referring me for his poetic credentials to three admirals and "the late comptroller of the navy!" Another begging to know whether I was acquainted with "any man or woman to whom money was for a time useless," who would venture 100*l.* upon a literary speculation he had in hand. The third letter from an eternal Amelia Louisa, announcing to me that her long threatened MS. was on its way to Wiltshire for my perusal.

26th. Answered the author who wanted the "useless money:" told him I, at least, had none of that description, —very sorry, &c., &c. Wrote also to the poetical grocer's apprentice in Dublin, from whom I had had a long letter the week before, complaining that I had left his MSS. when I came away unfolded, and "open to the gaze of every one;" assured him I was sorry for the accident, which was owing to the carelessness of the person to whom I entrusted them, and concluded my letter thus, "wishing you all success in that line of life, from which it would be cruel to divert you by any false hopes of literary eminence, I am, &c. &c." Began "Holcroft's Memoirs,"—his description of the life of a Newmarket boy, very curious and interesting. I wish every literary man would write his own memoirs. Looked over the notes Mrs. Lefanu had written on Watkins' life of her brother; little in

them; chiefly about her father's respectability, &c. &c., which, though very interesting to herself, has little to do with *my* object, Richard Brinsley: the letters of Mrs. Canning very useful for my purpose, as showing Brinsley's private character in an amiable point of view.

27th. Finished "Holcroft's Memoirs," and worked at my "Life of Sheridan."

28th. Heard of my dear sister Kate having been safely delivered this day week of a little girl. My fifty-nine volumes of "Annual Registers" arrived. Bessy and Mary Dalby and myself very busy in making room for them on the shelves, and putting them up.

29th. Began reading Mrs. Crouch's "Memoirs:" stated there that Sheridan had written the "Songs of Tickell's Carnival of Venice,"—is this true? Wrote to Lord Byron, and, mentioning my Bermuda calamity, said, "This may have the effect of confining me to the Rules for life; but *n' importe* — unity of place is one of Aristotle's rules; and, as a poet, I shall easily learn to conform to it." Received a kind note from Sir F. Burdett, asking me and Mrs. M. over to Ramsbury Manor, to meet Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald, I. Hobhouse, &c. Believe I shall go. Played and sung over some of those divine things in Latrobe's "Collection of Sacred Music." A good story in Mrs. C.'s "Memoirs" of Stephen Kemble, who, sleeping at an inn in a country town, was waked about daybreak by a strange figure, a dwarf, standing by his bed in extraordinary attire. Kemble raised himself up in the bed, and questioned the figure, which said — "I am a dwarf, as you perceive; I am come to exhibit at the fair to-morrow, and I have mistaken the bedchamber: I suppose you are a giant come for the same purpose."

September 1st. My Sheridan task in the morning: in-

terrupted by Bowles, who never comes amiss; the mixture of talent and simplicity in him delightful. His parsonage-house at Brenhill is beautifully situated; but he has a good deal frittered away its beauty with grottos, hermitages, and Shenstonian inscriptions: when company is coming he cries, "Here, John, run with the crucifix and missal to the hermitage, and set the fountain going." His sheep bells are tuned in thirds and fifths; but he is an excellent fellow notwithstanding; and, if the waters of his inspiration be not those of Helicon, they are at least very *sweet* waters, and to my taste pleasanter than some that are more strongly impregnated.

2nd. Received a letter from Power, which will make it necessary for me to go to town — a most unseasonable interruption. A collection of translations from Meleager sent to me, with a dedication to myself, written by a Mr. Barnard, a clergyman of Cave Castle, I think Yorkshire: they are done with much elegance; I had his MS. to look over.

3rd. Wrote shoals of letters. This light skirmishing of letter-writing exhausts one's ammunition, both of time and thought, most cruelly. Did some sentences of Sheridan's life: went in the evening with the Phippses to a Melksham concert; joined by the Hugheses, from Devizes, who brought an author with them, a Rev. Mr. Joyce, who, they tell me, wrote the "Modern Parnassus" some years ago. He made not a bad pun in the course of the night. A seat on which Mrs. Mole was sitting gave way; and he said "*Mole ruit suâ.*" Met there the son of a ——— apothecary, who affects to be (and calls it) "a litelaly man." This gentleman turns all his *r*'s into *l*'s, and told me, the first day he called upon me, "that he was a litelaly man himself; though he never lote a leal line of poetly in

his life." The concert was bad enough. They had twice before prepared a bill of fare out of my things, expecting I would come: this night there was nothing of mine, but we sent a man and mare to the cottage for a copy of the "National Melodies," that they might sing "Hark! the Vesper Hymn," which Bowles had told me they did well. The man threw down the mare and broke her knees; and, after all, the glee was most doleful: wished to get up a dance, and, upon applying to Marshall, the master of the ceremonies, who was there, he said he would ask some of "the violoncello gentlemen" to play for us! Horror of horrors! how they would have been shocked: I entreated him not to think of such a thing.

4th. A good typographical mistake in the "Freeman's Journal." It gives the new Secretary's (Grant) speech on the Catholic question, in the year 1813; and there is a passage where he says of the bigoted adversaries of the Catholics, "They have taken up a position in the depth of the middle ages;" instead of which he is made to say, "They have taken up a physician in the depth," &c. The "Freeman's Journal" is often very ingenious in this way. I remember its telling us that "Dr. Lawrence, the celebrated civilian, was very dangerously *disposed*." Worked at Sheridan a little, and went to dine at Bowood. Found Lord Lansdowne in the garden, with Vernon (the Archbishop's son), and a Frenchman, a tall, talking, twisting, and gesticulating fellow, with a small dandy French hat on the top of his head. Was told, to my surprise, by Vernon, that he was a judge, come to study our jurisprudence, &c. Very unlike our Ellenboroughs and Abbots. The dinner amusing enough. I mentioned the mistake in the "Freeman's Journal," which brought out some good instances of typographical errors. Professor Playfair's advertisement

of a "Syllabus or *Heads* of Lectures" was all last year inserted as "Heaps of Lectures." Bowles mentioned a doctor somebody, correcting his sermon through the press, but not knowing the method; in consequence of which a sentence stood thus, "Christ, Italic; Son of, Roman, God." Talked of Mitford's "Harmony of Languages," praised by Lord L. His "History"—the bad taste of carrying back the virulence of modern politics into a history of the Grecian republic. It was remarked as a singular thing, that the two historians of Greece and of Rome (Gibbon and Mitford) were both colonels in the Hampshire militia. Talked of Malone—a dull man—his white-washing the statue of Shakspeare, at Leamington or Stratford (?), and General Fitzpatrick's (Lord L.'s uncle) epigram on the subject—very good—

"And smears his statue as he mars his lays."

Dumont read aloud some most ridiculous things in a dedication by Didot, the printer, to his son, "voyageant dans la Troade," of a tragedy called "Annibal," which old Didot himself had written: he asked him whether he had called up the shade of "Annibal," and hopes he had consoled the said "ombre" by repeating some of his (the father's) tragedy to it; with much more inconceivable stuff. Bowles, who cannot speak French, holding a conversation with the judge, and bellowing out to him, as if he was deaf—highly amusing—asking him "did he know *Nancy?*" pronouncing it in the English way. The night very rainy; slept at Bowood.

5th. Found dear Bessy just going to breakfast. In telling them the mistakes in the press mentioned the day before, recollected one I observed in the American edition of "Giffard's Juvenal," when I was at New York. It was

very beautifully printed, &c. &c., but in the preface, where he draws a parallel between Horace and Juvenal, and says, "Horace was of an easy disposition, inclining to indolence," they turned it into "inclining to insolence." I remember another error of the press that happened in some of Erasmus's works, where he had described the philosophers of Greece as having lived chiefly "*in mendicitate*," the printer, as if he had had "*Græcia mendax*" in his mind, made it "*in mendacitate*." Wrote a little of Sheridan. Read a little of "Balzac's Letters." One may apply to him what he says of some one else, "Il vaudroit mieux être un peu étourdi que de prendre tant de peine à être sage."

6th. Noted down some things about Sheridan from Holcroft's and Mrs. Crouch's "Memoirs." Looked over the life and anecdotes prefixed to the "Beauties of Burke." One of his phrases was the "first blood bud" of the French Revolution. Dined at half past two, and went to church. The psalm singing execrable, actual suffering to listen to it; and if penance and mortification be good for the soul, both preacher and singers inflict them on me abundantly at church. What an admirable epigram is that —

> "If on penitence bent, you wish to keep Lent,
> Just go to the Foundling, and hear Dr. Dent,
> And I'll be damn'd *for* you, if you don't repent."

To-morrow off for town.

7th. Took a chaise to Devizes, and went from there outside the coach to Marlborough. Saw a man in a foreign pelisse lying across the top of the coach reading a pamphlet, whom I suspected I knew: turned out to be Kit Hutchinson, brother of Lords Hutchinson and Donoughmore, just come from being made M. P. for Cork. Was sure he was going to Burdett's, being quite of that

kidney; but he was for town. Told me Burdett had made converts in Ireland; among others, Lord Dysart, once a rank Tory. Lord D. had frightened that black bigot, Saurin, out of his wits, by enumerating among the measures that *must* soon be conceded, Reform and Catholic Emancipation, Saurin near falling off his horse at the sound. This all owing to Burdett. Hutchinson congratulated me on my triumphant dinner in Dublin, and I returned him the same on his at Cork; where, by-the-bye, they hipped and hurraed me as "the Poet, Patriot, and Pride of Ireland." I am becoming a stock toast at these dinners. Had seen, this very morning, an account of a dinner to Mr. Denny, of Cork, where I was drunk as "Poet and Patriot, with great applause." Took a chaise from Marlborough to Burdett's, — six miles, — Burdett and Hobhouse out shooting. The Fitzgeralds gone that morning to Sir Charles Hastings; was very sorry I had missed seeing her.* The company at Burdett's were the two Hobhouses, Scrope Davies, a little doctor who attends Lady Burdett, and a Mr. Maxwell. Davies, in fishing that morning, had caught his eye with the hook, but no great harm done. Walked with him and Mr. Maxwell to Ramsbury, to have leeches applied to the eye. We laughed about Douglas Kinnaird's patriotic dinner at the Horns at Kennington (5*s.* a head) in honour of the "Father of Reform," Major Cartwright. Davies proposed calling Cartwright "the Mother of Reform instead;" he *is* a most mischievous old woman. — His taking the "brevia Parliamentaria" of Prynne for "short parliaments," admirable. Lord Lansdowne told me he was with Lord Holland when the letter containing this precious bit of

* Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald, sister of Lord Moira, married to Mr. Fitzgerald.

erudition arrived. Sat down to dinner without Burdett and Hobhouse. Davies told me that Berkeley Craven called the permission the Jews gave him to come over from Paris and try his chance at Newmarket for a month, "the Jews' Pass-over." A good story of B. Craven and Lord Alvanly, when an accident happened to their carriage: the former getting out to thrash the footman, saw he was an old fellow, and said, "Your *age* protects you:" while Alvanly, who had advanced towards the postillion with the same intention, seeing he was an athletic young fellow, turned from him saying, in his waggish way, "Your *youth* protects you." Two Miss Burdetts at dinner,—nice girls. Burdett's style of living not at all equal to his means, either in expense or elegance. With such a fortune, he ought to make his private life a sort of counteraction to the plebeian tendency of his politics; like Washington, who threw all the graces and courtesies of aristocratic ceremony round his republican court; and unlike his successor, Jefferson, who seemed to delight in vulgarising democracy to its lowest pitch. Burdett, a most amiable man, something particularly attaching in his manner; his gentleness, and almost bashfulness, forming such a contrast to the violence of his public career. He is, however, but a boy in wisdom, and, though he speaks plausibly, he is neither very sensible, nor deeply informed upon any subject. I speak but from superficial knowledge of him. Hobhouse and other men, who know him better, think much more highly of him. Music in the evening. Second Miss B. sung very prettily, and Davies delighted with the share he himself took in the "Waters of Babylon," a chant of Purcell's, which he had given Miss B.

8th. Walked out, after breakfasting and writing to Bess (my daily task when away from her), with H., D.,

and Burdett, through Lord Aylesbury's forest. Magnificent! could ramble through forest scenery for ever: there is less of *the world* there than anywhere else, except on the ocean, if one was *alone* on it. Talked much of Ireland, with which Burdett is delighted; he told me if I would collect proofs against Lord Castlereagh's ministry in Ireland, and draw up resolutions, he would move them in the House, and impeach him; but the thing is gone by. He is evidently prejudiced against Grattan, and did not show quite a right feeling on the late outrageous attack upon that noble old man in Dublin; he wants (what so many want) candour. Curran evidently the favourite of the whole party; and, no doubt, was far above Grattan in wit and genius, but still farther *below* him in real wisdom and goodness. I told stories of Curran which made them laugh a good deal; his adventure at Oxford with Reinagle and his man John; his speech to the Englishman who was laughing at him on the top of the coach, "May God Almighty never humanise your countenance, you odious baboon;" and many others. Talked of the intercourse of men of letters with the great; the story of a man who had been ceremoniously yielding precedence to another at some nobleman's house, but, upon hearing he was only a poet, saying, "Oh, then, I know my place," and instantly stepping before him: authors, "*fiers dans leurs écrits et rampans dans les antichambres.*" At dinner, besides the party of the day before, old Crowe, the author of "Lewesdon Hill," a good poet, and a man of simple manners; but his day of talent gone by. Translation by a schoolboy of "they ascended by ladders,"—"ascendebant per adolescentiores" (the comparative degree of lad, *i. e.* ladder). Music in the evening. Burdett's third daughter, Johanna, an exceedingly pretty girl. Davies's "Waters of Babylon" again set a-going.

9th. Walked to Ramsbury at seven in the morning, and took the Marlborough coach. Arrived in London at half-past six in the evening, and dined at the George in Coventry Street, and found that Power had taken lodgings for me in Duke Street, 33, and that my brother-in-law, Scully, was in town.*

10th. Found Scully at the Hummums; he had met Irish Johnstone in the coach from Liverpool, who had been extremely kind to him. Called with him on Johnstone, who told me that Sheridan one night came to Drury Lane tipsy, when the "School for Scandal" was acting, went into the Green Room when it was over, and asked what play it was. Wroughton gravely told him. "And who was it," he said, "that acted the old fellow,—Sir Peter what-d'ye-call'm?" "Matthews, sir." "Never let him play it again; he looks like an old pastry-cook." "I am sorry, Mr. S. (says Wroughton), to say that we seldom see you here, and you never come but to find fault." Wroughton was always sturdy with him. Saw Wilkie the bookseller; nothing decided yet between him and Murray as to the publication of Sheridan's works. Mentioned that the "Duenna" ran sixty-five nights with the exception of the Fridays, on which day Leone the Jew could not act. Said that Sheridan had agreed for the music with (I forget the name of the musicseller) at 30*l.* for every three successive nights, and made a good deal of money by it. Called on the Longmans: the "Fudges" soon going to press for another edition; they are very anxious for the "Fudges" in London, but I am still doubtful as to the good taste of following up the blow. Went to my proctor about the Bermuda business;

* Mr. Scully married Miss Catharine Moore.

nothing farther can be known till November. Dined with Power (John Scully and I), and went to Covent Garden in the evening: "School for Scandal" and "Tom Thumb." The first appearance of Farren from Dublin; an excellent actor; enthusiastically received.

11th. Mr. Hamilton the printer, who was once proprietor of the "Critical Review," called upon me with a letter of introduction from Wilkie. Came to propose to me to be editor of a new Monthly Review; explained his plan, and said, with a true trading spirit, that he *intended* the politics of the work should be Whiggish, *because* those appeared to be becoming the *fashionable* politics of the day. I declined, of course; told him that, as long as the little fancy and originality I possess remained, I should not take to reviewing; but when I become invalided, I shall look upon the editorship of a review as a good sort of Greenwich Hospital to retire to. Two other monitions served upon me from the Court of Admiralty for the defalcation of my deputy. Called at Carpenter's, and had the triumph of telling him the liberal conduct of the Longmans to me about the profits of the "Fudges;" such a contrast to his own! Bought a pretty gown at Hodgkinson's, to send by Scully to my sister. Dined at the George with Scully, and went alone to the Haymarket Theatre: "Honeymoon" and the "Green Man;" Major Dumpling in the latter by Tokeby excellent; a pretty girl, Miss E. Blanchard, who moves her head like a mandarin, when 'tis near stopping. Why are there not more pretty girls on the stage? Beauty is at least the next thing to first-rate acting; and I agree with that French actress who, when told that the "premier principe" of her art was attention to costume, answered, "le premier principe d'une femme c'est de paroître jolie." Met Scully

at supper afterwards at the York Hotel, in St. James's, a shabby little place, but cheap and civil; two primary recommendations to the poor and proud.

12th. Breakfasted at Power's, and made the assignments of my works to him under our seven years' deed. His attorney had proposed a draught of a new agreement for us to enter into, and both pressed me to it very anxiously; but though it is a very comfortable certainty for me (500*l.* a-year), and he is as liberal a man as I could have to deal with, I shall not be in a hurry to re-embark into the concern, until he and I and his brother have settled *all* past transactions together. Walked out with him and Scully to Miss Russel's school in Cadogan Place, to call upon a young Derbyshire girl who is there *learning* to be a *teacher;* her sisters and she being reduced to keep schools by the death of their parents — poor things. I wish them luck in their new life, and as few dunces to deal with as possible. Called upon Shee, the painter, in order to show Scully the pleasant spectacle of an Irishman and a Catholic prospering among the grandees of England, without the surrender of one honest Irish or manly principle. His copy of his own picture of me not so good as the original. The miniature copy in Carpenter's possession being seen by a stranger passing the shop (I mean a stranger to me), he went in and offered Carpenter forty-five guineas for it. Left a message for Woolriche, who had called at my lodgings, to say that he would find us at the George at five o'clock. He joined us; had just left Woburn, and had been paying visits with the Duke at Lord Grey's and Lord Huntley's: spoke of the former (Lord Grey), as a family man, with all the admiration and enthusiasm he deserved: it is indeed a noble thing to see this high unbending politician in the bosom of his happy

family, playing with the young ones like a schoolfellow, and listening to the music of the elder girls with all the attention and delight of a lover. He is, I have no doubt, proud and aristocratic, and looks as loftily down upon us untitled ones as the rest of his caste; but, speaking of him in his own sphere, he is a truly noble fellow, and joins more the solidity of the shaft with the ornaments of the capital than any of his caste.

Went in the evening to the English Opera; could not stand its dulness, and set off to the Coburg Theatre — pretty, gay-looking house, but duller still than the other. Went back to the Lyceum, and attained the *summum bonum* of stupidity. Afterwards met Scully and Woolriche at the York, and finished the night with oysters and brandy.

13th. Met Scully at breakfast at the George, and set off with him walking for Hornsey*, in order to visit the grave of my poor Barbara, and report to Bessy whether it was kept as neat and sacred as she could wish. Felt it less this time than I did some months since, when I went to the church-yard alone and had nothing to divert me from the melancholy train of thinking it led to. That space which is left upon the stone for *other* names is a frightful blank. I showed him the cottage at the foot of Muswell Hill where we lost this dear child, and to the gate of which she had so often run to meet me. We dined at the Sun at Highgate, and walked home in the evening. Scully a good, honest, manly-minded fellow. Packed up for my departure next morning, and supped with S. at the York.

* On our way, called at Perry's. S. delighted with the beauty of his house and library. Agreed how gratifying it was, in these times of apostasy and servility, to see *one* man prospering on the side of independence and consistency.

14th. Started in the coach for Devizes at six o'clock; my neighbour M^cDonald (who had secured the places for us), his friend Capt. Davis, and myself inside, and Scully outside; mentioned to M^cD. that I had met Thompson, who had gone out as comptroller of Lord Hastings' household, and was told by him that he had remitted home twelve thousand some hundred pounds every year while he was with him. This, however, is but a drop in the ocean of his embarrassments. M^cDonald said Thompson's comptrollership had been found troublesome by Lord H., which was the cause of his leaving him. Breakfasted at Salt Hill, dined at Newbury, and arrived at half-past six at Devizes; saw my servant-boy there, and was alarmed by hearing my dear Anastasia had been ill when he came out, but on arriving at home found it was nothing. Bessy, as usual, all delight to have me at home again, and happy to see "honest John," as she calls Scully. Supped heartily, and, after reading a little of poor Halked's ravings about Brothers (where he shows "by elaborate calculations that the Millennium was to commence on the 19th of November next (1795), at or about sunrise in the latitude of Jerusalem"), went to sleep. Woolriche had promised to be down with us the next evening (Tuesday).

15th. Lowering morning,—bad cottage weather; walked out with Scully to show him the beautiful valley behind us, but the rain came on, and we returned. Hughes called; I set them on farming topics. I escaped to my library; looked over the letters that had come in my absence. Another packet of communications from Mrs. Lefanu about Sheridan; a letter from Mr. Linley on the same subject, promising me poems of his sister's and one of S.'s.; a letter from the tiresome naval doctor, begging to know whether he might send me his poem

called "Britain's Bulwark," and hoping that "for the honour of the Navy" his play might be brought out; another from a Mr. Bernard O'Reilly, the author of a book about Greenland, telling me he was in his thirty-fifth year, with many other such interesting particulars about himself. Hughes stayed to dinner; very anxious to sell a ram to Scully, who had already purchased three for three hundred guineas in Leicestershire. Scully gave him a severe hit unintentionally, about theoretical farmers, one of which class poor H. is, to the sore detriment of part of his live stock, viz. wife, children, &c. &c. We planned a party to Bath next day, to see Scully so far on his way. S. told of the *Shanavests* in Tipperary giving up the arms they had taken from the tithe-proctors to *him*, on his pledging his word they should not be endangered. This he did openly in the chapel; and, in consequence, as he was walking near the ruins of the abbey (Athassil), a fellow came to him muffled up, and asked where the arms should be deposited; Scully told him, near the river at night-fall, and there accordingly they were brought. Scully threw them into the river, lest they ever might be brought in judgment against the poor wretches; for which method of disposing of them (upon communication with the commander-in-chief) he was reprimanded; that dignitary, I suppose, thinking that no one should keep faith with rebels. Scully, however, differed with him, and he was right. Woolriche did not arrive.

16th. Sent for a coach to take our party (Mrs. Hughes and sister, Mary Dalby, myself, and Scully) to Bath, but a *chaise* came instead, which blunder, together with Woolriche's arrival after a night's travelling in the mail, put an end to the scheme, and Scully went by himself. Took Woolriche my favourite walk through the little wood

and the valley: must soon bid adieu to this walk till summer comes again. Summer *will* come again, but where may *I* be? where may those be who are dear to me? These are thoughts that haunt me through my happiest moments. Talked of Woolriche's connection with the Duke of Bedford — he travelled with him as his physician to Paris, and thence to Italy; in all away about seven months, for which the Duke sent him a draft, 500*l.*, with a very kind note: he likes the Duke. W. tired after his journey; early to bed.

17th. After writing some letters, set out with Woolriche to call at Bowood; he had attended young Wycombe at Rome, and spoke highly of Lady L.'s affectionate attention to the little Earl in his illness. Met Mrs. Phipps on the road, who asked me if I would go to the Melksham concert on Tuesday night; not sure of a dance after the concert, but in hopes of it. If there's a dance, I'll go: a better thing than the Mayor-Elect's dinner on that day, to which I am invited.

19th. Wrote some letters and walked out with W. and Mary D; dined at Bowood: the company, two Miss Edgworths and Dumont. Mr. Grenville, to my regret, was gone. I wanted to uncork (to use an old joke) whatever remains of *Old Sherry* he might have in him. Lady Lansdowne said he had mentioned the subject to her — that he *has* letters of Sheridan's, but that he will *not* give them. I shall try what effect the knowledge of my having so many letters of his *own* may produce on him. He is said to be very fidgetty about his epistolary fame; and, if so, the intelligence may at least give him a sleepless night or two, which he deserves for such sulky uncommunicativeness. Talked with Dumont before dinner — told me Miss Edgworth was preparing her father's memoirs for the press;

said that the details of a life passed usefully in that middling class of society must always be interesting. He had not seen either Holcroft's or Gifford's "Memoirs;" recommended them to him (particularly the latter), as among the most interesting specimens of autobiography we have. Some amusing things mentioned at dinner — Madame de Staël very angry with William Smith for his act in favour of the Unitarians: thought it was an act for the abolition of the Trinity: "C'est vous donc (said she, on being introduced to Smith) qui ne voulez point de mystères!" Talked of Penn's book about the end of the world, and Swift's ridicule of Bickerstaff's prophecy, which I must see. Swift says the only persons glad at the end of the world, were a man going to be hanged and another going to be cut for the stone. Talked of Perry. Lord L. said, that when the Philharmonic Society was established, two or three years ago, Perry gave up writing the leading political article of his paper, in order to write the accounts of the performances at the Philharmonic — a good story, but not true. Ayreton wrote those musical criticisms. I mentioned a good scene I was witness to at Perry's table, when the Duke of Sussex dined with him, when, to his horror, he found he had unconsciously asked a brother editor to meet his R. H. This was Doherty, the well-known, unfortunate, ways-and-means Irishman, whom Perry had asked, without knowing much about him, and without intending he should meet the Duke of Sussex, who had only fixed to dine with Perry the day before. The conversation turning upon newspapers, the Duke said, in his high, squeak tone of voice, "There is a Mr. Dockerty, I find, going to publish a paper." I looked towards Doherty, and saw his face reddened. "Yes, sir," said he, "I am the person; I had the

honour of sending your Royal Highness my prospectus." I then looked towards Perry, and saw *his* face blacken; the intelligence was as new to him as to me. I knew what was passing in his mind, but so did *not* my honest friend Tegart, the apothecary, who, thinking that the cloud on Perry's brow arose from the fear of a *rival* journalist, exclaimed with good-natured promptitude, to put him out of pain, "Oh, Mr. Doherty's is a *weekly* newspaper!" It was altogether excellent. Perry is as good-natured and honourable a man as I know *anywhere*, and does honour to the cause he has so consistently and ably advocated. We talked of Bowles's copy of the "Institutes" of Calvin, to which he has had a drawing prefixed, of Servetus roaring in the flames, and Calvin reading to him: underneath are the words which Calvin used in describing Servetus's sufferings, "*Ter reboabat, Hispanico more, Misericordia.*" Dumont talked of Castalion as one of the first teachers of toleration, and who had held against Calvin and Beza, that heretics were *non gladio puniendi.* He then cited Bayle and Locke as able champions of toleration. I said that Bayle's ideas of religious freedom were, as well as Locke's, fettered by his prejudices against the Catholics. This he, Dumont, granted as to Locke, but denied as to Bayle. I find, however, I am right: in the preface to the "Commentaire Philosophique," Bayle not only praises the penal laws of England, but proposes a league of all Christian princes (*non Papistes*), and even of infidel princes, against Popery, and says, "*Ce ne seroit pas une ligue moins honorable que celle qu'on feroit contre les Corsaires de Barbarie.*" This is toleration with a vengeance! M. Dumont, who is a man of learning, contradicted me on this point so authoritatively, that I almost took for granted that I was mistaken. D. said that Voltaire was the only true and unqualified

champion of toleration. Wonderful that a mild man like Melancthon should have approved of Calvin's burning Servetus. Lord L. said he could not have approved it in his heart, but must have merely given way to the spirit of party. Talked of Bayle's "*Nouvelles de la République des Lettres.*" I said that it was not so *much* livelier than other critical journals (Le Clerc's, for instance), as one would expect from Bayle's variety and vivacity in his other works. Dumont owned it was not so amusing as the "Thoughts on Comets;" but still it gave most valuable analyses of books. Asked his opinion of the "*Acta Eruditorum,*" but he did not seem to know much about them. Lord L., of whom I had inquired the last time I saw him, whether he had a copy of Montreuil's poetry ("Madrigaux") now mentioned these to Dumont, who knew nothing of them. I want them for an extract for Sheridan's life. In the evening, Miss Edgeworth delightful; not from display, but from repose and unaffectedness; the least pretending person of the company. She asked me if I had seen a poem in the "Edinburgh Annual Register," called Solyman (I think): the hero's fate depends upon getting a happy man to give him the shirt from his back; his experiments in different countries she represented as very livelily described. At last, in Ireland, he meets with a happy man; and, in his impatience, proceeds to tear the shirt from his back, but finds he has none. Lord L. mentioned Made. de Coigny's witticism about the Society of Returned Emigrants, who called themselves, "*Le Château;*" *les Esprits n'y reviennent pas.* Barnave's exclamation in the Convention, "*Le sang qu'on a versé, étoit-il donc si pur?*" Dumont said he was by when Barnave made this "unpardonable" speech, and that he lifted up his arms most

solemnly in saying it, while long *pleureuses* (for he was in mourning) hung from his sleeves. Somebody said it was the same Barnave who exclaimed "*Perissent les Colonies, plûtot que les Principes:*" something like Wyndham's exclamation of "Perish Commerce, live the Constitution!" Miss Edgeworth praised the eulogy upon Madame de Staël in the notes on the 4th canto of Childe Harold, as a beautiful specimen of Lord Byron's prose-writing. I told her it was Hobhouse's. Lord L. read it aloud, and they all seemed to like it. There is a metaphor about a *vista* in it. I mentioned what Curran once said to me, "My dear Tom, when I can't talk sense I talk metaphor." Buonaparte sent word to Madame de Coigny not to be so free with her jokes about him; it is probable, therefore, that it was to *her* he made that gallant speech at his levee, "*Eh bien, Madame, comment va la voix?*"

20th. Went (Bessy, Mary D., Woolriche, and I) to breakfast with Bowles, and attend his church. Showed us a tract he had written to ridicule the Calvinists, called "The Triumphant Tailor," with a caricature drawing he had got done for it of the tailor in his ecstasies of *election*. His sermon not so good as the last I heard him preach; all the faults of extempore eloquence, without any of the beauties he before gave it. Returned through Bowood to dinner. In the evening played and sung out of Latrobe and my own "Sacred Songs." Talked of sacred poetry; my having been applied to for a version of the Psalms. Woolriche thought it a fit task for me, and not so difficult as I represented it. I read to them the passage in Bishop Horsley's Preface to the Psalms, where he calls "Sternhold and Hopkins's" an excellent translation, and denounces any one who dares to attempt a better. The

beautiful parts of the Psalms are much better in their present form than they would be in any metrical version. "Oh that I had the wings of a dove," &c. might be made metre by the alteration of only one word,

> "Oh that I had the *pinions* of a dove,
> That I might flee away and be at rest."

But even this alteration spoils it. In the beautiful psalm, "By the waters of Babylon," what is one to do with the phrase "may my right hand forget its cunning"? Read a little of S.'s speeches.

21st. Wrote a letter or two, and copied out Haydn's beautiful "Agnus Dei" from Latrobe's collection. Sadly idle; have done nothing at Sheridan this fortnight past; *must* be industrious. Asked Woolriche about the Temple of the Graces which the Duke of Bedford is building at Woburn: the group of the Graces not yet arrived from Italy. Some time ago Rogers told me the Duke was very anxious for an inscription for this Temple, and I was going to send him these lines of Pindar, addressed to the Graces, in the fourteenth Olympic:

> Συν γαρ ὑμιν τα τερπνα και τα γλυκεα
> Γινεται παντα βροτοις

Rogers has since made a paraphrase of these very lines himself in blank verse; and they are, I believe, to be inscribed on the Temple. Here is another passage of Pindar, which, perhaps, would do better, particularly if the Temple be placed in a garden; —

> Εξαιρετον Χαριτων νεμομαι
> Καπον· κειναι γαρ ωπασαν
> Τα τερπν'.

Went to dine at ——'s; a set of noisy men, with nothing in them but Toryism and trumpery: pleasant enough

in the evening, for then we had the women and music — two things that, if at all pretty, are sure to be agreeable.

22nd. Walked with Woolriche to look at Lord Audley's house. The old lord died a few weeks since. Having disposed of his whole estate to an attorney at Melksham, he had asked leave to come and stay a few days there; and, having passed those few days, got into his carriage to depart, but returned into the house again, took to his bed, and died in a short time after. He had been very ill, and refused all sustenance, so that he starved himself to death. The house looked as bleak and melancholy as the wretched man's fate. In the evening to a concert at Melksham; better than the last, at least as to company. Was told by Colonel Humphrey, that the book-club of Chippenham (to which I had expressed a wish to belong) were resolved to deviate from their common rule in my instance, and elect me, not by ballot, but by acclamation. "Hark! the Vesper Hymn" and "The Minstrel Boy" were added to the bill of fare this night, on account of my presence. The whole party supped, after the concert, with Woolriche at the inn, where he was to sleep, in order to take the coach to town in the morning. We were eight altogether, the Macdonalds, Phippses, and my party — a gay thing of Woolriche: he had even tried to get a fiddle, in order that we might not be disappointed of the dance we expected after the concert.

23rd. Received a kind letter from Rogers, from Lord Holland's, in Bedfordshire, upon learning I was in town inquiring after my Bermuda business (which some one had told him wore a darker aspect), and offering to come up to me if he could be of the least comfort to me. He means to come to Bowood: I suppose with the Hollands,

who are expected. Caroline Strutt has written a letter from Venice, in which she says, Lord Byron lives quite retired, never going out but to the American ambassador's library; looked over my Sheridan papers, and set to work again.

24th. Compared Mrs. Lefanu's account of S.'s duel with his own statement and T. Grenville's letters. A Parody in the "Morning Chronicle" on Horace's ode, "Sic te Diva potens," which I wrote on my way to Leamington, and sent to Perry; *peu de chose.* Read after tea Miss Lee's clever comedy, "The Chapter of Accidents," to Bessy and Mary D. The latter seemed to think it made a *mistress* more interesting than she ought to be; but anything that encourages toleration and tenderness does good. The world is but too inclined to the opposite extreme, particularly with respect to the frailty of women, whose first fault might often be repaired by gentleness; instead of which they are violently sent adrift down the current, and the ruin which their own weakness begun, the cruelty of the world consummates: as my namesake the fabulist says,—

"—the ports against her close,
And shut the wanderer from repose."

Tried over some of Clementi's sonatas before I went to bed: found them dull: he wants genius.

25th. In the garden all day; delicious weather. At my Sheridan task from ten till three: so hard to narrate familiar events eloquently — I often wish Sheridan, Miss Linley, and Major Mathews at the devil. This would have been a day for poetry — not tame, dull, business-like prose; and yet thus have I lost all this most poetical summer. Wrote a few lines of the epitaph for poor Joe Atkinson before breakfast. In the evening walked with

Bessy to drink tea at the Hughes's, where they were preparing a harvest supper for their men: found, on my return home, a note from Mr. Money, inviting me to dinner next day to meet William Linley.

26th. Finished my epitaph upon poor Joe. Wrote some of Sheridan. Went to dinner at Money's: none but he, Linley, and myself. Strange that Linley did not know Mathews was married at the time he was paying court to his sister. Money has often met Mathews, who is still alive at Bath. Linley promises me several poems of his sister's: says that Morris the singer was one of her many lovers, and took to drinking at last, in despair of winning her. Mentioned the farce of "St. Patrick's Day," and that he wrote it for a poor man who was in distress; not printed. At the Chamberlain's office all the copies of plays sent to the licenser since the time this office was first instituted are preserved. What a hell of the *damned* it must be! Sheridan persuaded the Linleys to part with their shares in Drury Lane for annuities which were never paid: he thus got the disposal of everything, the sale of private boxes, &c. all into his own hands. Told some other stories of S.'s trickery in money matters, but seemed willing to acquit him of any low, premeditated design in these various shifts and contrivances. Told a story of a picture of his sister by Gainsborough, which he (Linley) sent to the exhibition of that artist's pictures, at the request of the directors; but which was seized, with a great many pictures of Sheridan that were also there, by Burgess, S.'s attorney, under pretence of a *lien* upon his property; but S. afterwards, in consideration of a loan of 100*l.* from Linley, had the picture restored to him. Another story about his trying to get 400*l.* out of old Mrs. Linley, to pay the deposit required by the proprietor of the Lyceum,

when the company removed to that house after the burning of Drury Lane. Told me that one day at S.'s house, before poor Tom went abroad, the servant in passing threw down the plate-warmer with a crash, which startled Tom's nerves a good deal. Sheridan, after scolding most furiously the servant, who stood pale and frightened, at last exclaimed, "and how many plates have you broke?" "Oh! not one sir," answered the fellow, delighted to vindicate himself; "and you, damned fool (said S.), have you made all that noise for nothing?" Captain Morris (Linley said) has an annuity of 200*l.* from the Prince still continued to him. The Duke of Norfolk left him no legacy, though he devoted his whole life to him; nor ever gave him anything but the life-interest in a small cottage, at which he always passes the summer months. He has written a song lately, called "The Old Bard," which Linley quoted some lines from. Described George Colman at the Beef Steak Club lately, quite drunk, making extraordinary noises while Morris was singing, which disconcerted the latter (who, strange to say, is a very grave, steady person) considerably. Some years before S.'s death, he requested Peter Moore to appropriate as much of his Cornwall income as could be spared above a bare subsistence for him to the liquidation of his debts; and he allowed it to go on so for some time, till at last his necessities forced him to violate his intention. Linley says, Captain Morris asserts that "Uncouth is this moss-covered grotto," &c. &c., is from beginning to end a plagiary. I must inquire about this.

27th. A wet day: dined early. Sheridan in the morning. After dinner and after tea copied out a Benedictus of Mozart and the "Et incarnatus est" of Haydn—both the *merum sal* of music; and before supper

played and sung them and many others to and with Bessy and Mary D. Poor Bessy cried at my Sacred Song, "Oh how sweet to think hereafter," and at the conversation we had after it about the consoling prospect of meeting the spirits of those we love in another world: she was thinking of her dear Barbara. When they went to bed, tried over some more sonatas of Clementi: was delighted with the set dedicated to Miss Gavin, chiefly because they used to be played very often by my sister, and brought back other days to me. Read a little of Sheridan's speeches and went to bed.

28th. Found out a good motto in Ovid for the verses I wrote to Lord Lansdowne some weeks since, inviting him to dinner,—

"Subiêre minores
Sæpe casas Superi."—*Metam.* lib. v. 282.

Worked at Sheridan, and in the evening read the little interesting comedy of the "Birth-day" to Bessy and Mary D.

29th. One day so like another, that there is little by which to distinguish their features; and these are the happiest; true cottage days, tranquil and industrious; with no other alloy than the weak state of my sweet Bessy's health, which I trust in Heaven, after she has had her little one, will improve. Pursued my task all day in the garden, the evening most delicious; seemed to be the last soft farewell of summer. The Hugheses came to tea and supper; played and sung, and read to them Morton's comedy of the "School of Reform." I should like much to act Tyke.

30th. Ditto for the most part. Another bright parting glance of summer in the evening; it surely must be the last. Copied out after tea part of a glorious thing of

Haydn's, beginning with the chant, "Amen, dico tibi, hodie mecum eris in paradiso." The passage, "Oggi con me," &c. divine!

October 1st. Crowe called, and found me in the garden at work. I thought he was come to pay his long-promised visit, but he was on his way to dine at Devizes. Told me he remembered the first Mrs. Sheridan when Miss Linley: there was a degree of sternness, he said, mixed with the beauty of her features; like her father, who was ill-tempered looking. Tom resembled her very much. This I have heard from every one. Walked with Crowe on his way through the fields. Talked to him of his work on the "Structure of English Verse," which he has been so long about. He told me his chief principle was, that there should be *quantity* as well as *accent* in an English verse. "Thus," he said, "The merry bells of happy Trinity" is right as to number of syllables and accent, but observe how you improve the quantity by substituting "holy" for "happy." Milton, he said, always broke his line in the place where the sentence most cohered or hung together; separating the noun from the adjective, disjointing the genitive case, &c. &c. "I could tell," he said, "by the frequency of the recurrence of a particular word at the beginning of the lines, whether blank verses run smoothly into each other or not: what is that word?" I said, "of," and 'twas the word he meant. He made a distinction between our anapæstic verses and our dactylic. "God save great George our King" is a specimen of the dactylic; so is "Merrily, merrily shall we live now." He said he had quoted an extraordinary measure of mine in his work, a line consisting of nine syllables, — "Oh, the days are gone when beauty bright," in the "Irish Melodies." Said he believed he had found something like it in one of

Shakspeare's "Sonnets." Mentioned to him a still more extraordinary metre in the "Melodies," of which there are two specimens: "At the mid-hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly," and "Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheer'd my way." Received from town the volumes of the "Portfolio," which I had left to be bound; an American publication, in one part of which I find myself abused for my "dwarfish stature, weak eyes, and awkward dancing." The last charge I *flatter myself* not true. I appeal to all my partners. But I forgive the Yankees for abusing my dancing: I brought worse charges against them, and perhaps with quite as little truth. In the evening finished my copy of Haydn's "Oggi con me."

2nd. Set off, between two and three, to walk to Bowles's to dinner. Bessy and the little ones saw me part of the way. Met on the Calne road a riding party, consisting of Lord Lansdowne, the Ordes (Mrs. Orde, a very engaging little woman, sister to Lady Oxford), and Mr. Wellesley. Lord L. said the Hollands were coming on Sunday: asked me to fix a day to dine; fixed Wednesday. The party at Bowles's, at dinner, were the Grossets, Mrs. Merryweather and her son, Henry Joy, Linley, and Miss Miles — a pretty little "tricksy spirit" of a girl, whom I had singled out at the Melksham concert: Mr. Yates, a clergyman, who sings very well, also of the party. In the evening, music. Linley sung words of mine, set by himself, "Oh, if your tears are given to care." I accompanied some things out of Latrobe, Haydn's "Agnus Dei," &c. Linley did not expect to find me so good a musician. Mrs. Merryweather, a fine woman, sang "Angels ever bright and fair" and "In sweetest harmony," in very good style. Slept at Bowles's.

3rd. Dreadfully rainy day. After much doubting and watching of the weather determined on staying, and wrote home to Bessy. Linley produced Greene's "Anthems." I think I surprised him a little by singing them at sight with him, and tolerably well too. Fine solemn music; and if I had been educated to their style I should have enjoyed it, I dare say, as much as I see others do; but, as it is, the foreign school of Haydn, Mozart, &c. gives me much more pleasure. "The Humble Man," which we sang together, a very touching piece of church composition certainly. I *would* make him try over the "Oggi con me" and "Incarnatus est" of Haydn, &c., and he owned they were beautiful. We sang over the "Lord, thou knowest," of Purcell, which Croft introduced in his "Burial Service;" a fine thing. He told George I., who bid him compose the "Service," that he could not think of changing what Purcell had done so gloriously. We talked away all the morning as incessant as the rain. Joy a good fellow, but a coxcomb rather, and as eternal a quoter as Dr. Pangloss. Some good stories. Sheridan, the first time he met Tom, after the marriage of the latter, seriously angry with him; told him he had made his will, and had cut him off with a shilling. Tom said he was, indeed, very sorry, and immediately added, "You don't happen to have the shilling about you now, sir, do you?" Old S. burst out laughing, and they became friends again. The day that Dog Dent was to bring forward the motion (that gave him that name) about a tax upon dogs, S. came early to the house, and saw no one but Dent sitting in a contemplative posture in one corner. S. stole round to him unobserved, and putting his hand under the seat to Dent's legs, mimicked the barking of a dog, at which Dent started up alarmed, as

if his conscience really dreaded some attack from the race he was plotting against. Sheridan angry with his servant for lighting a fire in a little room off his hall, because it tempted the duns to stay, by making them so comfortable. Mrs. Sheridan wrote an entertainment called the "Haunted Village," which she gave S. to add some touches to, but never could get from him again. Linley seemed to think he suppressed it from jealousy. Leaves, a clergyman, was the author of the words of "Robin Gray:" I already knew Lady Anne Lindsay composed the music. Morel wrote some of the sweetest words in Handel's oratorio — "Tears such as tender fathers shed," &c. &c.; very sweet English this "for *joy* to think." Talked of Crowe: his father was a carpenter, at Winchester, and had the son admitted upon the foundation. He married a fruit-woman's daughter at Oxford; had children by her, yet still continued to hold his fellowship; has now a living of more than a thousand a year. We read to-night passages out of his "Lewesdon Hill;" some of them of the highest order. Parr, when asked by Lady Madalina Palmer, how he liked Crowe, said, "Madam, I love him; he is the very brandy of genius, mixed with the stinking water of absurdity." General Meadows, when a young man, said to a brother officer, when they were both riding together into the thick of the enemy's fire, "If our tailors were to see us now, how the fellows would funk!" More music in the evening. Linley sung some words which Bowles had written, an "Address from Prospero to Ariel," which Linley had reversed, making it from "Ariel to Prospero," and said it did as well: what accommodating verses! Bowles showed me a part of his library, in which was collected, he told me, all the books illustrative of the divines of the times of Charles I.,

and the theology of that period. The first book I put my hand on in this sacred corner was a volume of Tom Brown's works, &c. Bowles was amused in the midst of all his gravity by this detection. What with his genius, his blunders, his absences, &c., he is the most delightful of all existing parsons or poets. In talking of Miss Gayton, the pretty little dancer, marrying Murray, a clergyman, Joy applied two lines well, saying they might now, in their different capacities,

> "Teach men for heaven or money's sake,
> What *steps* they were through life to take."

4th. Bowles, speaking of the toleration of the English Church, gave two or three instances; among others, Bonner, after all his burnings, being left unmolested. He took down Hooker, and turned to the protest of Travers against some tolerating expressions of Hooker's about the Catholics. I remarked to him, however (what rather seemed to contradict his assertion of the general toleration of the English Church) the passage where Travers says, in his memorial, "Such language has never before been used," &c., or words to that effect: meaning, such mild language as Hooker's had not been ventured on by any other Protestant divine. Left Bowles's between twelve and one with Joy, in his gig. Called at Bowood: found Douglas (Lord Glenbervie's son), the Ordes, and Abercrombie. Douglas told me Lady Donegal was not very well. I grieve in my heart and soul to hear it: never was heart or head that better deserved all the blessings of this world. Lady L. had read Edgeworth's "Memoirs" in MS.; was much interested by them, particularly by his account of Mr. Day, the person of whom there is so much in Miss Seward's "Memoirs of Darwin." Lord L. told me, what I did not know before, that Sir

James Mackintosh had accepted a professorship at Hertford College; about 300*l.* a-year and a house, which are objects to poor Sir James. It is a sad pity that such a man should be straitened. A poem by Mr. Lucas, the Devizes poet, on the table, where he calls Stonehenge a "mighty carcase." Talked of his famous poem of "Joseph:" said I had never read it, but heard he made Joseph a dandy, and had described his shaving, his toilet, &c. Douglas said he supposed it was from the patriarch the garment called a Joseph was named. Douglas must have been thinking of a Benjamin, for a Joseph is, I believe, a woman's garment. However, the joke did very well. Came home, and found my dearest Bessy very tired after her walk from church. She had been receiving the sacrament, and never did a purer heart prostrate itself before the altar. In the note she wrote me to Bowles's the day before, she said, "I am sorry I am not to see you before I go to church." In the evening tried over a new volume of Latrobe's sacred music, which Mrs. Bowles had lent me. Not so much beauty, I fear, as in the other.

5th. Wrote to Mr. Grenville, to ask him for any letters or papers he may have of Sheridan's. Sent Mrs. Kearney the epitaph on her father. My little Anastasia repeated to me a pretty child's poem she had learnt, beginning, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star." I wrote one for her the other day, which she repeats: "Little May-fly, the sun's in the sky," &c. &c. Played a game of cribbage with Bessy after dinner, and lost sixpence to her. Read some of S.'s speeches before I went to bed.

6th. Heard that the turtle which B. had shipped for me from Jamaica, and which I intended as a present for Lord Lansdowne, had died on the passage,—"*Quis desiderio sit finis,*" &c. Tried over, in the evening, my new number

of "Irish Melodies" (the 7th) just come out, and was tolerably well pleased with them. The "Examiner" quoted some lines to "Sir Hudson Lowe," which I had sent to Perry, and added, "We think we can recognise whose easy and sparkling hand it is." I wonder he found me out.

7th. Walked to ask the Phippses to tea and supper for to-morrow evening. Quarter before six, Joy called upon me, in his father's carriage, to take me to Bowood to dinner. Brought Bessy a beautiful Guernsey lily, a superfine thing; originally, he says, of Japan. A ship from Japan had been wrecked on the coast of Guernsey, and, having quantities of lilies aboard, they were cast among the sand, and the following year these splendid flowers appeared. The company at Bowood, besides those there on Sunday, the Hollands, Allen, Marsh, Henry Fox, Wellesley; and Charles Fox and Fazakerly arrived in the evening. Sat near Lady Holland at dinner; very gracious; has really shown a sincere anxiety about my Bermuda misfortune. They talked much about Brougham's "Letter on the Public Charities;" all seemed to condemn his strictures upon Eton and Winchester: an answer to it coming out, got up by the Government, in a letter to Sir William Scott. Talked of poor Monk Lewis: his death was occasioned by taking emetics for sea-sickness, in spite of the advice of those about him. He died lying on the deck. When he was told all hope was over, he sent his man down below for pen, ink, and paper; asked him to lend him his hat; and upon that, as he lay, wrote a codicil to his will. Few men, once so talked of, have ever produced so little sensation by their death. He was ruining his Negroes in Jamaica, they say, by indulgence, for which they suffered severely as soon as his back was turned; but he has enjoined it to his heirs, as one of the conditions of

holding his estate, that the Negroes were to have three additional holidays in the year; and has left a sort of programme of the way those holidays are to be celebrated,—the hour when the overseer is to sound his shell to summon them together, the toasts, &c.: the first toast to be "the Lady Frederica, Duchess of York;" so like poor Lewis. Had a good deal of conversation with Lord Holland in the evening about Sheridan. Told me that one remarkable characteristic of S., and which accounted for many of his inconsistencies, was the high, ideal system he had formed of a sort of impracticable perfection in honour, virtue, &c., anything short of which he seemed to think not worth aiming at; and thus consoled himself for the extreme laxity of his practice by the impossibility of satisfying or coming up to the sublime theory he had formed. Hence the most romantic professions of honour and independence were coupled with conduct of the meanest and most swindling kind; hence, too, prudery and morality were always on his lips, while his actions were one series of debauchery and libertinism. A proof of this mixture was, after the Prince became Regent, he offered to bring S. into parliament, and said, at the same time, that he by no means meant to fetter him in his political conduct by doing so; but S. refused, because, as he told Lord Holland, "he had no idea of risking the high independence of character which he had always sustained, by putting it in the power of any man, by any possibility whatever, to dictate to him." Yet, in the very same conversation in which he paraded all this fine flourish of high-mindedness, he told Lord H. of an intrigue he had set on foot for inducing the Prince to lend him 4000*l.* to purchase a borough. From his habit of considering money as nothing, he considered his *owing* the Prince 4000*l.* as no slavery

whatever: "I shall then (he said) *only* owe him 4000*l.*, which will leave me as free as air." — Sheridan's high opinion of his own powers of management, which made him often stand aloof from his party and friends. He was the means, said Lord H., of bringing Sidmouth in with us in 1806, and of bringing Ellenborough into the Cabinet. He was also the primary cause of the defection of the Prince from the Whigs, when he became Regent. On that event taking place, the Prince wrote to Lords Grey and Grenville to take measures for forming an administration. Their answer was shown by the Prince to Sheridan, who pointed out some things in it he thought objectionable. The Prince represented these to the two lords, who very imprudently returned a high-toned remonstrance to him for having shown their answer to S. The latter was nettled, and, with equal imprudence, made such comments on the sort of tyranny to which these lords seemed already to aspire over the Prince, and let out so many other opinions with respect to them, that his Royal Highness became alarmed, and threw himself into the arms of the Tories. "These," said Lord Holland, "are secrets of too *cabinet* a nature, and too recent to be made use of by you." I said I believed that not only S., but Lord Moira, had never forgiven Lords G. and G. for the way in which they themselves (and, in their person, the Prince) were, as they thought, treated by them after the death of Mr. Fox. I remember Lord Moira saying, "They actually pushed us from our stools; never consulted us about anything." Mentioned this. "I cannot think what he meant by that," said Lord Holland, "Moira is certainly the oddest mixture of *romance* and the reverse that ever existed. As to not consulting him, he always sat silent, and did not seem to attend to anything. As to our making no report

to the Prince of what we were doing, we looked upon Moira as his organ there, and thought it would be officious of any one else to be the medium of communication." The fact is, Lord M.'s silence was evidently from pique at thinking himself neglected, and the only communication, of course, he made to the Prince was, to tell him that they never troubled their heads about him. All this accounts most satisfactorily for the defection of the Regent; and if anything could justify his duplicity and apostasy, it would be their arrogance and folly. Sheridan was jealous of Mr. Fox, and showed it in ways that produced, at last, great coolness between them. He envied him particularly his being member for Westminster, and, in 1802, had nearly persuaded him to retire from parliament, in order that he might himself succeed to that honour. But it was Burke chiefly that S. hated and envied. Being both Irishmen, both adventurers, they had every possible incentive to envy. On Hastings' trial particularly it went to Sheridan's heart to see Burke in the place set apart for privy councillors, and himself excluded. This was all very amusing, and I was rather sorry I had arranged to return home at night. Everybody pressed me to stay, and I was very near having reason to repent my going; for, when we were about a mile from the house, Joy's coachman drove off the road down a bank, and overset the carriage. The crash was tremendous, for three of the glasses were up; but none of us were hurt, except Joy's man a little bruised in the hip, and my arm slightly strained. Lord Lansdowne's keeper happened luckily to be passing, and helped us to raise the carriage. I walked home, and did not arrive till past one o'clock.

In speaking of Sheridan's eloquence, Lord H. said that the over-strained notions he had of perfection were very favourable to his style of oratory in giving it a certain

elevation of tone and dignity of thought. Mr. Fox thought his Westminster Hall speech, trumpery, and used to say it spoiled the style of Burke, who was delighted with it. Certainly in the report I have read of it, it seems most trashy bombast. At Holland House, where he was often latterly, Lady H. told me he used to take a bottle of wine and a book up to bed with him always; the *former* alone intended for use. In the morning he breakfasted in bed, and had a little rum or brandy with his tea or coffee; made his appearance between one and two, and pretending important business, used to set out for town, but regularly stopped at the Adam and Eve public-house for a dram. There was indeed a long bill run up by him at the Adam and Eve, which Lord H. had to pay. I wonder are all these stories true; the last is certainly but too probable.

8th. Had a letter from the Donegals. Their letters (particularly Mary's) full of talent; but this one very melancholy. In the evening the Phippses, Macdonald, his wife's sister and mother, to tea and supper; played and sung for them; dull audience; no sounding boards; the men, too, would rather talk than listen. Lady Lansdowne and a party from Bowood called in the morning to inquire if I was hurt.

9th. Received a long letter from Lord Byron, in which he sends me two stanzas of the Beppo-ish poem he is about, called "Don Juan." Had, also, rather a comfortable letter about my Bermuda business, which in the first place assures me of having a respectable man, Mr. Wood (to whom I applied) to watch over my interests there; in the second place gives the intelligence that my deputy has not absconded from the island, which I rather feared; and, in the third place, informs me that he has property, which I much doubted. In the evening read Colman's little

comedy of "Ways and Means" to Bessy and Mary D. Some comical things in it: "Curse Cupid, he has not a halfpenny to buy him breeches:" "Always threatening to break my neck; one would think we servants had a neck to spare, like the Swan in Lad Lane." Read some of S.'s speeches.

10th. Frittered away the morning with letters and trifles. Was looking to the sky the whole day for an apology in the shape of a shower of rain; it came at last. Eat a mutton chop by myself. Worked at Sheridan in the evening. Before I went to bed read some of Francis's "Indian Minutes," which are very ably done; quite able enough to back him as the author of "Junius."

11th. Wrote to Crutwell, the printer at Bath, to ask if there is any file of the "Bath Chronicle" as far back as the year 1772. I should like to see the accounts of the day about Sheridan's duel. Wrote also to Mr. Muloch, a pedantic young Irishman, and a mighty genius in his own estimation, who, having tried literature and place-hunting without success, became a merchant in Liverpool, and by natural process a bankrupt. He wrote to me to interfere between him and Power, about a consignment of French horns and trumpets, which he had sent out for the latter to one of his West Indian correspondents, and for the amount of which P. had arrested him. I declined having anything to do in the concern, as I had already tried my peace-making talent ineffectually between Power and Sir John Stevenson, and lamented that people should be so ready, "*Ære* ciere viros Martemque accendere *cantu*," *i. e.* to squabble about *French horns* and go to law for a *song*. Worked at Sheridan — heartily sick of his duels and courtship — shall be glad when I get him fairly married, for then I shall come to his plays and his politics. In the evening read some tracts about the Prince's debts in '86

and an ingenious pamphlet on the Regency, called "The present National Embarrassment considered." Sung some sacred music with Bessy and Mary D., and, before going to bed, finished reading "Royal Recollections on a Tour to Cheltenham," which has some hard hits in it. Looked over the charges against Sir E. Impey. That thought in the "Royal Recollections," "If I could touch for the evil as I can for patriotism," excellent.

12th. Received from Miss Smith, a daughter of the baron's, who is at Cheltenham, a Greek air, which her brother sent her from Cephalonia; one of those wild and meagre things, which have no other charms than that of being foreign. Looked over Mr. T. Grenville's letters. By the bye, when I told Lady Holland that he said that he *would not* give me the letters of Sheridan he has in his possession, she answered, "Well, I hope you mean to punish him with a sentence or two;" and I am strongly tempted to do so. Read the "Way to get Married" to Bessy and Mary D. after tea. Nothing but the recollection of that delightful actor Lewis carries one through this "moles" of absurdity, of which he was in every sense the "mens *agitans*." After supper looked over Major Scott's "Review of the Transactions in Bengal." Have not yet made up my mind about Hastings.

13th. An answer from Crutwell to say he has the file of 1772, and I might examine it when I pleased. Shall go to Bath with Mary D., who leaves us to-morrow. Received a letter from Mr. T. Grenville, very wordy, and labouring hard at an excuse for not giving me the letters: says they "*only* refer to the lady whom he first married." Only! The very thing I want. Have replied to him, and tried by little gentle hints to *shame* him into letting me have them; but it is, I fear, hopeless. The Hugheses

to tea; sang for them in the evening. Read Major Scott's "Letter to Francis" before going to bed.

14th. Went with Mary D. and Miss Best to Bath. Am sorry to lose Mary, who is thoroughly sensible and amiable, and loves us all sincerely. Went to Crutwell's, and passed an hour and a half in looking over the "Bath Chronicle." Old newspapers the most interesting kind of history after all. Amused with seeing Miss Linley's name all at once left out of the concert announcements; knew by that she was off. Gave the two ladies a dinner at the White Hart, and returned to Melksham in the chaise I went in. The man took up a Quaker-woman and her maid: much diverted with the Quaker-woman's praises of her maid (who sat outside with the postillion — a very nice looking girl); her account of the girl's lovers, &c. &c. Walked home from Melksham, and delighted poor Bess by my return, who did not quite expect me till to-morrow, and said it was worth twenty guineas to her to see me.

15th. In the garden all the morning. Visit from Miss Hughes and the Misses Crowe: showed them engravings of Lord Byron: they remarked that his not wearing whiskers gave him a singular look. From thence the transition to *my* unwhiskered *face* very obvious; and, *per saltum*, from me up to Buonaparte, who is also without whiskers. In the evening read Hastings' speech to the Lords in 1791: very plausible certainly, except with respect to the indorsed bonds for the present, which is rather a lame part of his vindication.

16th. My dear Bessy planting some roots Miss Hughes had brought her; looking for a place to put a root of pink hepatica in, where (as she said) "I might best see them in my walk." In the evening read the "Observations" of the Court of Directors on Warren Hastings' letter to them: it

condemns his exactions from, and treatment of, Cheyt Sing, as contrary to all faith and justice.

17th. Worked at Sheridan; walked with Bessy to call upon the Macdonalds. Bowles came while we were out; wished me to dine with him to-morrow (Sunday). In the evening received a note from Lord Lansdowne, asking me to fix any day next week for dinner. Rogers arrived there.

18th. As the morning was fine, set out to Bowood to see Rogers; caught him in the garden, on the way to Bowles's; walked with him; talked much about Sheridan. In a second search through the papers they have found the Acts of "The Foresters;" some letters too of the Prince's, which, of course, I must see, though I cannot make use of them. Sheridan once told Rogers of a scene that occurred in a French theatre in 1772, where two French officers stared a good deal at his wife, and S., not knowing a word of French, could do nothing but put his arms a-kimbo and look bluff and defying at them, which they, not knowing a word of English, could only reply to by the very same attitude and look. He once mentioned to Rogers that he was aware he ought to have made a love scene between Charles and Maria in the "School for Scandal;" and *would* have done it, but that the actors who played the parts were not able to do such a scene justice. Talked of Hastings and the impeachment. Asked Rogers whether it was not now looked upon, even by the Opposition themselves, as a sort of dramatic piece of display, got up by the Whigs of that day from private pique, vanity, &c. &c.; Francis, first urging them on from his hostility to Hastings; Burke running headlong into it from impetuosity of temper; and

Sheridan seizing with avidity the first great opportunity that offered of showing off his talent. He said it *was* so considered now; and in addition to all this, Mr. Pitt gave in to the prosecution with much satisfaction, because it turned away the embattled talent of the time from himself and his measures, and concentrated it all against this one individual, whom he was most happy to sacrifice, so he could thereby keep them employed. Burke's admiration of S.'s second speech on the Begums; said, "That is the true style; something neither prose nor poetry, but better than either." It was the opinion of Mr. Fox that Burke's style altered after he heard this speech; that it spoiled him, and that to the taste he acquired from it we owe the extreme floridness of his writings afterwards — the passage about the Queen of France, &c. &c. Lord Holland had told me this before; but there seems to me but little in it. It was natural for the Whigs to think Burke's style much altered for the worse, when he wrote on the other side. Remarked to R. the forced and extravagant combinations by which S. so often laboured to produce effect both in his serious and his comic. The description of Buonaparte an instance: "Kings his sentinels, kingdoms his martello-towers, *crowns* and *sceptres* his pallisadoes," &c. Talked of the letter from Dr. Chalmers to Lord Byron in the "Scots' Magazine:" in mentioning the great publicity Byron has given to his private sorrows, he says, "you have *wailed on the housetop*." This is excellent. Showed me Crowe's verses written for the installation of the Duke of Portland; never saw them before; noble poetry! Found Bowles at home; asked him would he meet Rogers and Crowe at dinner with me on Wednesday or Thursday next. Cannot, on account of the sessions at Marlborough; wants to have a statue of Melancthon executed from the fine wood-

cut, to put up in his projected library; anxious to consult me about some prose he is writing. Left Bowles's at half-past two. In passing through Bowood for home I was caught by Lady Lansdowne, Lord Auckland, &c. &c. She begged me to stay for dinner; said Lady Bath (who was going next day) wished very much to know me. Consented: a man and horse sent for my things. Sat with Rogers in his room till dinner. Told me that Beckford (*the* Beckford) is delighted with "Lalla Rookh;" heard so from Beckford himself in the spring, when I met him at Rogers's in town, and he was all raptures about it. Beckford wishes me to go to Fonthill with R.; anxious that I should look over his "Travels" (which were printed some years ago, but afterwards suppressed by him), and prepare them for the press. Rogers supposes he would give me something magnificent for it — a thousand pounds, perhaps; but if he were to give me a hundred times that sum I would not have my name coupled with his. To be Beckford's *sub*, not very desirable. Party at dinner — Lady Bath, her unmarried daughter, Lady Louisa, and the married one, Lady Elizabeth Campbell, and her husband; Lord Auckland and his two sisters; Mrs. Frankland Lewis. Miss Eden's name Dulcibella. Talked of strange names: I mentioned a little child, born in Italy of English parents, christened Allegra. (*N.B.* a natural child of Lord Byron's, mentioned in his last letter to me.) Some traveller in America mentions having met a man called Romulus Riggs: whether true or not, very like their mixture of the classical and the low. The commonness of the name of Smith; a man calling out the name of Smith in a theatre, and fifty or sixty people getting up. Frankland Lewis mentioned in the same way, in a Welsh company, a gentleman saying, "Mr. John Jones, may I have a glass of wine with you," and about fourteen of the party popped forth their heads at once.

Talked of the alterations at the late Dublin city dinners; about the toast of the "Glorious Memory;" mentioned that about the middle of the last century the usual adjunct to this toast was, "and a fig for the Bishop of Cork;" the Bishop, who was a strong Tory, having written a book against drinking Memories, pronouncing it to be idolatrous, &c. &c. Burke's bad manner of speaking, and the effect it had in quite nullifying the effect of his speeches. F. Lewis said he had heard Lord Grenville mention that once, after a speech of Burke's, himself and Pitt consulted with each other whether it was worth answering, and decided in the negative; *since*, however, it is one of the speeches that Lord Grenville said he has always read with most admiration and delight. I think it was upon the Nabob of Arcot's debts.* Music in the evening. Lady Bath talked to me of her sister, Mrs. Seymour (a very charming woman, whom I saw a good deal of when she was with the Bedfords in Ireland); said how often she spoke of me; hoped I would soon visit Longleat, &c. Rogers asked me whether the "Parody on Horace," lately in the "Chronicle," was mine; said how Luttrell was delighted with it at Ampthill, and pronounced it to be mine; reading it out to Lords Jersey and Duncannon, who were also much pleased with it. Told me also that he heard the verses to Sir Hudson Lowe praised at Brookes's. It is pleasant to find that these trifles do not die unnoticed. Lord Lansdowne asked me afterwards, whether it was I who wrote a description of a dinner at the French Minister's (I think) about two months ago, which was, he said, most admirable. Told him *not*, nor had I ever seen it. He said he *knew* the "Parody on Horace" to be mine. Told him I had asked the

* Sir James Mackintosh told me the same thing, and read aloud the passages about the ravage of the Carnatic and the prolific sow as justifying both the admiration and the contempt.—Ed.

Hollands whether what Trotter says of Mr. Fox's refusal to see Sheridan in his last illness was true or not, and they answered it was true. Lord L. said he believed it to be so; and that his own opinion of Sheridan, which was very low indeed, had been formed principally from what he had heard Mr. Fox say of him. Sung a good deal by myself, and one or two things with Mrs. F. Lewis. She and I, and Lady Louisa Thynne, sung "The Bird let loose," (from my "Sacred Songs"), and it went beautifully. Mrs. F. Lewis sung out of the same set, "Oh Thou who driest the Mourner's Tear." Meant to walk home, but Lady L. insisted upon my having the coachman to drive me over in her little gig. Cannot sleep out while dear Bessy is so near her difficulties, and without a single male or female friend near her but myself. The Lansdownes very kind to me. I did *him* injustice in thinking that he had forgot my Bermuda calamity, for it was he who, in a letter to Ampthill, while I was last in town, mentioned that he feared it wore a darker aspect than it did before. Got home rather late.

19th. Had promised Rogers, who was coming to me this morning, to meet him half way. Mrs. Phipps, upon whom I called as I went, came out with me in order to get a glimpse of "*Memory* Rogers." He and I walked to my cottage: much delighted with the scenery around; said he preferred the valley and village before us to the laid-out grounds of Bowood. Showed him some of my Sheridan papers. He mentioned "Memoirs of Jackson" of Exeter, written by himself, which he saw in MS. some years ago, and in which he remembered there was a most glowing description of his pupil, Miss Linley, standing singing by his side, and so beautiful that "you might think you were looking into the face of an angel." I wish I had these

"Memoirs." Walked with him to the village, and then as far as Phipps's, where I was to dine, in order to go to the Devizes ball in the evening. The party, Macdonald and Miss Mayham, the Phippses themselves, and I. Mentioned after dinner my invitation to Beckford's. Phipps bid me take care what I did, for Sir Richard Hoare was called to account *seriously* by his brother magistrates the other day for having visited Beckford; and was obliged to explain that it was for purposes of information, and *not* a visit of ceremony. The ball dull enough; got home between two and three, and found Bess just rising from her bed to blow the fire for some hot drink for me.

20th. Ill, from want of sleep the two nights before; looked over Rogers's poem, and marked some lines with pencil; read the newspapers. A game of cribbage after dinner with Bessy. Sheridan's speeches in the evening; a dull, unprofitable day. Rogers thinks I must not give extracts from Mr. T. Grenville's letters, he being still alive; and Lord L., he says, thinks the same; so I suppose I must give them up, though there would be a very amusing revenge in quoting his solemn nonentities. A note from Crowe, to say he will come, "please God," and "if it is dry weather."

21st. Determined on giving up T. Grenville's letters, and wrote a few sentences to replace the extracts I had made from them. Walked to meet Rogers, who said he would call upon me. Talked chiefly of Sheridan. Told me several anecdotes, some of which I have written down in my notebook as fit to use; the rest practical jokes, not easily tellable: — His strewing the hall or passage with plates and dishes, and knives and forks stuck between them, and then tempting Tickell (with whom he was always at some frolic or other) to pursue him into the thick of them: Tickell fell among them and was almost cut to pieces, and

next day, in vowing vengeance to Lord John Townshend against S. for this trick, he added (with the true spirit of an amateur in practical jokes), "but it was amazingly well done." Another time, when the women (Mrs. Crewe, Mrs. Tickell, &c.) had received the gentlemen after dinner in disguises, which puzzled them to make out *which* was *which*, the gentlemen one day sent to the ladies to come downstairs to *them* in the dining-room. The ladies, upon entering, saw them all dressed as Turks, holding bumpers in their hands, and after looking amongst them and saying, "This is Mr. Crewe;" "No, this is he," &c. &c., they heard a laugh at the door, and there they saw all the gentlemen in *propriis personis;* for 'twas the maids they had dressed up in Turkish habits. S. was always at these tricks in country houses. He has been known to send a man and horse eight miles for a piece of crape, and people were always kept in expectation of some forthcoming frolic. His dialogue once with General Tarleton: "Well Tarleton, are you on your high horse still?" "Oh! higher than ever: if I was on a horse before, I am on an elephant now." "No, no, my dear fellow, you were on an ass before, and you are on a mule now." Thought this exquisite; but I own I cannot see the very great wit of it.* Talked of Beckford's two *mock* novels "Agemia" and the "Elegant Enthusiast," which he wrote to ridicule the novels written by his sister, Mrs. Harvey (I think), who read these parodies on herself quite innocently, and only now

* The joke seems here unexplained. Sheridan always maintained that the Duke of Wellington would succeed in Portugal; General Tarleton the reverse. It was a matter of constant dispute between them. Tarleton, who had been wrong, grew obstinate, so, on the news of the retreat of the French, Sheridan, by way of taunt, said, "Well, Tarleton," &c. I remember that having been at the Lines of Torres Vedras, Sheridan was much pleased with my sanguine account of the Duke's position.—Ed.

and then suspecting that they were meant to laugh at her, saying, "Why, I vow and protest, here is my grotto," &c. &c. In the "Elegant Enthusiast" the heroine writes a song which she sings at a masquerade, and which produces such an effect, that my Lord Mahogany, in the character of a Milestone, bursts into tears. It is in "Agemia" that all the heroes and heroines are killed at the conclusion by a supper of stewed lampreys.*

22nd. Walked at twelve o'clock towards Bowood to meet Rogers. Met Mr. —— coming to Bessy with a beautiful nosegay: had agreed with Bessy that, as —— was away from home, she might ask *her* to join our party at dinner. Met R. at the park-gate, and came on towards the cottage. Told him my delicacy on the subject of the Coalition; unwilling as I should be to offend Lord Holland, yet still feeling it my duty to speak sincerely what I thought of Fox's conduct in that instance. He said there was much to be advanced in palliation, if not in vindication, of that and other coalitions: bid me talk on the subject to Lord Holland and Allen, who had staggered him by their arguments. Lord H.'s idea of three distinct periods in his uncle's life: the first, when he was opposed to Lord North, and when his eloquence was bold, careless, vehement, vituperative; in the second, when Pitt was his antagonist, and when he found it necessary to be more cool, cautious, and logical: during both these periods, ambition of power and distinction was his ruling passion; but in the third and concluding portion of his life all this had passed away, and his sole, steady, *chastened-down* desire was that of doing good. Mentioned Parr's list of pure writers of English. R. added Soame Jenyns, Blackstone, &c. Rogers, Lord St. John,

* Notwithstanding her brother's raillery, Mrs. Harvey was a very accomplished, as well as a very amiable woman.—Ed.

(I think), and Lord Lauderdale were in Mr. Fox's room in Stable Yard a short time before his death*, when Sheridan called. "I *must* see him, I suppose," said Fox, and when S. came in, put out his hand to him. S. has since told Rogers that, when Fox called him over and shook him by the hand, he said in a low voice, "My dear Sheridan, I love you; you are indeed my friend; as for those others, I merely," &c. &c. This was an excellent invention of Sheridan, who knew no one would contradict him. Talked of the Scotch novels. When Wilkie the painter was taking his portraits of Scott's family, the eldest daughter said to him, "We don't know what to think of those novels. We have access to all papa's papers. He has no particular study; writes everything in the midst of us all; and yet we never have seen a single scrap of the MS. of any of these novels; but still we have *one* reason for thinking them his, and that is, that they are the only works published in Scotland of which copies are not presented to papa." The reason *against* is stronger than the reason *for:* Scott gave his honour to the Prince Regent they were not his; and Rogers *heard* him do the same to Sheridan, who asked him, with some degree of *brusquerie*, whether he was the author of them. All this rather confirms me in my first idea that they are *not* Scott's. Another argument between us, on the justifiableness of a man asserting so solemnly that a book was *not his*, when it really *was:* I maintained that no man had a right to put himself into a situation which required lies to support him in it. R. quoted Paley about the expediency of occasionally lying, and mentioned extreme cases of murder, &c., which had nothing whatever to do with the point in question;

* This must have happened before Mr. Fox removed to Chiswick. —Ed.

and which certainly did not convince me that Scott could be at all justified in such a solemn falsehood. At last R. acknowledged that saying "on his honour" was going too far; as if the simple solemn assertion was not equally sacred. We walked through the Devizes fields to meet Crowe. Three, half-past three, quarter to four, no sign of him; returned to the cottage disappointed, and found he had been there waiting two hours for us. Hitherto all was well; but unluckily —— returning from Marlborough, came for his wife, and Bessy asked him to stay dinner with us. Here was Rogers's *poetical* dinner knocked up at once. What was to be done? Put as good a face on it as possible, and after standing a sidelong volley or two from Sam, — such as "asking *one* is sure to bring more;" "where a wife comes, the husband *will* make his way;" "the woman alone wouldn't have been so bad;" "but *had expected* to meet nobody but Crowe," &c. &c. After this we got on very smoothly; ——· a very quiet and gentleman-like *listener*, and his wife a very rosy and good-humoured *looker-on;* Crowe a fine old man, but has lost everything of verse except the longs and shorts. Talked of Milton: his greater laxity of metre in the "Paradise Regained" than in the "Paradise Lost." R. thought this was from system, but Crowe and I thought it from *laziness.* Crowe had reckoned the instances of lines with supernumerary syllables, and found more in the first two books of "Paradise Regained" than in all "Paradise Lost." The beauty of monosyllable verses, "He jests at scars," &c.; the couplet, "Sigh on my lip: * * * Give all thou canst," &c.; and many others, the most vigorous and musical perhaps of any. Personifications; Thomson's "See where the power of cultivation," &c. But the most ridiculous of all is Darwin's "And Indignations half unsheathe their swords."

A little corps of indignations! Darwin mounts Kirwan the philosopher on a chameleon, guiding it with a silk string. To read of a man that one knows and meets every day being mounted on a chameleon. The tax-gatherers might hear of it, and inquire whether the gentleman had duly given in his chameleon. Talked of Combe; said to be the writer of Macleod's "Loo-Choo," as he certainly was of Lord Lyttleton's "Letters," and many other books of other people's. "Doctor Syntax" is his. Combe kicked Lord Lyttleton downstairs at some watering-place, for having ridiculed Lady Archer by calling her a drunken peacock, on account of the sort of rainbow feathers and dress she wore. Lord L. also had rolled a piece of blancmange into a ball, and, covering it with variegated comfits said, "This is the sort of egg a drunken peacock would lay." Crowe knew Mickle, who was a compositor for the press: thinks a poem of Mickle's, called "Sir Martin," equal to Beattie's "Minstrel." Bowles's personification of "the Spirit of Discovery by Sea" as bad as any. The Spirit of Discovery by *Land* is, I suppose, the police of Bow Street. Sung for them in the evening. Showed them a poem sent to me a few months since, written by a girl of fourteen: Crowe's comments on it highly amusing. The Lansdownes sent their carriage for Rogers. The —— and Crowe stayed to supper; and after the Miltonic veteran was well primed with brandy and water, I saw him across the valley with my lantern to Hughes's, where he had a bed, Bessy's precarious state not admitting of a stranger in the house just now.

23rd. Crowe to breakfast. Received a letter from Jane Kearney, wanting another epitaph shorter than the one I sent for her father, and hinting that it would be better if somewhat more solemn and religious. Walked over with Crowe to call at Bowood; met Rogers, who returned with

us there. Saw Lord Lansdowne — *kind* and *amiable as usual.* I find he gains upon one's heart in the true way, *piano e sano.* Talked to Crowe about Lewesdon Hill, which, for the first time, I learned is near Bridport. Spoke of Bishop Shipley, and about the dialogue which gave rise to the trial; and which, I think Parr told me, was written originally by Shipley; but I must be wrong; it was only published by Shipley. Talked of Sir W. Jones, who died at forty-seven; and so did Addison. Addison, according to the tradition of Holland House, used, when composing, to walk up and down the long gallery there, with a bottle of wine at each end of it, which he finished during the operation. There is a little white house, too, near the turnpike, to which he used to retire when the Countess was particularly troublesome. Walked through the grounds of Bowood. Crowe repeated some political things he had written, and which he is half inclined to publish, under the title, "Sweepings of my Uncle's Study;" one of them was on the birth of the King, and rather poetically imagined: he supposes the good and evil Genii all assembled on the occasion, and the latter spoiling every gift which the former conferred on the infant. Two lines I remember for their rhyme: he describes the evil Genii with faces livid as those one sees

> "After a battle, such as Cribb's is,
> And spiteful as Sir Vicary Gibbs is."

Returned home to dinner at four; went to bed early, and was called up by Bessy at half-past eleven o'clock: sent for the midwife, who arrived between one and two, and at a quarter before four my darling Bessy was safely delivered of a son (and heir *in partibus*), to my unspeakable delight, for never had I felt half such anxiety about her. I walked about the parlour by myself, like one distracted; some-

times stopping to pray, sometimes opening the door to listen; and never was gratitude more fervent than that with which I knelt down to thank God for the dear girl's safety, when all was over — (the maid, by the by, very near catching me on my knees). Went to bed at six o'clock.

24th. Rose at half-past nine. Bessy and the little hero surprisingly well. Wrote to Lord Lansdowne, Rogers, &c.: Lord Lansdowne's answer most friendly and flattering. I wish he had offered to be godfather; had not courage to ask him. Walked to Devizes for money: drew on Wilkie for 40*l.*: the little prodigal is no sooner born than money is wanted for him. Returned to dinner at five.

25th (Sunday). Resumed my Sheridan task, from which I have been diverted and disturbed all the last week. At Bessy's request read prayers by her bedside, and joined heartily with her in thanksgiving for her safe delivery.

26th. Delicious weather. Told by King, the apothecary, that he has received letters from Yorkshire, saying that the common people there are alarmed at the unusual warmth of the season, and think that something miraculous is about to happen. Walked about all day, working at S. In the evening read "Joseph Andrews" to Bessy: have not read it since I was a boy, and had forgot how gratuitously gross many of the scenes are.

27th. Dined at Bowood. Rogers went away yesterday. The company, besides the Aucklands, Lord and Lady Ilchester, two sons of Bobus Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Oakden, and Lysons, the Magna Britannia man, come to see Lord Ilchester about some Roman pavement which has been found on his lordship's estate. Had some conversation with Lord Lansdowne before dinner. Talked of the impeachment of Hastings; asked him his impression on

the subject. He said he looked upon Hastings as an irregular man, using violent means for purposes, which, perhaps, nothing but irregular and violent means would answer, as his command and situation in India were of such a particularly difficult and embarrassing nature. Agreed with me, that the impeachment was a sort of dramatic trial of skill, got up from the various motives I mentioned: to which he added, what had not struck me before, Dundas's fear of Hastings' ascendancy in Indian affairs, both from his knowledge and talent, and his favour with the King, to whom the arbitrariness of Hastings' government was rather a recommendation of him: Dundas used India as a sort of colony for Scotland. Talked of the great question about the abatement of an impeachment by dissolution of Parliament, upon which the lawyers and statesmen divided, and the latter had the best of it in every respect: Erskine too much of a lawyer not to join his craft on this occasion. When Burke was told of Erskine's opinion, "What!" said he, "a nisi-prius lawyer give an opinion on an impeachment! as well might a rabbit, that breeds fifty times in the year, pretend to understand the gestation of an elephant." How admirable this is! Tried Lord Lansdowne on the subject of coalitions, and said that nothing could be more absurd than to condemn that sort of coalition, of which all *parties* must consist, made up as they are of individuals differing in shades of opinion, but compromising these differences for the sake of one general object; but that it was quite another thing when the opposition in sentiments was not only total and radical, but recently and violently expressed. Here we were interrupted. At dinner sat next to Lord Auckland. Talked of Bowles and extempore preachers: the broken metaphors to which they are subject. Mentioned that I remembered, when a

boy, hearing Kirwan talk of the "Glorious *lamp* of day on its *march*;" and Conolly, a great Roman Catholic preacher, say, "On the wings of Charity the torch of Faith was borne, and the Gospel preached from pole to pole." Lord A. mentioned a figure of speech of Sir R. Wilson at Southwark, "As well might you hurl back the thunderbolt to its electric cradle." This led to ——'s oratory: mentioned I had heard him on the trial of Guthrie, and the ludicrous effect which his mixture of flowers with the matter-of-fact statement produced; something this way: "It was then, gentlemen of the jury, when this serpent of seduction, stealing into the bowers of that earthly paradise, the lodgings of Mr. Guthrie, in Gloucester Street, when, embittering with his venom that heaven of happiness, where all above was sunshine, all below was flowers, he received a card to dine with the Connaught Bar at the Porto-Bello Hotel," &c. When I told Curran of the superabundant floridness of this speech, he said, "My dear Tom, it will never do for a man to turn painter, merely upon the strength of having a pot of colours by him, unless he knows how to lay them on." Lord L. told a good story of his French servant, when Mansell, the Master of Trinity, came to call upon him, announcing him as "Maître des Cérémonies de la Trinité." Talked of the "Pursuits of Literature," and the sensation it produced when published. Matthias's Italian poetry: Mr. Oakden said he had heard Florentines own he came nearer their poetry than any other foreigner had done, but that still he was *but* a foreigner at it. I mentioned a translation, by W. Spencer, of a song of mine ("The Wreath you wove") into Italian, which passed with me and others for legitimate, till one day I repeated it to Buonaiuti*, and when I came to "Un foglio inaridito" (one

* The Librarian of Holland House.

faded leaf), he said, "Wrong: foglio is the leaf of a book; the leaf of a tree is foglia." This annihilated it at once, for *una foglia* would not suit the metre. Talked of the unlucky number thirteen at dinner. Mentioned that, at Catalani's one day, perceiving there was that number at dinner, she sent a French countess, who lived with her, upstairs, to remedy the grievance; but, soon after, La Cainea coming in, the poor moveable countess was brought down again. Lord L. said he had dined once abroad, with Count Orloff, and perceived he did not sit down at dinner, but kept walking round from chair to chair; and he found afterwards from Orloff it was because the *Narishkin* (I think) were at table, who he knew would rise instantly if they perceived the number thirteen, which Orloff would have made by sitting down himself. Lord L. said that blackguard was a word of which he could not make out the origin. It had been said it was from a guard of soldiers in black, who attended at the execution of Charles the First; but the word was, he believed, older than that period; and, besides, it did not appear that any such circumstance took place. Music in the evening. Mrs. Oakden played the "Ranz des Vaches" and the beautiful "Chaconne" of Jomelli.

28th. Trying to be busy, but not doing much. Before going to bed, played over some of Haydn's quartetts, and a lesson or two of Kozeluch's. I used to like Kozeluch as a boy, and expected more in him now than I find. This is the way in everything; the pleasure of being easily pleased seldom survives our youth.

29th. Have got Sheridan fairly married at last, and now enter into a new region of his life, for which my *viatica* are not half so abundant as in the early part of the journey. Mrs. Bowles called with a Mr. D——, a quiet,

precise-mannered man, who invited me to Oxford: he said that a sort of Pompeii has been discovered at Bath; a great part of a Roman street or streets, and some remains of the houses; about 3000 coins, too, discovered. Dined with Hughes: asked him what was the feeling of the natives in India about Hastings when he was there: he said they quite worshipped his name; he saw an old Brahmin nearly go down on his knees in mentioning him.

30th. Worked a little at "Sheridan:" badly off for materials; almost reduced to Watkins. Received the Edinburgh Magazine (Blackwood's) for November. A malicious and canting article in it against myself, in which the fellow has both misrepresented and misquoted my song of "The Legacy," which he says I have put into the mouth of a "dying poet." What a blockhead! with these two lines that begin one of the verses, staring him in the face —

> "Keep this *cup*, which is *now* o'erflowing,
> To grace your revel when I'm at rest."

I find I am no gainer by the change of Ministry in this magazine: used to be praised in it before Murray came into power: how's this? Dined with ——, very dull; but he gave us claret; *et c'est toujours quelque chose:* dulness and port together are the devil. Raffles has done a spirited thing at his new government (Bencoolen): he has dismissed his bodyguard, and says he has full confidence in the Malays, whom he knows and trusts: this is the way to win a people. It is still more spirited if what —— says is true, that the last resident there was murdered.

31st. Walked into Devizes. Made, while I walked, the following stanza of a song supposed to be sung by

Murray to the tune of the "Christening of Little Joey," at a grand literary dinner which he gives:

"Beware, ye bards of each degree,
From Wordsworth down to Packwood,
Two rods I've got to tickle ye —
The 'Quarterly' and 'Blackwood.'
Not Cribb himself more handsomely
Your hollow noddles crack would;
I'll *fib* you in the 'Quarterly,'
And *ruffian* you in 'Blackwood!'

"So tremble, bards of each degree," &c. &c.

Wrote a letter to the "Chronicle" signed "J. P., Croydon," about the misrepresentation and misquotation in Blackwood's article. Wrote also to Murray, hoping he would soon put into practice the intention Wilkie told me he had of coming down here, and sending him the above stanza for his *amusement.*

November 1st. Worked a little at "Sheridan." In the evening read "Joseph Andrews" to Bessy. How well Fielding knew human nature when he made the poor frail Betty such a ready and good-natured creature! Received a long letter from my friend Dr. Parkinson, inclosing as usual a little sum for his goddaughter Anastasia; — an excellent man, and of a most gentle nature, ill-calculated to bear such a rebuff as he once had from Paley. Parkinson was saying that Bakewell, the great breeder of cattle, had the power of fattening his sheep in whatever part of the body he chose, and could direct it to shoulder, leg, &c. just as he thought proper; "and this," says Parkinson, "is the great problem of his art." "It's a lie, sir," says Paley, "and that's the solution of it."

2nd. Received a letter from Mr. Croker (the Irish gentleman whom I have mentioned in the advertisement to the seventh number of my "Melodies," as having made us

many valuable communications) dated yesterday evening, Castle Inn, Devizes, telling me he had stopped on his way to London for the purpose of seeing me. Walked into Devizes; found him a much younger man than I expected, not quite one-and-twenty; an enthusiast in the music and antiquities of Ireland. Ordered a chaise and brought him home to dinner with me. Told me of a good piece of waggery they have in the village where he lives, about three miles from Cork. The mayor of Cork, a very pompous knight, made many ostentatious displays during his office, and whatever he did, a club of these young fellows who called themselves "the corporation," imitated. When *he* gave a dinner, they did the same, and sent out cards that were a sort of parody on his. When he went down the river in pomp to visit some public works, they had a sort of procession *up* the river to perform the same sort of ceremony on the Potato Quay. He had a medal struck to commemorate the half-centenary of the King's reign, and they had gingerbread struck on the same occasion; and when *he* sent one of these medals to the Regent, they sent one of their gingerbreads to him, covered with gold leaf. I wonder the poor mayor did not die of it. Mentioned a tolerably fair punning *jeu-d'esprit*, written by one of his friends, upon an attempt made by a Mr. Aikin to speak a prologue at a private play they had, in which he failed totally, and laid his failure upon the bad prompting of a Mr. Hardy, to whom he gave the manuscript for that purpose. I remember the following:

> "Aikin says Hardy prompts not loud enough;
> Hardy has too much taste to read such stuff;
> Aikin was *hardy* to attempt to speak,
> Hardy was aikin (*aching*) for the speaker's sake."

By his account there must be some very gay and clever

fellows in Cork. Brought me a translation of an Italian ode to Buonaparte, which one of these Cork gentlemen wished to present to me. Gave me also some national airs copied out by himself in the most beautiful manner,—perfect specimens of calligraphy. He also draws with very great taste, and engraves. Played and sung to him the seventh number, which he had not seen. The chaise took him back to Devizes at nine.

3rd. Mr. Estcourt (member for Devizes, and Lord Sidmouth's relative) called; his second visit; and left an invitation for me to dinner on Monday next. Received a letter from Linley, in which he tells me that Sheridan's creditors mean to resist any exclusive property in his works, It was for this purpose, no doubt, the meeting of his creditors was called by Burgess, the solicitor, the other day in an advertisement, which surprised me not a little, in the "Chronicle." What effect this will have upon the publication of the works or life, I know not. Wilkie and Murray, it seems, are about to take advice of counsel. Read "Joseph Andrews" to Bessy after dinner.

4th. Received two most civil and anxious letters from that great "Bibliopola Tryphon," Murray, expressing his regret at the article against me in "Blackwood," and his resolution to give up all concern in it if it contained any more such personalities. Read, with a shock I have hardly ever felt before, the account of that great and amiable man Romilly's death, in the papers. He has left a void behind in public life that no one can fill up. But what a splendid martyrdom to conjugal love! She was too, if I mistake not, a simple, gay, *unlearned* woman; no *Blue;* no, if she *had* been, such a man as Romilly could not have loved her so much.

5th. Miserably wet day. Bessy ill, and myself in the

blue devils: such days are hardly *existence*. Wrote to Dr. Parr, to remind him that he had promised to be godfather, if my forthcoming babe should prove to be a son. Think of Richard Power for the other sponsor: should like Lord Lansdowne, but hate asking; and Bessy, who is independence to her heart's core, hates it still more.

6th. A dinner at Phipps's hanging over me all the morning: resolved however, about three, to send an apology and dine at home, which was a relief from my *day*-mare. While I was at dinner Lord Lansdowne called; was denied to him; but he asked to write a note, and the maid was showing him upstairs, so in my alarm lest he should surprise Bess, I made my appearance, and brought him into the parlour, where the little things and I were in the very thick of boiled beef and carrots. He sat some time; talked of poor Romilly; said he had hardly slept since he heard of the circumstance; wondered they had not applied leeches. I asked whether R.'s affection for his wife was so very strong as to account for this effect; he said it was; but Romilly was a stern, reserved sort of man, and she was the only person in the world to whom he wholly unbent and unbosomed himself; when he lost her, therefore, the very vent of his heart was stopped up. Said he came to ask me to meet Dugald Stewart at dinner either next day or the day after. The Stewarts have been at Bowood now three or four days, and leave him on Monday. Fixed Sunday to dine there. Felt my long-thought-of request for him to be godfather rising to my tongue, and thought I might as well let it out; *did* so; and he consented with much kindness, saying he was proud "to be elected" to the office. Read "Joseph Andrews" to Bessy in the evening.

7th. Thought of a good project for a political squib, — a series of *flash* letters from the pugilists that have been exhibiting at Aix-la-Chapelle. 'Twill not take me long, and the hitch in the Sheridan business gives me a breathing-time from that work, which I begin to be tired of a little. Received a box of books from Hookham's. Looked over the "History of Hastings' Trial,"—a trumpery catchpenny; cannot be the history of the trial, which both Lord Holland and Lord Lansdowne mentioned to me as good.

8th. Received the promised packet from Linley, containing his sister's poems, &c. There is *one* of Sheridan's in it; little else that I can use. Sent me also his own published volume of poetry, and his Shakspeare music. Went on with my flash work which I had begun the day before; forty lines already. Received a note from one of Burdett's pretty daughters, inclosing some national airs she had got for me; *one*, she said (the Finland air, with words), would particularly please me. This happens to be my own; at least, words and arrangement. I have written to tell her so. Walked to Bowood a little after five. Company at dinner: Dugald Stewart, his wife and daughters, the Miss Edgeworths and Bowleses. Very pleasant day. Sat between Lady L. and Miss Edgeworth at dinner; both in their different ways very delightful. Talked with Miss E. of the Dublin Mrs. Lefanu, whom she seemed to have a higher notion of altogether than I had. I asked her whether the play Mrs. L. had written was not pretty good. "Oh no, pretty bad," she answered. She had, however, derived her opinion of Mrs. L.'s talents from a common friend of theirs, who loved her very much. This friend told her that Mrs. Lefanu had seen a letter to Sheridan from one of the persons

high in the American Government, towards the latter end of the war, expressing great admiration of his talents and political opinions, and telling him that 20,000*l.* were deposited with a certain banker, ready for him to draw, as a mark of their value for his services in the cause of liberty. She had also seen S.'s answer, in which, with many gratified acknowledgments of their high opinion, he begged leave to decline a gift communicated under such circumstances. Hope this is true. Said she would get the particulars. Reminded me of the night she saw me as Mungo, at a masquerade at Lady Besborough's. Told her this was the last folly I had been guilty of in the masquerading way. Brought to my mind a pun I had made in her hearing that night. Lady Clare said, "I am always found out at a masquerade." "That shows," answered I, "you are not the clair-obscure." Did very well from Mungo. Stewart talked much of Charles Sheridan, whom he knew and thought highly of. Mentioned a letter published by him without his name, addressed to Blackstone, upon some assertion of his respecting parliaments. Stewart heard S.'s Begum speech in Westminster Hall; thought some parts particularly fine; but said the transitions from the prepared declamation to the laxity of his business statements were sudden and ill-managed. Burke, from preparing these parts also, always managed the transition finely and imperceptibly. Talked of George Selwyn. Lord L. told a good thing of him. When George Grenville one night, in the house, was taken ill and fainted away, Selwyn cried out, "Why don't you give him the Journals to smell to?" Bowles objected to the lines of Burns,

> "And yet the light that led astray
> Was light from Heaven!"

as profane; and Lord L. rather agreed with him, considering them critically. I endeavoured to defend them. The best gifts may be abused so as to lead astray, and yet they all come from Heaven; or something to this purpose. Stewart said my defence was ingenious. Lord L. also took to pieces Campbell's passage in "Lochiel," "'Tis the sunset of life," as physically false. I sang in the evening. Stewart I was happy to see much delighted. When I met him some years ago at Lord Moira's, I watched him while I sang, and saw him, when I had finished, give a sort of decisive blow to the sofa, which he was reclining against. This gesticulation puzzled me, and I could not tell whether it was approbation or condemnation; but I am satisfied now. I never saw any *man* that seemed to feel my singing more deeply; the tears frequently stood in his eyes. Miss Edgeworth, too, was much affected. This is a delightful triumph to touch these higher spirits!

9th. Bowles called: is in a great fidget about his answer to Brougham; brought me a copy of it; showed me a note he had just had in praise of it, from his friend the Bishop of London, beginning "my dear Bowles." Had a letter from Lees, of the county of Wicklow, begging me to decide the question which was producing "a sort of civil war" in the neighbourhood, whether I wrote my song of "The Meeting of the Waters" under Castle Howard, at the meeting of the Avon and Avoca, or at the meeting of the rivers, four miles lower down, under Ballyarthur House. William Parnell wrote to me on the same subject two or three years since. The fact is I *wrote* the song at neither place, though I believe the scene under Castle Howard was the one that suggested it to me. But all this interest shows how wise Scott was in connecting his poetry with beautiful scenery: as long as the latter blooms,

so will the former. Twenty lines more of my flash epistle.

10th. Twenty lines more. Went to Devizes to dinner, at Salmon's. The company, Pearse, the member for Devizes, and his family, the Grubbs, &c. Pearse, a good, hearty, jolly man of the world; knows everybody; was intimate with Sheridan; told me his astonishment the other day at seeing, on looking over the books of an insurance office, 40,000*l.* opposite the name of a pawnbroker in Wardour Street. Immense insurance for a pawnbroker. Found he had been the person always employed by Sheridan for his deposits in this way, and that he now has a great number of articles of his, some of which (being corporation cups, &c., with inscriptions) the family are about to redeem. Some tolerable conundrums mentioned by the ladies: — "Why is the Prince of Homburg like a successful gamester? — Because he has gained a great Bet." "Why doesn't U go out to dinner with the rest of the alphabet? — Because it always comes after T." "What are the only two letters of the alphabet that have eyes? - - A and B, because A B C (see) D." I mentioned one or two of Beresford's (author of the "Miseries of Human Life"), most ludicrously far-fetched. "Why is a man who bets on the letter O that it will beat P in a race to the end of the alphabet, like a man asking for one sort of tobacco and getting some other? — Because it is wrong to back O (tobacco)." "Why must a man who commits murder in Leicester Square necessarily be acquitted? — Because he can prove an alley by (alibi)." Went to the ball in the evening; danced with one of the Miss Pearse's; then with a fine rosy girl of fifteen, Miss Daniels, the belle of the room; and afterwards with Mrs. Phipps. Not home and in bed till four.

11th. Twenty more flash lines; in all now one hundred.

13th. Bowles called in his carriage to take me to call at Mr. Estcourt's. Forgot that I had fixed with him to do so: couldn't get off, of course. He had, by my recommendation, read Campbell's "O'Connor's Child," and, as I expected, thought it beautiful. We again talked of the passage in "Lochiel," about "the sunset of life:" found, upon consideration, my former defence of it not tenable. It is certainly an inaccurate image, but there is something fine even in its vagueness. Read Davies' "Life of Garrick." Nearly finished my first flash epistle. Borrowed Grose's "Slang Dictionary" from Hughes, which will be of much service to the cause.

14th. Received American editions of different works of mine; "Lalla Rookh" is the third. Another poem from Miss L—— W——, the young poetess of fourteen, who before addressed something to me; a wild-brained little thing. Asked to dine with Locke next Thursday. Had a letter from Wilkie, explaining that the meeting of the creditors was called by Charles Sheridan, who has hopes of so far satisfying them as to be enabled to give Wilkie and Murray a legal title to the papers we have had from them. Wrote to Tighe, advising him not to publish Mrs. Tighe's novel, as I could not in conscience encourage the Longmans to give such a price for it as would be worth *his* while to accept. To-morrow my sweet Bessy's birthday.

15th (Sunday). This day my own excellent Bessy has completed her twenty-fifth year: she is much better this morning. Heaven send her many happy returns of this anniversary! Began another slang epistle. Finished "Joseph Andrews" to Bessy in the evening.

16th. Went on with another slang epistle. Shall return to "Sheridan" with more pleasure after this change of key. Read the "Vicar of Wakefield" to Bessy in the evening. What a gem it is! we both enjoyed it so much more than "Joseph Andrews." A man had come in the morning, a young Irishman, and said his wife had been delivered of twins on the road, and was lying without any comforts for them at a house in Sandy Lane: never could he have found Bessy in a tenderer mood for such a story. She had a large jug of caudle made instantly, which she gave him, with two little caps and two shifts out of the stock she keeps for the poor, a pound of sugar, some tea, and two shillings; one of which was *my* gift, because he was an Irishman.

17th. Our Irish friend did not bring back the pitcher as he promised. Suspicions began to arise: walked to Phipps's; called at the cottage where the fellow said his wife and twins were lying; found 'twas all a cheat. Sad hardeners of the heart these tricks are. Taken by Phipps in his gig to Laycock Abbey (the Grosset's): passed through Spye Park, and by Mrs. Dickinson's; a beautiful country. Read the "Vicar of Wakefield" to Bessy in the evening.

18th. Walked my dear Bessy for the first time into the garden; the day delightful. She went round to all her flower beds to examine their state, for she has every little leaf in the garden by heart. Took a ramble afterwards by myself through the Valley of Chitoway, and the fields. Exactly such a day as that described so beautifully by the sacred poet Herbert:

> "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
> The bridal of the earth and sky;
> Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
> For thou must die."

Wrote some more of my flash epistle; and, in the evening, finished the "Vicar of Wakefield" to Bessy; we both cried over it. Returned thanks to God most heartily for the recovery of my darling girl, and slept soundly.

19th. From between eleven and twelve till half-past three, in the garden and in the fields. Found in Grose what Lord L. alluded to the other day, the favourite toast of the Tories and Catholics in Ireland, "To the little Gentleman in Velvet;" meaning the mole, whose hillock tripped up King William's horse, Crop. Walked Bessy in the garden for half an hour. In the evening, read her some of a most silly novel, called the "Physiognomist."

20th. Another delicious day; enjoyed it thoroughly. Went on with the slang epistle. It seems profanation to write such buffoonery in the midst of this glorious sunshine; but, alas! money must be had, and these trifles bring it fastest and easiest. Read some of "Davies' Garrick;" and in the evening that most stupid "Physiognomist" to Bessy: when one begins anything in the way of a story, there is no leaving it off.

21st. Walked to Bowood, to call on Lord Lansdowne. Always kind and agreeable. Told him I was going to town. He said he could have taken me in the middle of the week; but, unluckily, I have engaged myself to go with Macdonald, who has taken our places in the coach. Lord L. asked me what was the poem of Prior's I had once mentioned to him as very pretty; he had been often trying to recollect it. It was "Dear Chloe, how blubbered," &c. &c. We took it down and read it. Nothing can be more gracefully light and gallant than this little poem. I mentioned Lowth's objections to the last two lines as ungrammatical, correctness requir-

ing "than she" and "than I;"* but it is far prettier as it is. Lord L. mentioned a line of Racine's, which D'Alembert (I think) says is bad grammar, though it would be less beautiful if more correct. Showed me a passage in Playfair, which he thought incorrect English. Talked of Dugald Stewart, and mentioned a good remark in the "Edinburgh Review," on the power he had of giving a new shade of meaning to a word without any injury to its peculiar analogy, and preparing the reader's mind previously to welcome in this new sense without hesitation. This is a power of great skill and delicacy. Lord L. walked with me, on my return, nearly home to my own house.

23rd. Left home at eleven; in coach about twelve. A jolly old farmer joined us part of the way: talked of the late elections; said he had given a plumper to Methuen because he had "flung the bill (for the additional income of the Princes) out of the house;" at the same time showing by his gesture that he understood that Methuen had actually thrown the bill out of doors. Upon finding Macdonald was in the navy, told him he had also when young thought of going aboard a merchant ship; but his father said, "Don't go with *they*, boy; go with a man-of-war; thou bee'st scollard enough for that." Fare to Reading, 1*l.* 12*s.*; slept there; share of the bill, 1*l.* 3*s.*; fare to town, 14*s.* Macdonald told me some interesting naval stories; particularly of Corbet's towing the French frigate off, after she had cut her cable to run on shore. Dined by myself at the George, opposite the Haymarket; and had oysters at night at the York, in St. James's Street.

* "For thou art a girl as much prettier than her,
As he is a poet sublimer than me." PRIOR'S *Poems.*

24th. Called upon Power, and received Miss Lee's (Mr. Strutt's governess) volume, "Leaves," with copies to be presented to Rogers and Lady Morgan. She thus, at last, acknowledges it, after having long praised it to me as another's: but I suspected her throughout. Went to Longmans': told them of my intention immediately to break up my deposit, leaving only 515*l.* in their hands for Anastasia; their promptitude and clearness in business most satisfactory. Went to Toller, my proctor, about my Bermuda business: showed him the letters I had received, which gave him some hopes that the claimants cannot prove the money was ever paid into my office: left the letters with him. Met Taylor, editor of the "Sun," who told me an anecdote of Sheridan. When some severe charges against him (relating, Taylor said, to his affair with Matthews) appeared in the "Bath Chronicle," he called upon Woodfall, printer of the "Chronicle," and requested him to insert them, in order that they might gain universal circulation, and that his answer, which he meant soon to prepare, might be understood as universally. Woodfall complied with his request, but the refutation never was written: so that the venom was by this means spread, and his indolence prevented him from ever supplying the antidote. Taylor said he was going to pass the evening with Peter Pindar, who is now eighty-one, and (as I understood him) bed-ridden: but his mind still sprightly and vigorous. Repeated me the epigrams he had lately dictated to him, upon Lawrence's very *juvenile* picture of the Regent. The point of one was, that the Regent, so far from being slim as represented by Lawrence, would, if he went to Greenland Dock, be boiled down as blubber. It is amusing enough to contrast the politics of Taylor's paper with his conversation and sentiments in private.

How the public is humbugged! Called upon Lady Donegal, who had just returned from a range of royal visits at Kew, Carlton House, &c: very indignant at the way the Queen's character is vilified in the newspapers. Don't wonder she defends the Queen, who was always very kind to her; and once, I recollect, did her the honour of working a handkerchief for her, like one of her own, which Lady D. admired. Happy to find dear Lady D. so much better. She and her sisters admirable creatures. Dined with the Longmans. Saw the replies to the Fudges, printed so like mine, that Davidson the printer said he would at first sight take his oath it was the same book. Impudent thing — putting the name of "Thomas Brown" to the catch-penny. Looked over the file of the "St. James's Chronicle" for 1772, and found an extract of a letter from Bath about Sheridan. Found that Murray had shown my verses about the "Quarterly" and "Blackwood" to several, who were much amused with them. Eat shrimps at the York at night.

25th. Received a letter from Lord Holland asking me to Holland House, and bidding me "bring my night-cap." Answered for the next day. Called upon Wilkie. The Sheridan business in a very awkward way. Burgess, the solicitor who called the creditors, evidently a creditor himself, and finding by the agreement of the booksellers with Mrs. T. Sheridan, that there are *thousands* talked of, is resolved to have a finger in the pie. Very natural, but very likely to upset the whole concern. Burgess told Murray there was but one creditor urgent, and that for 350*l.* he would stop this nameless person's mouth. Quite the old Sheridan trick. This 350*l.* evidently for himself; but how could he have the face to say that such a sum would settle everything! Dined at the George; and

went to Lady D. (whom I had promised to dine with) in the evening. Sung after tea, but was obliged soon to stop. Music has always a most powerful effect upon her; but, in the present weak state of her nerves, one more such song as "Oft in the Stilly Night" would have evidently thrown her into hysterics. Mr. C. came in; a *ci-devant jeune homme*, which is always a melancholy anachronism.

26th. Called upon Power, and mustered up courage enough to tell him that I could not take less than the clear 500*l.* a-year in our future agreement, without any deductions, such as had been made before for the arrangement of my music; left him to consider of it. Went to Holland House; had some conversation with Lord H. before dinner. Mentioned to me a curious scene which he had with Sheridan and the Prince while they were in power. S. having told him (while they waited in an antechamber) about some public letter which he had corrected or re-written for the Prince, the latter, on their admission to him, told quite a different story, referring to S., who all the while courteously bowed assent; and, said Lord H., "I could not, for the soul of me, make out which was the liar." Some talk with Lord John Russell before dinner; asked him about his "Life of Lord Russell," which I had heard he was about to publish. He told me he had shown it to Allen, who had made some criticisms on the style, and had particularly objected to the word "developе" as not English. This is nonsense; the word is not only naturalised, but we have no other that will do in its place. "Unfold" or "lay open" do not mean half so much. The party at dinner: Lord John, Tierney, Sharpe, Wishaw, Roger Wilbraham, Rogers, and Mrs. Sydney Smith. Lord Holland's stories and mimicry of Parr highly diverting. Parr had lately written to him, desiring that he would read

"Imbonatus de Moribus Tragicorum." Somebody remarked very justly that Parr knows the crossways of learning better than the highways; — fond of surprising his readers with what seems English Latin (such as *faciunt terras*, for "make the land," and *capit*, in the sense of "succeeds," or "takes"), and then producing his authority for it. In the evening much talk about Sheridan. The trial between him and Delpini about a joke which he put into "Robinson Crusoe," stolen from a pantomime of Delpini's, of which he had "had the reading." The joke consisted in pulling off a man's boot, and pulling the leg off *with* it. I must inquire about this. It seems too comical to be true. Was it as "literary property" this joke was claimed? Sheridan told Tierney that he had written the greater part of Tickell's "Anticipation." Lord H., too, told us that when the "Stranger" was first performed, he dined with Sheridan and Canning for the purpose of going to see it: and when S., pulling a bottle of wine from beside him, said, "I have a secret bottle here" (meaning to parody his own song in the "Stranger," "I have a silent sorrow here"), Canning remarked, "You know, S., those verses are Tickell's," and referred to the place they were taken from; on which S. answered, "But don't you know that I wrote most of those verses for Tickell?" This seems to agree with the assertion in Mrs. Crouch's "Memoirs," that the songs of the "Carnival of Venice" were by Sheridan, though they certainly are not at all like his style. But where is the song to be found from which is taken "I have a silent sorrow here?" Tickell, all agreed, was a disagreeable fellow, and envied Sheridan. Sheridan's answer to Lord Lauderdale excellent. On the latter saying he would repeat some good thing S. had mentioned to him, "*Pray don't, my dear*

Lauderdale; a joke in your mouth is no laughing matter." We spoke of what he said to Tarleton about the ass and the mule: it was with respect to the result of the war in Spain. They all pronounced it excellent, and I suppose it is so. "Ask'st thou how long my love will stay?" (a song of Sheridan's), which I have traced to Montreuil and Menage, is more immediately (as Lord Holland pointed out to me) taken from Hume's essay called the "Epicurean." Lady Thanet was the person who had first remarked this to him. Sheridan's ignorance of French. Lord H. mentioned how amusing it was, on the discussion of Lord Auckland's "Memorial to the States-General," to hear Sheridan and Dundas, neither of whom understood a syllable of French, disputing upon the meaning of the word "*malheureux*," while Mr. Fox, &c. sat by silent. "I have always thought (said Dundas) that *maleroo* means 'unfortunate gentleman.'" Lord H. imitated Lord Thurlow. His phrase in a speech (resembling that of Johnson's "shallows are always clear"), "perspicuous, but, my lords, not less shallow for being perspicuous." Thurlow, all seemed to agree, a great humbug. Mr. Fox's saying, "I suppose no one ever was so wise as Thurlow *looks*, — that is impossible." The Prince's imitation of Thurlow excellent. I mentioned I had heard him give it at his own table at Carlton House; and Tom Sheridan told me the story with which he introduced it was made extempore. If Tom S. said true, it showed great quickness of invention. Lord H. told me of the Prince's mimicking Basilico, Mr. Fox's servant, saying to him (the Prince), "I have had de honneur, sare, of being at Windsor. I have see your fader; he looks as well as ever;" — the latter words spoken in a side whisper and a rueful face, as if sympathising with what he thought the Prince must feel at the intelli-

gence. Had some talk with Allen about coalitions: he referred me for his opinions upon that between Fox and Lord Grenville, to the "History of Europe" in the "Annual Register" for 1806, which he himself had written. With respect to the coalition of Fox and Lord North, he considered it to have been rendered quite necessary by the overwhelming power of the Court, which could not otherwise have been opposed than by a union of the two included parties. I asked Lord H. whose were the two famous jokes about the Bourbons and the peace which S., with his usual coolness in these matters, appropriated to himself? He said the former one was Sir A. Pigott's, and the latter Francis's. Francis was very angry at the robbery. Sheridan's witticisms (those which were his own) all made *à loisir*, and kept by him with a patience quite miraculous, till the exact moment when they might be brought forward with best effect. This accounts for his general silence in company, and the admirable things that came when he *did* speak.

27th. Slept at Holland House. Walked before breakfast with Tierney, Rogers, &c., in the garden, and read Luttrell's very pretty verses, written under Lord Holland's, in the seat called "Rogers's seat." The breakfast very agreeable: Lord Holland full of sunshine as usual. "He always comes down to breakfast (says Rogers very truly) like a man upon whom some sudden good fortune had just fallen." We talked of the oddity of the Scotch law terms; and Lord H. reminded Tierney (who had been engaged in some Scotch lawsuit) of the doleful face with which he once told him that they had *multo-propoinded* him." He also mentioned the ludicrous effect Lord Lauderdale produced upon a company by telling them, "By the Lord, they have *praconised* Garthland,"

i. e. precognised. Walked into town with Tierney. He thinks I shall have a good escape of it if my "Life of Sheridan" is given up. Told me of the sequel of Sheridan's magnanimous refusal of the registrarship of Malta for Tom; which was his asking of Tierney to get the place for him for somebody else. When Sheridan, upon the awkward business with Lord Yarmouth and the household, called upon Tierney, in the House, to attest his independent conduct in refusing the place for Tom, Tierney, after having stated what he knew of this part of the story, asked (for says he, "I was in a devil of a passion") whether he should proceed to the rest of the transaction? "No, thank you," says Sheridan very coolly, "that will do." Tierney said Sheridan was generally wrong about financial matters. It was certainly a fine holiday time for Mr. Pitt when he had no abler critic of his financial schemes than Sheridan. Pitt, however, had a very high idea of him, and thought him, Tierney said, "a far greater man than Mr. Fox." I remarked how soon great men are forgot in England: he thought at present Lord Chatham was better remembered than Mr. Pitt,—perhaps because his career was a popular one—"with the mob, the whole of his course." Burke had done more mischief than any one. I remarked that even the good he had done by his early writings he had completely neutralised by his later ones; for nothing in favour of liberty could be cited from the one, to which a totally contradictory and counteracting sentiment might not be brought forward from the other. "Sheridan," Tierney said, "worked very hard when he had to prepare himself for any great occasion. His habit was, on these emergencies, to rise at four in the morning (*can this* be true?), to light up a prodigious quantity of candles around him, and eat toasted muffins while he worked." Parted with Tierney

at Lord Boyle's, and called upon Hobhouse, who is quite sure of being elected for Westminster, and furious against the Whigs; who, in return, are sulky towards him. Was to have walked out again with Tierney, but missed him, and went by the stage. Party at dinner: Rogers, Tierney, Sharpe, and Mrs. Smith. Lord John dined with the Fox Club. Talked in the evening of the late George Ellis, of whom I knew but little. Remarked how unintelligible and confused he was in his conversation (particularly upon business), though so clear in his style of writing. The conversation at dinner chiefly about Swift's wretched views of human life, and the pleasure he had in depreciating and degrading his species. His "Yahoos" detestable. Swift laboured to render every one disgusted with the world; Voltaire only tries to make us laugh at everything in it. The one would make the most trifling things grievances; the other would make the most important things ridiculous. Asked Lord H. whether he thought the Prince's letters during the first Regency were really written by Burke, as I had some little suspicion that they might have been done by Sheridan; though the style was perhaps too unambitious and chastised for him; as indeed it was for Burke. He said he knew nothing about those letters, but Lord Minto, he believed, wrote much for the Prince at that time. S.'s conduct (Lord H. said) during that first Regency question, when he had perfect possession of the Prince, was highly fair and honourable. Had the pleasure of putting into Rogers's hand a draft for my long-owed debt of five hundred pounds.

28th. Another very agreeable breakfast, though a very late one — not till nearly twelve o'clock. Tierney mentioned two bonmots of Mr. Pitt: one was his adding to Sir W. Curtis's toast ("A speedy peace and soon"),

"soon, if possible;" and the other, his answer to some militia or yeomanry commander, who reminded him that they had stipulated never to quit the country,—"Never," said Pitt, "*except in case of actual invasion.*" I also mentioned Sir W. Curtis's conundrum, "Why is a towel like a serpent? — Because it's a *wiper.*" A blunder told of some Irishman, whose wife's brother was heir to a large fortune, saying, "If my wife had been her brother, what a large fortune," &c. &c. Talked of the Whig feeling that prevailed among the officers of the navy; their idea that the navy is the parliamentary force, while the army belongs to the king. The navy offended by having the crown put over the anchor some years ago. This, I think, not true. The Prince, at one time, thought of giving red waistcoats and breeches to the navy; at another time he is reported to have said, upon some consultation for a change of their costume, "D—n them; dress them how you will, you cannot make them look like gentlemen." Rogers mentioned to me a letter which Sharpe received from Sir J. Mackintosh the very day poor Romilly died, expressing an apprehension that *he* would be the next great man lost; and speaking very touchingly of him and other superior spirits, to whom they had been accustomed to look up in their "age of admiration." Rogers wished me to go and dine this day with his brother and sister at Highbury. I assented, if he would take upon himself to stand the brunt of Lady Holland's displeasure on the occasion. In for a very amusing scene between them on the subject, she insisting upon keeping me, and he most miraculously courageous and persevering in taking me away. "Why," says she to me, "do you allow him to dispose of you thus, like a little bit of literary property?" Dined at Highbury. Miss Rogers very agreeable: men-

tioned a letter she had had from a friend in Germany, saying that the Germans were learning English in order to read Lord Byron and *me*. Rogers mentioned too that Fearon, in his account of America, describes the conversation there as very much occupied about the same two personages. Must look at Fearon for this. Returned home to Duke Street.

29th. Called upon Lord Lansdowne, who is returning to Wiltshire the day after to-morrow, and offers to take me. Cannot go. Called upon Perry, who has been very ill. Seemed to think that the coming in of the Duke of Wellington would lead ultimately to the break-up of the present administration. Asked me to dine with him to-morrow, when he half expected the Duke of Sussex to dine with him. Promised. Dined to-day with Scrope Davies to meet Jackson the boxer at my own request, as I want to pick up as much of the flash, *from authority*, as possible. Some talk with Davies before dinner, about Lord Byron and me having been so near blowing each other's brains out: told him that Lord B. had said since he never meant to fire at me. Davies was with him at the time this hostile correspondence took place, and offered to bet upon friendship against fighting as the most likely result. The event found him right. Lord B.'s conduct on this occasion was full of manliness and candour. Told him the particulars of an affair afterwards with Harry Greville, in which Byron employed me as his friend; Leckie (the Sicilian Leckie) was Greville's. It was settled without a meeting. I refused to enter into any negotiation upon the letter which Greville had written to demand an explanation, as it was an offence in itself from the unbecoming terms in which it was couched. Leckie accordingly consented to withdraw the letter; and, putting

a pen into my hand, begged me to erase the passages I objected to. I made, of course, free use of the pen; and he got Greville to write the letter over again, not telling him we had ever seen it. With such an accommodating second it was easy, of course, to settle the matter triumphantly. Got very little out of Jackson; he makes, Davies tells me, more than a thousand a-year by teaching sparring. Caleb Baldwin is the teacher in the city.

30th. Dined with Perry. The Duke of Sussex did not come, so we had the princely dinner to ourselves. Told me how the Regent had treated the Duke. On the latter's going to hear the will of the Queen read, he was kept near four hours waiting alone, and then told he must come again next day; but found afterwards they had been reading the will all the while he had been kept waiting. Looked over Smirke's beautiful "Don Quixote" in the evening. Found a note from Lady Holland on my return home, saying they expect me to-morrow.

December 1st. Called upon Gifford, editor of the "Quarterly;" have known him long, but forbore from calling upon him ever since I meditated "Lalla Rookh," lest it might look like trying to propitiate his criticism; the mildest man in the world till he takes a pen in his hand, but then all gall and spitefulness. Spoke of Holland House. He knew it, he said, by report: wished there was a Holland House on the other side of the question, but there was not: said it was in politics and literature what Sir J. Banks's house was in science: and neither could be replaced. Asked me whether I was not disgusted by the vile imitation of the "Fudges" just come out. This took me by surprise a little. Went to Holland House in the stage. Had some conversation before dinner with Rogers about his poem, which he is daily adding

couplets to. Mackintosh's expression, the "age of admiration," is the one now in the crucible. Party at dinner, Lord Alvanley, Berkeley Craven, Lady Affleck, Sharpe, and Rogers. Sat next Lord Alvanley, and had much conversation with him about Lords Forbes and Ranclifle, and others of my early cronies. The conversation to-day of rather a commoner turn than usual, on account of these slang bucks, but still very agreeable. Alvanley just hits that difficult line between the gentleman and the jolly fellow, and mixes their shades together very pleasantly; but Craven goes further. Though clever in his way, he is too decidedly *flash* in his tones, words, manner, everything. When one meets him in such company, "one wonders how the devil he got there." Lord Holland told an excellent story which he had heard from Latin, of a trick practised to attract people to a coffee-house in Paris, by announcing that they should see there an animal between a rabbit and a carp: and when you went in, the man told you, with a grave face, that "M. Lacépède, the great naturalist, had just sent for this curious animal, in order to make some experiment; "mais voici," added he, "ses respectable parens" (showing a rabbit and a carp), que vous trouverez très intéressans," &c. &c. "Sheridan," Lord H. said, was "an annual parliament and universal suffrage man," but it seemed rather as a waggery that he adopted it. "There is nothing like it," he would say; "the most convenient thing in the world. When people come to you with plans of reform, your answer is ready: don't talk to me of your minor details; I am for annual parliaments and universal suffrage; nothing short of that."

2nd. Conversation at breakfast about late hours. The porter of the late Lord Jersey came to some one and complained he could not stay with the Jerseys, because my

lady was the very latest woman in London." "Well, but what then? All women of fashion are late, you can sleep afterwards." "Ah no, sir, that's not all, for my lord is the earliest gentleman in London; and, between the two, I get no sleep at all." I mentioned the circumstance of a man from the country visiting his friend in town, and both sleeping in the same bed, without ever meeting for a fortnight. Dined by myself at the George, and went afterwards to Covent Garden, to Lady Oxford's box. A rare set of Reformers surrounding her and her lively daughters: Hobhouse, Douglas Kinnaird, Scrope Davies. The play, a new tragedy, "Junius Brutus;" a good deal of merit in it.

3rd. Called upon Carpenter, who told me for 200*l.* he would give me a receipt in full, my debt to him, including interest and book-account, being 450*l.*; but as he was under so many obligations to me, he would reduce it to 200*l.* It is strange but Carpenter never, from my first dealings with him, would give me a regular account. Dined with Douglas and his pretty young wife; and went with him, his sister, and wife's sister, to Covent Garden: the "Rivals" and "Rose d'Amour;" some pretty music in the latter. Had gone in the morning to the pawnbroker in Wardour Street, of whom Pearce, the M. P. for Devizes, told me. The only piece of plate with an inscription on it he had of Sheridan's was one from the corporation of Stafford, and this Charles Sheridan bought; but the books he had of Sheridan's (all in elegant bindings, presented to him by his friends, with their names in them), he had first sold in lots to different people. This pawnbroker seems to have behaved with great delicacy and disinterestedness. He might have made what he pleased by these books, by signifying his possession of them to the world; but he pre-

ferred, as he said, getting little more than the money he paid for them, to doing anything which might expose the memory and character of Sheridan. His name is Harrison. I now recollect many years ago hearing Sheridan say, at Donington Park, that he was about to form a library, and not being rich enough to buy books, he had signified to his friends that nothing would be more welcome to him than a gift of a set of books from each. Lord Moira at the time gave him a very handsome set. It now appears into what vortex all these gifts were swallowed. The pawnbroker says there were some books among them with my name; but I do not recollect having given him any. Found a note from Scrope Davies, on my return home very late, to say that we must be in our chaise for the fight (which I had engaged to go to see with him) at eight in the morning.

4th. Breakfasted with Davies at seven. Walked to Jackson's house in Grosvenor Street; a very neat establishment for a boxer. Were off in our chaise at eight. The immense crowds of carriages, pedestrians, &c. all along the road — the respect paid to Jackson everywhere, highly comical. He sung some flash songs on the way, and I contrived to muster up one or two myself, much to Scrope Davies's surprise and diversion. The scene of action beyond Crawley, thirty-two miles from town; the combatants Randall and Turner, the former an Irishman, which was lucky, as it gave me some sort of interest in the contest. The thing altogether not so horrid as I expected. Turner's face was a good deal de-humanised, but Randall (the conqueror) had hardly a scratch. The battle lasted two hours and twenty-two minutes: a beautiful sunshine broke out at this part of the day; and had there been a proportionate mixture of women in the immense ring formed

around, it would have been a very brilliant spectacle. The pigeons let off at different periods of the fight, with dispatches, very picturesque; at the close, as many as half a dozen took wing. It seems they are always sure messengers, unless they happen to meet with a hawk. Was to have dined with Douglas Kinnaird, to meet the Oxfords, and hear the new prima donna, Madame Bellochi, sing in the evening; but did not get home till half-past eight at night. Had also been in some degree engaged to the Beefsteak Club to meet Brougham and Captain Morris, the old song-writer. This, however, was out of the question; and as I was told the day before, both by B. and Captain M., that they did not intend to go, had no great loss of it. Dined by myself, very tired, at the George; heard, while at dinner, "an account of the battle, by express," crying in the streets. Sent to buy it, and found it anticipated victory on the side of Turner.

5th. Breakfasted with Power, in order to walk to Hornsey and pay my usual visit for Bessy at the grave of our dear Barbara. Woolriche, whom I had seen but the day before, came and walked with us. The Sunday papers all placarded with "true," and "genuine," and "best" accounts of the battle. On passing through Tottenham-court Road, we saw an immense congregation of blackguards at the entrance of a passage called Cock Court. Asked what was the matter? "Randall lives here, sir." It was the conqueror's levée. Recollected the anecdote Davies told me of Caleb Baldwin and some other fellow when they saw Berkeley Craven in his court dress: "My eyes, what's Berkeley going to Court for?" — "Vy, I suppose he's going to be presented on Gully's late victory." I ought to pay these visits to my dear child alone, for the melancholy which came over me when I *did*

go alone was, I think, useful to me; such melancholy purifies the heart. Found the grave neat and undisturbed. Dined at Power's, to meet Bishop the composer, who is one of the very few men of musical genius England can boast of at present. Talked much of the art. He has long been preparing a "Treatise on the Effect of Instruments." Mentioned Charron's "Dictionary of Musicians," which I must see. The omission of the 7th and 4th, he says, is the characteristic of natural music; has often found, when he has been wandering wildly through the mountains of Wales, and has sung away without thinking *what* he sung, that he has invariably detected himself omitting the 7th and 4th. Went in the evening to Tegart's, where I *was* to have dined. Dancing of a Sunday night; Catholics don't mind this. Danced a country-dance with Mrs. Shiel, the wife of the dramatist. They then took to quadrilles and I took to my heels, glad to get to bed before twelve o'clock.

6th. Breakfasted at Rogers's. Told me of Crabbe's negotiation with Murray for his new volume of "Tales," consisting of near 12,000 lines. Murray offered him for this and the copyright of the past volumes 3000*l*. Crabbe was at breakfast with us, and seemed to think this was a good bargain; and so, I confess, did I; but Rogers thought this sum should be given for the new volume alone, and that the Longmans ought to be tried. Called on my proctor, who said there had been no motion against me this sitting, and to-morrow would be the last day of it. Went to Longman's; settled some more of business; from thence to Wilkie, who produced me two large bags of Sheridan's papers to examine. Worked at them for two hours; found some letters of the Regent's, one of which seemed to be written when he was drunk. By the by,

much talk in town about "Brummel's Memoirs." Murray told me a day or two ago, that the report was he had offered 5000*l.* for the "Memoirs," but that the Regent had sent Brummel 6000*l.* to suppress them! Upon Murray's saying he really had some idea of going to Calais to treat with Brummel, I asked him (Scrope Davies was by) what he would give me for a volume in the style of the "Fudges," on his correspondence and interviews with Brummel? "A thousand guineas," he said, "this instant." But I rather think I should be tempted to quiz Master Murray, in such a work, a little more than he would like. Left Wilkie at five to dine with the Longmans. Went in the evening with Rees to the Olympic theatre; dull work enough. The entertainments at these places look so tempting on the bills, "*at cum intraveris, Dii Deæque quam nihil, in medio invenies*" (Pliny).

7th. Breakfasted at Lady Donegal's. She had had another of her cruel nervous attacks on Saturday last, but was now better; and most happy I was to hear her say that my coming amused her, and did her good. Kind, excellent woman! what would I not do to give her the health and happiness she so well deserves. Called on Mrs. Douglas, to take her to see Shee's pictures. Glad to see she is in a fair way to give the old admiral an heir. From thence to Murray's, whence I was called for by Tegart, to take me to the Royal Institution, as I wished to consult the eighth volume of Gronovius. Found the treatise on "Sports and Gymnastics" by Peter Faber, which I wanted to see; made some extracts from it. Called upon Rogers at half-past four, when I found that Lord Holland had written to the Longmans to meet him there on Crabbe's business. At five Rees came, and I left them to their deliberations. Went to dine with Wilkie, in order to

occupy the evening in looking over Sheridan's papers: after dinner had the bags in; got through but one of them. Went to Rees at nine o'clock. Told me the particulars of the conference at Rogers's; said he had prefaced the offer he had made, by telling them they must not expect anything like what would be given for a work of mine — (wonder how Lord Holland liked this, as Crabbe's his great favourite); and for the new work and the old had only offered 1000*l.* A great falling off this from Murray's offer. So I told him; but he said, that from an inquiry into the past sale of Crabbe's works, it was the most they thought it prudent to give. Went with Rees to Covent Garden; saw part of the "Barber of Seville."

8th. Breakfasted with Power, and revised the letter-press of some of the numbers of the "Melodies," as he is about to stereotype the whole work. From thence to Longman's, where I received a bond to "Miss Anastasia Mary Moore" for 515*l.* The dear mother will be so glad to get this. Paddled back through the swimming streets to Rogers, who had fixed two for me to call. Found him in consternation about Crabbe, who had written to Murray immediately after the interview with Rees, to say he would accept his offer, but had not heard from him since. Rogers proposed we should go together to Murray as he wanted to speak to him about his own poem, which he thinks of publishing with him in shares. Went to Murray; and, after Rogers had talked to him about his own poem, and told Murray that he was printing it himself, to see how it looked, he said carelessly, "I am glad to find, Mr. Murray, that you have settled with Mr. Crabbe for his new work." This clinched the business. Murray answered very cheerfully that he *had;* so off we set to poor Crabbe (who was moping dismally at home, and had

nearly given up all hope of his thousands), to tell him the news, which of course set his mind perfectly at ease. Called upon Carpenter, paid him the two hundred pounds, and got his receipt in full. Told me he had some notions of retiring from business, but that he should do *one* dashing thing before he gave in; and that was to publish a splendid edition of my "Anacreon," with woodcuts. Paid some little bills; dined at the York alone; packed up in the evening, as I was to be in the coach for home at seven next morning and went to bed early.

9th. Came down in the coach (the York House) with two or three women. Arrived at Calne a little after seven, and at home before nine. Found all well, my sweet Bessy looking better than I have seen her for a long time. Had a nice supper for me, which I did justice to.

10th. Resting, reading, and rambling. Wrote to Lord Lansdowne to say we thought of christening the little fellow on Saturday; but if he had the least wish to escape the operation, I could easily get a vice to act for him, or I would assume that honour myself, and turn the parish clerk into Dr. Parr. He wrote, however, a kind letter back, saying, if Lord Carnarvon left him in time he would certainly come.

11th. Recollected some things which I have not put down among the memoranda of my town visit. Scrope Davies told me that Sir Francis Burdett often says the two days I passed at Ramsbury in going up to London were among the pleasantest of his life. Rogers, on the last morning I was with him in town, took out of a little cabinet the draft I had given him a week before, and said, "What am I to do with this?" I laughed and said, "Present it for payment, to be sure, my dear Rogers." "Well," he answered, "if it is any convenience to you in your

Bermuda business, to enable you to allege that *you have no means*, I will keep it for you."

12th. Lord Lansdowne arrived about half past one, and we all went to church; he and I walked; and Bessy, the nurse, and little one went in a chaise. After the ceremony he gave Bessy a paper, which contained, he said, a present for the nurse. He left us; and we drove to call on Mr. Phipps. The paper contained two five pound notes, one of which Bessy gave to the nurse, and reserved the other as a present for her mother. They have latterly been very considerate, indeed, in their applications for assistance to me. In the evening read out the "Englishman in Paris" to Bessy; wretchedly dull.

13th. Received a letter from a gentleman in Scotland, signed J. Aicken, telling me he is the centre of a little circle of admirers of mine, who all feel interested about me as a man not less than as a poet, and entreating I would tell them the ages, names, &c. of my children, as they had seen by the papers lately that I had just had a fourth child. The letter is intelligently and feelingly written. He also begs for one of the Sacred Songs, "The Turf shall be," in my own handwriting. When I was in town I received a letter from a person equally unknown to me, but who says we were introduced to each other fifteen years ago, — a Mrs. Atherston. This lady must be a little mad. "I have known," says she, "two giants in my time, the giant of body and the giant of intellect. When quite a child I knew O'Brien and loved him; I saw you *too*," &c. It is strange how people can summon up all this interest, and take all this trouble, about one who is a perfect stranger to them; at least, to most of those who thus address me, I am only known by my writings. Looked over a curious collection of old slang books I brought with me

from Longman's. The "English Rogue" must be scarce, as the four small volumes are priced six guineas, — coarse and dull; De Foe's "Moll Flanders," which I confess I cannot read through, though it is by De Foe.

14th. Began another flash epistle, and wrote twenty lines. Read "Boxiana," to store my memory with the cant phrases. Went on with the "Englishman in Paris" in the evening.

15th. Twenty lines more. Received a letter from Mrs. W——, another of my unknown ladies, who has twice before sent me poetical and musical compositions of her daughter, a girl of fourteen. This contains a poem on the birth of my son.

17th. Twenty lines more. This sort of stuff goes glibly from the pen. I sometimes ask myself why I write it; and the only answer I get is, that I flatter myself it serves the cause of politics which I espouse, and that, at all events, it brings a little money without much trouble.

18th. Read King's "Anecdotes of his own Times," just published by Murray. Some amusing things about Pope, Addison, &c.; and his character of the Pretender, as coming from such a Jacobite, curious. There is mention here of a poem by King, called the "Toast," which I do not find in Chalmers. He says that Swift declared to a lady, if he had read the Toast when he was twenty years of age, he would never have written a satire.

19th. Walked over to Bowood. Conversation with Lord Lansdowne. Mentioned the affairs of Spain: thinks the rumour of insurrection there true: says our Ministers are much agitated at present by various matters: the Bank question assumes a very serious aspect; and that upon other points there seems to be much difference between them. Talked of "King's Anecdotes." King had

evidently got rid of much of his Jacobitism when he wrote this book. Lord L.'s father had heard King deliver some of his Ratcliffe orations; and whenever the word *redeat* (which came more than once) occurred, King would pause, and, though the passage had no reference to anything connected with politics, this word, and King's significant pause upon it, were a signal for the Jacobite part of his audience to applaud. One of the passages was *redeat Astræa virgo.* Was reading Fearon's book upon America; recommended it as the most acute work upon the subject he had seen. Lady Andover (I believe) in the house, with Charles Fox, Captain Fielding, and Miss Caleraft, the friend of the Bowleses. Lady Lansdowne proposed to accompany me, together with Miss C., as far as Sandy Lane, where she was going to look at a cottage they were building. Very agreeable in our walk, and pressed me much to name a day to dine at Bowood. I did not. Read to Bessy in the evening the Scotch novel, "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," which we have just received from the Book Society.

20th. Answered the Scotch gentleman's letter, and sent him a copy of the Sacred Song. Received a letter from Miss Lefanu about her novel, which I have promised to recommend to the Longmans for her. The Scotch novel in the evening. Our little boy not well: have much fear about him: there is a premature meaning in his eyes, which (though it may be called old woman's talk to say so) is often, I fear, a sign of premature decay. Heaven spare him to his fond mother!

21st. Read some of Phillips's "Recollections of Curran," which Lord L. sent me, and which he said was even worse than he expected from the pen of the orator. It is

certainly in wretched taste; but to everyone who knew Curran there are some things in it interesting.

22nd. Walked into Devizes, to inquire for a wet-nurse for my little boy, who seems as if he wanted a reinforcement of his nature, and I wish I had insisted upon his having it from the first. Begged of —— to look out one for me. Bessy thinks of giving a little dance next week, and as the idea seems to amuse her, she shall do it: the dear girl so seldom leaves her home, that she deserves every enlivenment of which that sphere is capable. Read some of Fearon's "Sketches of American Life," and like it much. Was amused by his quoting not only gravely, but with some degree of respect, my boyish opinions about America: "Moore's melancholy conclusion!" Fearon is the most acute and matter-of-fact critic the Yankees have had to encounter yet, and heartily angry they will be with him "I guess."

23rd. Received from one of my female correspondents (the lady who loved the Irish giant) a Christmas present, consisting of a goose, a pot of pickles, another of clouted cream, and some apples. This, indeed, is a tribute of admiration more solid than I generally receive from these fair admirers of my poetry. The young Bristol lady, who inclosed me three pounds after reading "Lalla Rookh," had also very laudable ideas on the subject; and if every reader of "Lalla Rookh" had done the same, I need never have written again. Read the "Heart of Mid-Lothian" to Bessy in the evening. Have got a wet-nurse for little Tommy, a woman in the neighbourhood, to come three times a day, which is better than nothing. Poor little thing! with a mother that can give him no milk, and a father that can give him no money, what business has he in this world? Bowles had called in the morning; and was

most amusing about his purchase of a great coat once in Monmouth Street, which while in the shop he took for blue, but which on his appearance in the sunshine he found to be a glaring glossy green. His being met in this coat by a great church dignitary, &c. &c.

24th. Worked at my Flash Memorial. Received a parcel of Sheridan's papers from Wilkie. Nothing more decisive known about the intentions of the creditors. Dined at ——'s; noisy and dull, with the exception of Bowles, who, when the rapid chatterers would let him, was highly amusing.

25th. Received a note from Lord Lansdowne, saying they had expected I would fix a day in this week to dine there, and asking me for Wednesday next. A parcel of books from Longman's, which I wanted to consult for the *learned* part of my *flash* work: "Dio. Chrysostomus" (for the oration on Melancomus, the famous pugilist); Themistius, in which I have found nothing but a reference to "Dio. Chrysostom.;" and "Cyprian," who has supplied only one sentence, not worth the carriage. Our servants had company to dinner in honour of the day, and kept it up merrily, singing choruses till past eleven. In the evening read to Bessy a MS. opera by Miss Costello, a protegée of Bowles's, taken from a story he suggested to her, and about which he is very sanguine. It cannot possibly do; which is a sad pity, as she is a respectable girl, and, with her mother, much distressed.

26th. Bowles called upon me to enforce my dining with him, and to ask my opinion of Miss Costello's opera: was sorry to be obliged to tell him how hopeless I thought it; showed me a letter which he had written to her, begging her acceptance of 20*l*. Went with Macdonald to dine at Bowles's: the company, Henry Joy and his father, Miss

Calcraft, Miss Joy, and little Miss Miles. The whole day rather pleasant; sung with Miss Miles in the evening; lost our way in coming home, and got down the steep road into Chittoway; were obliged to stand shivering in the cold while the carriage went to a turning place; near one when I got home, and found dearest Bessy sitting up for me.

27th. Wrote twelve or fourteen lines of my Flash. Sent to Sir Scrope Bernard & Co. a draft for 140*l.* on account of John Atkinson, of Dublin. Mrs. Phipps dined with us. Read to her and Bessy in the evening, Mrs. Inchbald's comedy of "Such Things are."

28th. Received another parcel of Sheridan's papers from Wilkie; have not opened it; do not like to lose any more time with this work, till there is some prospect of our being able to publish. Wrote some more of the Flash.

29th. Walked with Mr. Hughes to Bowood, he having requested me to give him convoy on his first visit; delicious day; Lord L. not at home. Finished the second volume of the Scotch novel in the evening.

30th. Routed out of my study by the preparations for the dance to-morrow night, and not able to get into my *other* study, the garden, on account of the damp, foggy weather. Copied out some music. At a quarter to six, Macdonald called upon me to go to dinner at Bowood; obliged to feel our way, not very safely, through the fog. Company at dinner: Lemon and Lady Charlotte (Lady L.'s sister), Dickinson, an M. P.; Abercrombie, Macdonald's brother, Sir James Mackintosh, and Charles Fox. Sat between Mackintosh and Lord L. Talked of Fearon, and Birkbeck. The singularity of two such men being produced out of the middling class of society at the same time; proof of the intelligence now spread through that rank of Englishmen. It must make those in the higher

regions look about them and be on the alert; every man now feels that kind of warning from the man immediately beneath him, and the stimulus is propagated. What it will come to God knows. What Curran said when asked what there was doing in the House of Lords? "Only Lord Moira, *airing* his *vocabulary:*" better than anything P. has told of him. Grattan delightful; "so much (Mackintosh said) to admire, so much to love in him, so much to laugh at, so wise, so odd, so good." Sir J. Mackintosh told of "*Barry Close,*" the well known East Indian officer, that not having learned anything previous to his going to India, he got everything he knew through the medium of *Persian* literature; studied logic in a translation (from Arabic into Persian) of Aristotle; and was a most learned and troublesome *practician*, as well as theorist, in dialectics. Some one brought him a volume of Lord Bacon (of whom he had never heard) and said, "Here is a man who has attacked your friend, Aristotle, tooth and nail." "Who can the impudent fellow be?" said Close. "Lord Bacon." "Who the devil is he? What trash people do publish in these times!" After reading him, however, he confessed that Lord Bacon had said some devilish sensible things. Music in the evening; all but Mackintosh and the elder Macdonald attentive. They talked the whole time: I did not mind Macdonald; but I was sorry for Mackintosh. I said, when I got up from singing, "I see those two gentlemen like to talk to accompaniment," which brought the rest of the company upon them, and they were put to the blush. Mackintosh soon atoned by the agreeableness of his conversation, and I was too selfish to follow the example of his *not listening.* Mackintosh quoted two lines from Dryden's "Cymon and Iphigenia" as *perfection:*

> "Love first taught Shame; and Shame, with Love at strife,
> Taught all the sweet civilities of life."

Lord L. and I agreed that it required rather too much thought to perceive its beauty, but that when once we arrive at all the refinement of the idea, it is exquisite indeed. He also quoted the first six lines of the "Introduction to the Tales" as particularly happy and eloquent. He then introduced a criticism (which I had heard him show off before) on Dryden's translation of the opening lines of "Æneid" as being particularly faulty. "Haughty Juno's unrelenting hate," not in the original, and weakening the effect of the fatality which was supposed to impel him. To "expelled and exil'd," a similar objection, the important point "Italiam" left out. The force of *fato profŭgus* not at all done justice to. Lord L. mentioned a passage in Florus, where the word *profŭgus* was very strangely used. I forget it; but it describes one of the Roman generals as *profŭgus* for the sake of seeking out an enemy to Rome. Dr. Paley at Cambridge (Q. E. E.) called the word *profŭgus* (the consequence of his northern education), and the following line was written on the occasion,—"Errat Virgilius, forte profŭgus erat." I mentioned Dryden's "Juvenal," and repeated his and Gifford's translation of the line. "*Quanto præstantius esset*," in the third satire, to show how much more sweetly Dryden has done them. Gifford's is (if I recollect right) thus —

> "Nymph of the spring! more graced thy haunts had been,
> More honour'd, if an edge of living green
> Thy bubbling fount had circumscribed alone,
> And marble ne'er profaned the native stone."

Dryden has done it thus —

> "How much more beauteous had the fountain been,
> Embellish'd with its first created green,
> Where crystal streams through living turf had run,
> Centered with an urn of native stone."

Gifford's last line substituted here for Dryden's would make this perfect. I mentioned Lord Holland's imitation of poor Murat, the King of Naples, talking of Virgil, "Ah Virgile, qu'il est beau! C'est mon idole; que c'est sublime ça,—*Tityre tu patulæ recubans*," &c. &c. Lord L. mentioned a translation of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" by a foreigner, whom I remember in London, called the Commandeur de Tilly, and the line, "As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away," was done "Comme la mer détruit les travaux de la taupe." I told an anecdote mentioned to me by Lord Moira, of a foreign teacher of either music or drawing at Lady Perth's in Scotland. As he was walking round the terrace with Lord M., the latter said, "Voilá le Château de Macbeth." "Maccabée, milor," said the artist. "Je crois que c'est Macbeth," modestly answered Lord M. "Pardon, milor, nous le prononçons Maccabée sur le Continent; Judas Maccabéus, Empereur Romain!" Talked of the egotism of foreign writers. The Abbé de Pradt begins one of his books "Un seul homme a sauvé l'Europe; c'est moi." The best of it is, he read this in a company where the Duke of Wellington was; and, on the Abbé making a pause at the word "l'Europe," all eyes were turned to the Duke; but then came out, to their no small astonishment "C'est, moi!" Lady Lansdowne very kind and amiable; could not help being charmed with her; and my neighbour, M., so delighted—*one* third with the woman, and *two* thirds (being a Scotchman) with the Marchioness, that he asked my advice whether he should not make her a present of his beautiful table of Amboyna wood. Told him, if he was not afraid of the awkward probability of her refusing to accept it, I thought he had better. Came home safe through the fog.

31st. All bustle and preparation for our dance in the evening; the supper laid in my study. Poor Bessy on her legs all day, to get everything as nice as possible; my chief occupation, besides drawing the wine, to keep little Tom quiet. All went off most gaily. We did our best to make them happy; and, to do our guests justice, they seemed all to come with a determination to be pleased. Supped at half-past twelve. I had lobsters, oysters, and champagne, express from London for the occasion, and the supper looked not only gay but elegant. Twenty-two persons supped in my little study. I sung for them after supper, and then to dancing again till near four in the morning. Poor Bessy's eyes, which have been sore for some days, dreadfully inflamed and red through the whole evening. A gay beginning to the new year. Heaven send it may so go on, and that thus

> "Our days and nights, with all their hours,
> May dance away with down upon their feet!"

January 1st, 1819. Weary, and resting after last night's gaieties. Visitors in the morning. Read to Bessy the Scotch novel in the evening. Have got through half of Gifford's "Memoirs of Ben Jonson." What a "canker'd carle" it is! Strange that a man should be able to lash himself up into such a spiteful fury, not only against the living but the dead, with whom he engages in a sort of *sciomachy* in every page. Poor dull and dead Malone is the shadow at which he thrusts in his "Jonson," as he did at poor Monck Mason, still duller and deader in his "Massinger."

2nd. Wrote a little and read a little. In the evening, the Scotch novel to Bessy, whose eyes were much better.

3rd. Received from the Longmans the list of poems they mean to put into the "Selection from the English

Poets," which they are about to publish, begging of me to omit or insert as I think proper.

4th. Finished the "Heart of Mid-Lothian" to Bessy, in the evening; a most extravagant and incredible story, but full of striking situations and picturesque sketches; the winding-up disagreeable and unsatisfactory.

5th. Looked over the list for the Longmans, and added some. Found they had omitted from Prior's that pretty thing, "Dear Chloe, how blubbered," and "The merchant, to conceal his treasure." Dined at Locke's. A very handsome dinner, but deadly dull company; and but for the sparkle of Mrs. Methuen's fine eyes across the table, I should have gone asleep. To the Devizes ball in the evening: Lady Frances W. there; introduced to her, and had much conversation, chiefly about our friend Lord B. Several of those beautiful things, published (if I remember right) with "The Bride," were addressed to her. She must have been very pretty when she had more of the freshness of youth, though she is still but five or six and twenty: but she looks faded already. She told me she had an Album which was begun and nearly half written through by Lord B. (the first thing in it, "When from the brow, where sorrow sits"); and she had another, which was as yet blank, and which she had resolved to keep blank "till an introduction to Mr. M. should enable her to ask *him* to begin it for her." I fought this off as well as I could; said I must know her better before I could have the *tête montée* sufficiently for such an undertaking, &c. Danced the second set with Mrs. Methuen.

6th. Lay in bed till late, and wrote some of "Tom Cribb's Memorial." Walked out for two hours; the most divine day (the season considered) that ever I felt or saw. In the evening looked over Longmans' list. They had

left out, strange to say, from Warton's sonnets, some of the best in the language; that "To the river Lodden," exquisite. Out of Collins's, too, they had omitted his delicious ode upon Thomson's death; what music it is!

> "Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
> When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
> And oft suspend the dashing oar,
> To bid thy gentle spirit rest."

To those from Cowper I added one, which I had myself forgot, but which is touching beyond anything:

> "O happy shades, to me unblest,
> Friendly to peace, but not to me!
> How ill the scene that offers rest,
> And heart that cannot rest, agree!
> This glassy stream, that spreading pine,
> Those alders quivering to the breeze,
> Might soothe a soul less hurt than mine,
> And please, if anything could please," &c. &c.

7th. Was to have dined with Macdonald: desperate day; sent an apology. Wrote some lines, and began Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling" to Bessy in the evening.

8th. Received the "Cheltenham Chronicle" with an article in it on my "poetical character" — very laudatory. Jay called upon me at half-past three in his gig, to take me to dinner at his father's, Hartham Park. Company at dinner: the Hawkins; Lady Frances W. was to have come with them, but, to my *somewhat* disappointment, she had been called away to London the day before; the Dickensons, Mr. Johnson, who travelled with the Prince of Orange, and Mr. Longlands, an usher of Westminster. The latter told me that the late Dr. Vincent had introduced a wrong mood into the epitaph he wrote for himself, "In moribus," &c. &c., "qualis fuit lapis sepulchralis taceat." Nares suggested the alteration of *fuit* into "fuerit," which was, of course, adopted. I mentioned that I

believed Vincent was the name of the head master of Westminster, and that it was said of him, "he had been killed by false Latin." "I am drinking the Bath waters for it now," said Mr. L. We then spoke of Sir Robert Walpole; that himself and George I. had governed England by bad Latin; for as Sir R. could not speak French nor George English, they were obliged to confer in Latin. A good thing of Madame De Staël's about the Duke of Wellington, that "there never was so great a man made out of such small materials." Mr. Joy mentioned that Woodfall (I suppose, of the "Chronicle") told him that he was in the House the first night that Sheridan spoke; and that, after the speech, S. came up to the gallery to him and asked him with much anxiety what he thought of his success. Woodfall answered, "I think this is not your line; no, Sheridan; you had better stick to those pursuits you are so much more fitted for." Upon which S., after leaning his forehead upon his hand for a few seconds, exclaimed, "It is *in* me, and, by God, it shall come out." Reminded of a good thing said, I believe, by Kelly, the Irish barrister (my godfather, by the bye), on some man, whose children bore not the most respectable characters, asking him one day, "Have you heard of my son's robbery?" "No, said Kelly; "who did he rob?" On my mentioning the story of Sheridan stealing a joke from Delpini, Mr. L. said it was certainly an infringement upon the "Opera in usum Delpini." Slept at Joy's.

9th. Hazlitt's "Lecture on Sheridan" (quoted in the "Chronicle" of this morning, and containing a warm eulogium on me) led us to talk of humour, Rabelais, &c. I mentioned the speeches of Lord Baise-cul in Rabelais, as rather Lord Castlereagh's style of eloquence. A good thing of Horne Tooke, when a certain *raffish* gentleman

said to him sneeringly at the hustings, "Well, Mr. Tooke, you have all the blackguards with you this morning;" "I am delighted to hear it, sir, — and from such *excellent* authority too." Joy drove me home; rather boring me on the way about a Greek epigram by some friend of his, on the Apollo Belvedere, which he (Joy) had translated into Latin and English. Finished the "Man of Feeling" to Bessy in the evening. There are few duller books, I think; how could it have got such reputation? The pinching the lapdog's ear "in the bitterness of his heart" is almost the only good thing in it. Read afterwards "Pickering's American Vocabulary." They sometimes, I see, use the word *captivate* thus: "Five or six ships captivated," "His whole army captivated." The word *balance*, too, has been brought by their commercial habits into strange employ: "I spent the greater part of the evening with such a friend, and the *balance* of it with another:" "I *expect* Alexander of Macedon was a very great man."

10th. Had written a day or two ago to the Longmans, to say I felt rather faint-hearted about the Flash volume, and that, as it might be thought too *low* a thing for such great booksellers and poets as we are, they had better perhaps employ some understrapper in the Row to publish it for them, as Carpenter did at first with the "Twopenny Post Bag." Received an answer from them to-day, saying, that as they were sure there would be nothing in it that would put them in Newgate, they would themselves be the publishers, and announce it by the title I should send this next week.

11th. Received from Power the 2nd number of the "Quarterly Musical Review," in which there are two articles, most warmly laudatory, on my "National Melo-

dies" and seventh number of the "Irish." They pronounce the latter better than any of the former ones. Hunt, in last Sunday's "Examiner," said it was not so good. A remark in one of the articles struck me with a sort of chilling consciousness,—"We can perceive the coming on of age in the calmer fires of the modern Anacreon." Alas! it is but too true; my eighth lustrum is within little more than a year of being completed.* Read some of Murphy's "Know Your own Mind" to Bessy in the evening.

12th. Had a letter from my father, in answer to one in which I begged them not to stint themselves of any comforts this Christmas season, as, even if there were some little exceedings over the 100*l.* a-year I give them, I would cheerfully endeavour to pay it for them. He says in his answer, that they manage to keep within their income (which, with his half-pay, is about 200*l.* a-year), but that some debts remain still undischarged since his dismissal from the Barracks. These I must relieve him of as soon as possible. "Know Your own Mind" to Bessy in the evening.

13th. "Cribb's Memorial" nearly finished. Walked four hours; the day exquisite. Felt bursts of devotion while I walked and looked at the glorious world about me; which did me more good than whole volumes of theology. Finished "Know Your own Mind" in the evening. Churchill was not so *very* far out in saying of Murphy that "dulness marked him for a mayor." He *was* a dull man, in spite of his comedies, which act well, but read most ponderously. There are, however, two or three witty things in this play. Dashwould's speech about the

* It must be recollected that Mr. Moore always supposed he was born in the year 1780.

M. P.'s rust in his handkerchief is worthy of Sheridan. Lady Bell an admirable acting part. Read before I went to bed the boxing match in Apollonius Rhodius.

14th. Began my translation of the *set-to* between Dares and Entellus, in the fifth Æneid. Dryden's "Virgil" badly done almost throughout: Pitt's seems far better; at least more generally readable. In looking over Dryden's "Cymon," I find Mackintosh generalised what Dryden applies only to Cymon; and it was this that gave the obscure and abstract air to the lines which are properly thus:

> "Love taught him Shame; and Shame, with Love at strife,
> Taught him the sweet civilities of life." *

In the evening read to Bessy Leigh's account of his adventure with the Arabs in searching for the crocodile mummies. There can hardly be imagined a more dreadful situation. What will not man risk, even in pursuit of crocodile mummies!

15th. Went on with my translation. Wrote to Murray for some satisfactory decision with respect to the Sheridan business. In the evening began "Sir Launcelot Greaves" to Bessy.

16th. Finished the verses from "Virgil," seventy odd lines.

17th. Collected my notes for the preface of "Cribb," which is advertised in the paper to-day. Read the story of Ceyx and Halcyone in Ovid; charmingly told. He has in general more pathos and fancy than any of the ancients, though deficient certainly in simplicity and sub-

* "Love taught him Shame; and Shame, with Love at strife,
Soon taught the sweet civilities of life."

The lines are thus printed in the edition I consulted: they are beautiful any way.—ED.

limity. Received "Florence Macarthy;" and as it is a Society book, have suspended "Sir Launcelot Greaves" in the evening to read it.

18th. Walked to Bowood to consult the "Mémoires de l'Academie" for Baretti's Essay upon the *Pugilate* of the Ancients;" read there, and made extracts for two hours, without fire. In the evening went on with "Florence Macarthy," and afterwards began my preface. A pretty poem in the "Chronicle" suggested by a note in "Lalla Rookh."

19th. Bowles called upon me. Wrote a little of the preface. Read some of "Florence Macarthy," in the evening, to Bessy; then worked in my study for an hour and a half; and from half-past eight till supper sung and played some ballet music to Bessy and Miss Best. A review of my poetical character in the "Examiner;" good-naturedly meant, but I had much rather Hunt would *let me alone.*

20th. A day as mild, fresh, and sunny as if it was the beginning of summer. Went with the Macdonalds to dine with their brother, the parson of Bishop's Cannings. The company, besides ourselves, Bowles, Mr. Mayo and Mr. Williams. Story about Dr. Parr, cutting the throat of his first wife's picture one day when she irritated him very much by destroying his favourite cat. Came home at twelve o'clock; dear Bessy sitting up for me. Bankes's "Civil History of Rome," which I have looked over, but a dullish book. Contrived to leave out the point of Sylla's famous saying to the young man who insulted him after his abdication. His account of the constitution of the senate very unsatisfactory. Jekyll said the other day to a man who professed to like Bankes's book, "I suppose you would rather have his Rome (room) than his *company.*"

21st. Was to have dined at Grosset's, but sent an excuse. Wrote to Hunt, and gave him a little hint to keep his theories upon religion and morality somewhat more to himself, as they shock and alienate many of his best intentioned readers.

22nd. Wrote a good deal of my preface to Cribb; such a Rag Fair of learning as I have made of it! Bessy went to Devizes, and did not return till half-past five. A little of "Florence Macarthy" in the evening.

23rd. Read some of Wycherly's "Plain Dealer." Did Barns ever read the following passage? "I weigh the man, not his title: 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better or heavier:" In his fine song, "For a' That," there is something very like it:

> "The *title's* but the guinea's *stamp*,
> The *man's* the gold for a' that."

Wrote some lines and read "Florence" to Bessy in the evening. Expect Power to-morrow from town about the deed.

24th. Power arrived at twelve; brought me a specimen of lithography by little Croker, my Cork friend; very clever, wishes to apply lithography to the printing of music, and Power thinks of making the experiment. Bishop is the person Power thinks of for arranging my music henceforward, and, next to Stevenson (from whom I grieve that these wrangles force me to separate), I prefer him. Hughes dined with us.

25th. After breakfast Power and I entered into the business of the renewal of our agreement. He at first did not seem quite willing to consent to giving the full 500*l.* a-year, but expressed something like a hope that I would contribute towards paying the arranger of the music.

However, on my saying it would be better perhaps to let the whole matter lie over till some other time, he professed himself quite ready to come into my terms. I accordingly signed the draught of a deed he had brought with him for a clear 500*l.*, and then told him he might be very sure I would not allow it to press heavily upon him; as, though I wished to gain my point of having the round sum of 500*l.* (without the deduction of 50*l.* which he had before made for arranging), yet, if he found Bishop's terms for undertaking the musical part at all extravagant, I should not be backward in giving my former share towards the expense. Two or three things he said during our conversation annoyed me a good deal: among other things, when I proposed that, if he felt any dislike to a renewal of the agreement (which I was not at all anxious for) I might remain free, and merely give him the preference in the purchase of anything I wrote, he said, "You know, as to that, I might constrain you to give them to me, as I have your promise in one of your letters to go on to a tenth number of 'Irish Melodies' with me." This readiness to take advantage of a mere castle-building promise made in the confidential carelessness of a letter did not look well: however, upon my saying as much, he disclaimed all such intention, and said I should never find him other than he had been. Dined at two, and a little after three he left us to return to town. In the evening, for want of the right volume of "Florence," we went back to "Sir Launcelot," but found it so dull, so like a Christmas pantomime, full of dull tricks, over-sets, duckings, knock-downs, &c., that I could not get on with it: read a little of "Gulliver" instead. Hughes had sent me some magazines in the morning. A review of the "Melodies" in the "Monthly;" vulgarly written, but

good-natured enough, and will be serviceable among the country clods, who read this and such other precious guides in taste. A wretched parody on my song, "They may rail at this Life," in the "European Magazine;" servile, canting, and Billingsgate, and, worst of all, dated from Ireland.

26th. Received a letter from my proctor, Toller, to say that the King's proctor had been instructed to make a motion against me (*i. e.* to attach me) on Friday next, and that I must come up to town immediately to make the necessary affidavits: very inconvenient this every way.

27th. Copied out some things I had marked in the "English Rogue," &c., in order to take the books back to the Longmans. Dined at half-past two, and at half-past three set off in a chaise for Calne: four coaches and the mail to pass through; had no doubt of a place, but every thing seems to conspire against the poor poet's purse; all were full; what was to be done? I must be in town next day, and I had but five pounds in my pocket, which would be far short of the expense of posting; so I borrowed five pounds more of the man at the White Hart, and started in my solitary chaise at about eight. Had received a letter from my father in the morning, to say that the little debts which he must ask me to pay for him amounted to about 40*l.*

27th. Arrived in town about half-past nine; drove to the New Hummums, and had a warm bath. Went to Toller, who told me he thought in *one* of the cases (the "Lydia)" we had rather "sickened" our adversaries, as they had withdrawn their motion against me, and were now suing for a monition against the captor's agent. This is *something;* not to make my affidavits till to-morrow. Went to Longmans. The list of their intended collection of poetry has been looked over by Mackintosh, who has suggested

many omissions and additions. Showed me a note of Allen's, in which he promises that he will get Lord Holland, Rogers, &c. some two or three mornings at breakfast to look over the list, and improve the selection. Showed me a "Pocket Magazine," with another design from "Lalla Rookh." Asked me to dine to-day. Went to Power's. No room for me at my old lodgings in Duke Street; was forced to put up at the George, in Coventry Street. Dined in Paternoster Row. Had met Phillips (the member) and Sydney Smith together in Leicester Square. Rees and I went after dinner to the Sansparcil, and from thence to the pantomime at Covent Garden (Harlequin Munchausen), with which I was much amused.

28th. Went to breakfast with Rogers, who is in the very agonies of parturition: showed me the work ready printed and in boards, but he is still making alterations: told me that Lord Byron's "Don Juan" is pronounced by Hobhouse and others as unfit for publication. Luttrell is publishing a poem in praise of Ampthill and Lord Holland anonymously: we agreed the serious and heroic was not Luttrell's forte, and that he ought to stick to the eight syllable form. R. says, however, this is far better than I could have supposed. Crabbe's delight at having three thousand pounds in his pocket. R. offered to take care of the bills for him, but no, he must take them down to show them to his son John. "Would not copies do?" "No, must show son John the actual notes." Went to Lady Donegal's: she has been again ill, but now somewhat recovered: never see these two admirable sisters, but to like them better and better. Went from them to Lord Lansdowne — kind, excellent man: spoke with much feeling of the loss they had had in Lady Ilchester, who seems to have gone off something like the Princess Char-

lotte. Lady L. has been very ill in consequence of the shock. Talked of Sir R. Wilson's failure in his parliamentary debut; and said the representative of the *commercial* talent of the country (meaning Waithman) had been just as promising in his commencement as he of the *military* had been unfortunate. Wilson has no judgment. Lord L. goes to the Covent Garden Fund Dinner to-morrow: believe I shall go: asked me to dine to-day to meet Whishaw and the two young Romillys, but I had promised to dine *tête-à-tête* with Rogers. Called upon Shee the painter, who told me that Lord Holland was so much pleased with his picture of me (a copy from that which Richard Power bought, and not at all so good), that he said he must have it: "Must have my friend Moore's picture." "This shows (said Shee) how you stand in that house," and it is certainly flattering. Went to Murray. Rogers had told me that Murray said he would himself, whether Wilkie came into it or not, run all risks in publishing my "Life of Sheridan," and give me a thousand pounds for it. I now found this was the case. Talked of "Don Juan:" but too true that it is not fit for publication: he seems, by living so long out of London, to have forgotten that standard of decorum in society to which every one must refer his *words* at least, who hopes to be either listened to or read by the world. It is all about himself and Lady B., and raking up the whole transaction in a way the world would never bear. Went to Toller: the affidavits are in Dr. Lushington's hands to be considered. Met Lushington afterwards; a good fellow, I believe, as well as a clever one, and was once a gay fellow. Curious enough to see my old friend *Caliban* (he went in that character with me once to a masquerade) turned into the grave and serious Doctor of Civil Law. Dined with Rogers: he had cancelled his

note about Lord Ossory at Lord Holland's suggestion: it alluded to Lord Ossory's habit of transacting his magisterial business out of doors, which procured for him the name of Lord Chief Justice in *Eyre* (Air). Lord H. did not wish this joke to remain. In the evening I went to the Opera, Perry having given me a ticket in the morning. By the by, he told me too that Sir P. Francis's "Historical Memoir" cannot be found, and that it is supposed Lady F., who is not on good terms with the son, has concealed it. The opera, one of Rossini's; the new prima donna, Madlle. Bellochi: they say she sings well, but, until I get over the shock of her ugliness, cannot judge. The music clever, but rarely pretty, and full of mountebankism.

29th. Breakfasted with the Donegals; called afterwards upon Rogers, and from thence to Lord Holland's in St. James's Square; found Lord and Lady H. and Allen at home, just down to breakfast, though near two o'clock; made many kind inquiries about my Bermuda business; spoke of the article in the new number of the "Edinburgh Review" on Universal Suffrage, which is by Mackintosh. Lady H. spoke of poor Perry's bad state of health, and of the loss he would be to the political world. Told her I must be back to the country next morning: pressed me to stay for the purpose of dining with them, and I said, if possible, most happy. Went to Toller, and signed the affidavits; called at Longmans, and then home to dress for the Covent Garden dinner. The Duke of Sussex came out of the circle upon seeing me, and most cordially giving me both his hands, walked me into a corner to converse with me. This *ought* to be flattering from royal persons, but, somehow, our precious Princes contrive that it should *not* be so. The D. of S. is, however, as far as society

goes, a perfectly good-natured and unaffected person. I told him of my Bermuda misfortune, which he expressed much interest about. I said, "This promises to be a pleasant dinner, sir." "Ah but," he answered, "what a glorious dinner we shall have on Wednesday next!" alluding to the great Opposition dinner, with Tierney in the chair. He asked, "Arn't you working for us now?" I said, "No." "Ay, but I'm sure you are." He alluded, I rather think, to the announcement of "Cribb," which some suspect to be mine, though neither Rogers nor the Donegals have said a word about it. Lady Holland asked me directly whether it was by me, and I answered, "No." Quin, the charity man, mentioned that a paragraph in our papers lately, giving an account of some strangers being hustled at the Stock Exchange, and a row taking place in consequence, was translated into the French papers thus—"Mons. Stock Exchange étoit echauffé," &c.; told me that they are getting up a translation of "Lalla Rookh" at Paris: it is done by one of the Arnauds, who knows but little English, and superintended by Mortainville, who knows none; so it will be a fine thing between them. The dinner long and tiresome. Lord Holland had asked me to go home with him after it, but having been crammed up in a corner with dirty dishes, I did not feel clean enough for decent society afterwards. Lord and Lady H. and Allen quite prodigal in their praises this morning of my article in the "Edinburgh Review" upon "Boyd's Translations of the Fathers," which I pointed out to them when I was last in town. Allen said it was full of wit, and endeavoured to recollect some book he met with the other day which would do admirably for me to review in the same manner. He is very anxious that I should do something for Jeffrey, who is hard pressed for

assistance. Two of the articles in the last number are by Sydney Smith, viz. "Madame D'Épinay" and "American Travellers."

30th. Breakfasted with Power, and afterwards went with him to call upon little Croker, my Cork friend, who has taken lodgings in Great Russell Street, in order to be near the British Museum, where he is making drawings from the Elgin Marbles: he told me that Croker (of the Admiralty) was writing something about the marbles which these drawings were meant to illustrate. Called and left our names with Bishop the composer; parted with Power. Met Hobhouse, and walked some time with him; has no doubt of succeeding, but fears that Hunt will worry him prodigiously: says he cannot sleep at nights from anxiety, and he certainly seems wasting away under his patriotic operations. Asked him, had I any chance of a glimpse at Don Juan? and then found that Byron had desired it might be referred to my decision, the three persons whom he had bid Hobhouse consult as to the propriety of publishing it being Hookham Frere, Stewart Rose, and myself. Frere, as the only one of the three in town, had read it and pronounced decidedly against the publication. Met Murray, who said he had settled all with Wilkie, and I was to have 1000 guineas for the "Life." Went to Lord Holland's; asked me whether I did not mean to dine there; said, "Yes." In his peculiarly hearty manner he exclaimed, "Do you know that, to console me during your long absence from us, I have bought your picture?" I told him I had heard so, and was, of course, much flattered by it. Hallam came in; talked of Reform. Lord H. had just received a letter from a man, proposing a plan of reform, by which three millions a-year would be raised to the revenue, each man

paying so much for his vote; as it were taking out a license to vote. This was pretty much, Lord H. said, Horne Tooke's plan. In France now they pay 12*l.* a-year for the right to vote. America no fair test of universal suffrage, as so great a part of the population are slaves. Dr. Holland, the Albanian traveller, came in; Mr. Grenville, &c. Went to Lady Donegal's: on the way met my excellent old friend Admiral Douglas. Frere came in while I was at Lady D.'s: was proceeding to talk to him about our joint umpireship on Byron's poem, when he stopped me by a look, and we retired into the next room to speak over the subject. He said he did not wish the opinion he had pronounced to be known to any one except B. himself, lest B. should suppose he was taking merit to himself among the *righteous* for having been the means of preventing the publication of the poem. Spoke of the disgust it would excite, if published; the attacks in it upon Lady B.; and said it is strange, too, he should think there was any connection between patriotism and profligacy. If we had a very Puritan court indeed, one can understand then profligacy being adopted as a badge of opposition to it, but the reverse being the case, there is not even that excuse for connecting dissoluteness with patriotism, which, on the contrary, ought always to be attended by the sternest virtues. Went from thence to Rogers; found Luttrell, always clever and amusing. Dinner at Lord Holland's: company, Sharpe, three new Members of the House of Commons, Lord Althorp. Lord H. told me they had come to a resolution that day not to have the Peers at the dinner on Wednesday, which he thought quite right every way, as, in the first place, it was not altogether the thing to have the Commons and Peers publicly leaguing together; and, in the next place, 120

Commoners of opposition would be a more imposing show of numbers than about 137 Peers and all. Talked of "Gulliver;" Lilliput and Brobdignag the best of it; perhaps because the satire is more *concealed* in the *narrative*, and not so obtrusively the object of the author as it is in the latter parts. Sharpe mentioned the "Iter subterraneum," or "Klimius," of Baron de Holberg, in imitation of "Gulliver:" in one of the places he visits there is an ecclesiastic, whose appointment to some great place depends on his thinking the sun triangular in its shape. He looks and looks through his telescope, but in vain; he cannot think it otherwise than round; another of more accommodating vision gets the place, and on being questioned by the unsuccessful gentleman, who asks him how it was possible it could appear to him triangular; as for himself, he confessed, let him look at it how or when he might, it always seemed to him round. The other answers, "Certainly, it must be confessed that, for a triangular body, it *is* very round." This is the only good thing, Sharpe said, in the work. Spoke of the sect of Humanitarians: Parr's horror at this barbarous word; much more shocked as a grammarian at the word, than as a divine at the sect: but why is it more barbarous than Unitarian and Trinitarian? Talked of Arians: I mentioned Locke and Newton as Arians: they all said *not* Newton; but I find since that Whiston pronounced him an Arian; must inquire into this. Talked of "Aristophanes." I mentioned the admirable article upon "Aristophanes" in the "Quarterly," two or three years ago. Sharpe remembered it also, and thought it altogether perfect. In the evening the Members went to attend a meeting preparatory to the approaching division and dinner. About eleven o'clock there came in Greville, Ellis (Lord Clifden's son), Dr.

Holland, Bennet, Phillips, and some others: soon took my departure.

31st. Went to breakfast with Hobhouse, in order to read Lord Byron's poem: a strange production, full of talent and singularity, as everything he writes must be: some highly beautiful passages, and some highly humorous ones; but, as a whole, not publishable. Don Juan's mother is Lady Byron, and not only her learning, but various other points about her, ridiculed. He talks of her favourite dress being dimity (which is the case), dimity rhyming very comically with sublimity; and the conclusion of one stanza is, "I hate a dumpy woman," meaning Lady B. again. This would disgust the public beyond endurance. There is also a systematised profligacy running through it, which would not be borne. Hobhouse has undertaken the delicate task of letting him know our joint opinions. The two following lines are well rhymed, —

> "But, oh ye lords of ladies intellectual,
> Come, tell us truly, have they not hen-peck'd you all?"

Hobhouse busy all the time in drawing up a petition about the hustings. Sir R. Wilson and Douglas Kinnaird came in while I was there. Went to Rogers's; found Luttrell there. Read his lines on Ampthill: smooth and elegant verses, and his praise of Lord Holland just what it ought to be. Lord H. is one of the few noblemen a man can praise with a clear conscience. Talked of poetry; of the beauty of some parts of "Rimini," and the wretchedness of others. L. said, "Between what one *wouldn't* write and what one *couldn't*, 'twas a hard game to play at." I said, "A man must risk the former to attain the latter, and it was the same daring that produced the things we *wouldn't* write and those we thought we couldn't." We all walked into

the Park, and then Luttrell and I proceeded towards the city. I called in at Perry's, and wrote some lines I had long promised in his splendid copy of "Lalla Rookh:" the binding of this cost him, I think, twelve pounds. The lines are mere prose, but I wished to state plainly the fact, that it was owing to his interference with the booksellers I got such a magnificent sum for the work. Went to Power's, and signed the deed, giving me 500*l.* a-year for six years, dated from the first of this month. Dined with Rees, and went for an hour and a half to the Circus in the evening: had taken my place for next morning before dinner. Packed, and went to bed early. By the bye, heard that Constable, the bookseller, said he had paid Scott in one year 14,000*l.* Scott to be made a baronet.

February 1st. In the coach at half-past six: a young Irishman one of the passengers, whose family reside entirely at Bath. He abused the lower orders of Irish, and said it was impossible for a gentleman to *live* among them without being *kilt*. Take for granted, from what he said, that his father must be some griping landlord or Orange magistrate. Arrived at home at eight in the evening, and found the dear wife and her little ones well, and all smiles to see me.

2nd to 9th. Being pressed for time, must *lump* these days. Resumed my "Cribb," which has now been announced this fortnight past: promised to have some of the copy ready by middle of next week. Finished the "Plain Dealer." One may ask the same question as about Aristophanes, "How could such scenes as that where Manly in the dark braves Fidelia to go into Olivia's chamber ever have been acted?" Finished "Florence Macarthy" to Bessy in the evening: much amused with it. Began Fielding's "Jonathan Wild." A difficult matter to sustain an irony

through a whole book, and even here it fails very often: but the humour and the satire are admirable. The Miss Snaps, Tiskey, and Doskey; "Miss Molly Straddle taking the air in Brydges Street;" the dissensions between the Prigs on account of the different cock and shape of their hats; and the parties in prison standing up for the *liberties of Newgate*, all excellent in their way. An article in "Blackwood's Magazine" this month most lavish in my praise. There is also in the "New Edinburgh Monthly Review" a very laudatory article on my "Sacred Songs."

10th. Received a note from Bowles, in which he says, "Have you seen the 'Quarterly?' they are very complimentary to me as an author." How lucky it is that self-love has always something comfortable to retire upon! Transcribed the preface and the memorial of "Cribb." Read Wycherley's "Love in a Wood;" a pleasant comedy. The following are lively things: Ranger says to Dapperwit, who is praising his own mistress abundantly, "You praise her as if you had a mind to part with her." Dapperwit, in taking money from Ranger, says, "But I must pay it you again; I shall not take it unless you engage your honour I shall pay it you again."

11th. Sent off my first copy of "Cribb" to town. Tried over some "National Airs," published by Jones: shall find it difficult to make out another number near so good as the *first* of my "National Melodies." Began Wycherley's "Gentleman Dancing Master." Went on with "Jonathan Wild" to Bess in the evening.

12th. Worked at the remaining part of "Cribb." Though the "Chants of Bob Gregson" have been announced in the advertisement this fortnight past, not a line, or even a *thought*, of them is born yet. Finished Wycherley's "Dancing Master:" the plot farcical and frivolous, but

some parts highly dramatic. Found one or two pretty things in "Jones," particularly a march of Dr. Boyce's, which will do very well for the "Sacred Songs."

13th, 14th. *Niente-niente.*

15th. Dined with Macdonald: met a Captain Edgecumbe, of the navy, with all the cheerful bluntness of his class. He told very humorously of his having been taken in by Gale Jones's eloquence one night at the British Forum, to hold up his hand for annual parliaments and universal suffrage.

16th. Transcribed some of the remaining part of "Cribb." Read Wycherley's "Country Wife;" an admirable comedy, but the foundation of its plot makes it not only unactable, but even unreadable, except by *men.* It is, however, full of life and the very *esprit du diable,* and must have delighted Charles and his witty, profligate courtiers beyond anything. No wonder Wycherley was such a favourite with him.

17th. Looked over Garrick's alteration from the "Country Wife." Though the very *rinsings* of Wycherley's play have a raciness in them that is indestructible, yet the "Country Girl" hangs flat on the palate after the other: there is, however, much ingenuity in his way of altering the plot. Macdonald's dance in the evening. Mrs. Phipps and Bessy the belles of the evening, which it was easy to be, with much less beauty than Bessy's. Did not get to bed till six o'clock, after dancing the whole night.

18th. The day lost in weariness and languor after last night. Received a proof sheet of "Cribb." Began one of Mrs. Opie's new tales to Bessy in the evening, but found it impracticable.

19th. Called upon Mrs. Phipps; low spirited and unwell in the evening. Found I had marked the following

things in the "Country Wife:"—"*Sparkish.* Though I have known thee a great while, never go, if I do not love thee as well as a new acquaintance." "*Lady Fidgit.* Yes, but for all that, we think wildness in a man as desirable a quality as in a duck or rabbit; a tame man, foh!" Received "The Banquet," a poem, from the author, with a letter (anonymous) full of high-flown praises; *pas grande chose.*

20th. A sadness over me; sometimes like that of my young days, and therefore pleasant, but sometimes mingled with self-reproach, and so far painful. Began another of Mrs. Opie's tales to Bessy in the evening; something better, but dull enough. Read some of the "Shipwreck of the Oswego;" almost incredible sufferings.

21st. Breakfasted in bed for the purpose of hastening the remainder of my "*Cribb*" work. It is singular the difference that bed makes, not only in the facility but the *fancy* of what I write. Whether it be the horizontal position (which Richerand, the French physiologist, says is most favourable to thought), or more probably the removal of all those external objects that divert the attention, it is certain that the effect is always the same; and if I did not find that it relaxed me exceedingly, I should pass half my days in bed for the purpose of composition. There is a Latin poem of M. de Valois, in which he has adduced high authorities for this practice:

> "Quis nescit quondam, Ausonios Graiosque poetas, &c.
> In lectis cum scriniolo studuisse sedentes."

Where did he learn that Herodotus and Plato studied in bed?

> "Lucifer Herodotum vidit Vesperque cubantem,
> Desedit totos hæc Plato sæpe dies."

In the evening the Phippses sent their carriage for us to go and take tea; came home about eleven.

22nd. Received a letter from Mr. Ogle, Charles Sheridan's cousin, containing an anecdote very creditable to Sheridan: transcribed some of my appendix, and sent it off.

23rd. Walked to Bowood to consult the volume of Pope that contains Scriblerus. Looked over Bowles's edition; was struck by the characteristic weakness and maudlin wordiness of his notes, contrasted as they are with the original remarks and rich erudition of Warton's that accompany them. Finished the "Shipwreck of the Oswego."

24th. Received a letter from Wilkie in wondrous hurry, for the "Life of Sheridan," and begging me to send up some of the MS. to go to press immediately. Poor little man! if he gets it within the year he may be very well satisfied. Mr. Money the clergyman called upon me. Got on the subject of the Trinity; showed off my knowledge of the passage in Timothy, and its different readings of ὅς and Θεος; mentioned the curious examination of the Alexandrian manuscript by Dr. Berriman and somebody else; then spoke of the verse in John; all to the astonishment, I doubt not, of the good parson.

25th. The Macdonalds and Hugheses dined with us. With a little assistance from Phipps (who joined us when his wife and he came in the evening) finished five bottles of wine. All stayed to supper, and seemed to enjoy themselves. I sang in the evening, and, in spite of the wine, was in good voice. Macdonald brought two or three of the famous Chinese birds' nests to show us. I eat of the soup one day at Sir S. Raffles's: the soup was like other soup, but the nest that floated in it was the devil. Mac-

donald says, however, it ought to have been all dissolved. Received a letter from my father to-day, saying, that my letting him draw upon me for the 40*l.* to pay his little debts gave him a happiness of mind he had not known for a long time.

26th, 27th, 28th. Copied out and sent off the remainder of my "Cribb." Wished to do something for it about Canning's insolent ridicule of Mackintosh the other night, on the subject of the transported convicts, but Rogers thinks I have not time enough. I meant to have written an expostulation to Canning from one of the *gentlemen* on board the hulks (a descendant of the great Jonathan Wild), on the slighting manner in which he spoke of a fraternity whose code of morals and honour he had so much adopted in his own political conduct; and invoking the shade of Jonathan Wild against this treacherous and recreant imitation of his greatness.

March 1st. Idled a good deal. Began to read the correct report which I have of Sheridan's great Westminster Hall speech. Find it has been sadly misrepresented in all the published accounts. Poor Bessy's hand and arm very much swelled from a whitlow on her finger. Sent for King. Frightened myself about it a good deal by reading the article on whitlows in the Encyclopædia, as her symptoms seem like those of the worst cases. I dined at Phipps's to meet the Macdonalds. Found Bessy, I think, a little better on my return.

2nd. Bessy much better, but very low and nervous. A desperate rainy day. Played over various books of airs, and read. Began Leckie's work on the "Balance of Power."

3rd. Began a Sacred Song to Dr. Boyce's March. Mozart seems to have had this march in his head when he

wrote that fine one in the "Zauber-flöte." The subject I have taken is the Day of Judgment. Looked at Ogilvie's poem on this subject, which I well remember thinking so very fine when I was a boy: but Ogilvie was but a poor florid dauber in the art. Some of his references to Scripture, however, were useful to me. Worked at one verse all the morning, in order to get in a line which I wish to make the burthen of every verse. Macdonald sent to ask me to join Phipps and him at dinner; and as he goes in a day or two (most likely for good) I accepted the invitation. Finished our three bottles of claret. Mrs. Phipps dined with Bessy. Brought Phipps and Macdonald home with me at night. Found the ladies at cribbage with Hughes. All supped, and drank a couple of jugs of egg-wine afterwards.

4th. Received a letter from Miss ——, one of my unknown lady correspondents, who sent me the two specimens of her poetry, and said her own favourite of the two was that which began "Come Stella, *arouse* thee." Wishes me to recommend her to the Longmans, and mentions the titles of about half-a-dozen works which they may choose from. Sends me also some lines upon Scott, Byron, and myself, whom she calls the Trianguleme Major. Received also a letter from Mrs. W——, the mother of the fourteen-year old poetess, saying how melancholy her daughter was at my neglect of her last communications, and sending me some pensive and rather pretty verses the girl wrote on the occasion. Went on with my Sacred Song. Wrote a second, and part of a third verse. Bessy much better and walked out: asked her medical man, King, to dine with us on Sunday next. Received the last proof but one of "Cribb," and sent it back. Answered the letters of the ladies. Read Leckie.

A barbarous style this man writes. Nothing so ruinous to style as living among foreigners and studying their languages. Gibbon nearly lost his English altogether by it. The faults of Mr. Fox's writing may perhaps be traced to his *linguism;* and some of the purest writers of English have been those that knew but little of other languages.

5th. Finished the Sacred Song, and began another to an air in Latrobe's Collection by Halse. Sent off the last corrected sheet of "Cribb," which is to be out on Tuesday next (9th). Received a letter from Luttrel, whose lines upon "Ampthill" reached me yesterday. He is evidently very anxious about their success. Read some of "Zadig" to Bessy after dinner: how good! Zadig "knew as much of metaphysics as has ever yet been known; that is to say, little or nothing of the matter." The great physician Hermes, who predicted the loss of Zadig's eye, and tells him, "If it had been the right eye I could have cured it, but the wounds of the left are incurable." When Zadig recovered, Hermes wrote a very elaborate treatise to prove that he ought not to have been cured, which Zadig however did not think worth his perusal. Zadig advises the Arabians to "make a law, that no widow should be permitted to burn herself till she had conversed with a young man one hour in private. The law was accordingly passed, and since that time no woman has burned herself in Arabia."

6th. Wrote two verses of the Sacred Song, "Where are you, Souls of the Sainted?" Looked over "Evelyn's Diary." How I wish every such man kept a diary! Many things in it very interesting: his seeing at Paris the procession of young Louis XIV. (upon his assuming the reins of power) from Hobbes the philosopher's window. The account of the Fire of London very striking: his

frequent intercourse with Charles II.; his horror at the gambling of the Court, and at being obliged now and then to sit out "a lewd play" in his Majesty's company. Finished "Zadig" in the evening.

7th. Finished the Song. Had to dinner Falkner (the curate), his wife, Miss Morris, Hughes, Mrs. Phipps, and King. Sung sacred music for them in the evening: they supped.

8th. Began another Sacred Song to a chant of Lord Mornington's. Not at all well to-day. Too much wine yesterday. In the evening looked over some of Sheridan's papers. Various copies, both rough and correct, of the "School for Scandal." Strange that "The Rivals" should be the only one of his pieces of which there appears to be no trace among his papers. Resolved to resume my Sheridan task, and be industrious about it.

9th. Walked to Devizes to buy some blank books for the purpose of dividing my task into different departments, so that I may be able to pursue each according as I have the materials, and not be stopped by the want of information on any one point as I have been hitherto. Read a play to Bessy and Mrs. Phipps in the evening.

10th. Finished Leckie's book: the historical part confusedly and dully written, but his summing up contains some remarks that set one thinking, and some that set one smiling. His hint to the sovereigns of Europe to have wives from Circassia and Georgia (as they have in Turkey), in order to avoid disputes about succession in the female line, is excellent, and might afford a good subject for a political squib. Finished the Sacred Song to Lord Mornington's chant. An extract to-day from "Cribb," in the "Chronicle." Looked over some of Sheridan's papers in the evening.

11th. Trying to write words to a Benedictus of Mozart's, but, from the difficulty of the measure, fear I shall not be able to accomplish it. Have some idea of writing a playful thing against quadrilles in favour of country-dances. Thought of making it mock-heroic, but it is so difficult to *buckram* one's lines enough for that style. Read Bristed's "Resources of the United States." This is the person who has accused me of "swinging into the opposite extreme" about America. His book is full of information. Found two letters of the Prince's among Sheridan's papers: one dated in 1803, informing S. that he had just received "a most *impertinent* letter from Addington," and desiring him to come to him, as it must be answered immediately.

12th. Wrote a verse in a sort of scrambling metre to the "Benedictus." Read some of a Minerva press novel to Bessy in the evening. Wrote a few sentences of the "Life," and read "Bristed." The population of America but ten millions. Great faults in their judiciary: in most of the States the judges are only appointed for a few years, which must be fatal to their independence; in Connecticut and Rhode Island they are appointed annually. The diversity of the laws through the States another serious grievance: a crime punishable in New York not punishable in New Jersey. The extent of the Western country is more than fifteen times as large as all the British Isles.

13th. Have heard nothing from the Longmans about "Cribb." Fear very much it is a *coup manqué*; or too vulgar a subject perhaps for the refined readers, and too refinedly executed for the vulgar ones. Walked with Bessy in the evening to the Phipps's. Drank tea and supped there.

14th. Had a letter from the Longmans to say that

they had already nearly sold the first edition of "Cribb," (2000 copies), and had worked off 2000 more as a second and third edition. This is far beyond what I expected. They sent me also a review of it in the "Literary Gazette;" very friendly, indeed, considering it is a Tory publication. All this makes my mind easier on the subject. Copied out some of the "Sacred Songs" I had written. The Phippses drank tea and supped with us. P. told us of a Mr. Buckton, a proctor from town, who gave Bessy's health at the club at Devizes on Friday, and spoke of her as a "divine person;" her voice "the sweetest he had ever heard," &c. &c. It puzzled us both much to find out where he had met her.

15th. Walked into Devizes; made, on the way, some verses for my "Quadrille Poem." Called at Mrs. Hughes's, and met there Mr. Buckton. Asked Mrs. H. afterwards where he had met Bessy, and it appears he travelled often with her in the morning stage last year when we lived at Hornsey. In the evening read some of Adolphus's "History of George the Third."

16th. Wrote some lines. Read "Bristed." Phipps having gone to Bath, Mrs. P. dined with us and Hughes. Phipps returned unexpectedly at seven o'clock from Bath. Got him some dinner. Played the Jew in the evening much to Bessy's delight. All supped with us.

17th. Finished "Bristed;" a very *wordy* book, but sometimes eloquent, and full of information about America. In the evening looked through the first volume of "Mill's India;" a rich display of learning; combats all the flattering theories and notices that have been held with respect to the Hindoos; exposes many instances of weakness in Sir W. Jones on this subject. Was he not a little weak? What somebody has said of Longinus might, I

think, be well applied to him: *φιλολογον μεν, φιλοσοφον δε ουδαμως.*

18th. Set out between twelve and one to walk to Bowles's. Took the way through Bowood, and had a most delicious walk of it. Arrived at Bowles's between three and four. Doctor —— at dinner: a gentleman, who has read *multa* not *multum:* a good sort of man, however. Bowles has altered his drawing-room, and set up an organ, and books in it. The organ made by Chevers, a common carpenter at Calne. His statue of Melancthon nearly ready. Asked him whether he meant to place it in one of his grottos, in defiance of Pope's "Nor in a hermitage set Doctor Clarke." Talked of Calvinism (his favourite subject) after dinner. He said that almost all the atrocious crimes of the day were owing to this doctrine. Mentioned several instances. I mentioned a quotation I had seen from a work by Bishop Hall on "Moderation;" at the end of which he says, "Master Calvin did the Church good service in seizing and burning Servetus." He was surprised at this being in Hall. Said he had read but one of Hall's writings, *i. e.* his "Hard Measure," and that Hall certainly deserved the "hard measure" he himself had met with in 1643, and which he describes in this work, for uttering such a sentiment. I had found B., when I came to dinner, reading Campbell's new work on the Poets, and very nervous at the attack which C. has made on his remarks upon Pope. Told him I had seen it extracted in the "Chronicle" as "an answer to Bowles." B. is resolved to reply to it through the same channel. Dr. —— and he and I sung some glees and sacred things together in the evening. Two worse voices could not well be found. Slept at Bowles's.

19th. After breakfast we set out for Bath: stopped at Corsham in our way. Magnificent house: the hall very striking; had only time to look at the two very fine Claudes. Methuen asked us to fix a day to dine with him: fixed Friday next. Arrived in Bath at three. Walked about. Met unexpectedly Lady C. Fitzgerald and her husband. Came here to meet the Granards, who are daily expected. Saw and was introduced to Mr. W——, who has a beautiful seat near Bath — a particularly gentlemanlike and amiable mannered man. What interested me most was to hear that he is the man for whom my excellent friend Dr. Parkinson was jilted in his youth by a girl whom he had long loved, whom he had educated for the purpose of marrying her, and by whom he thought himself beloved. In a visit to Bath she was dazzled by the attractions of the fortune of W——, and married him; but not contented with making one amiable man her victim (for Parkinson never has recovered the disappointment), she was resolved to sacrifice her husband's happiness also, and accordingly ran away from him with a Captain S——, from whom she afterwards passed through various hands, and through every gradation of profligacy, till death, I believe, has put an end to her infamous career. An annuity which her first lover (P.) allowed her, when he heard of the wretchedness she had fallen into, was the only thing that kept her at last from starving in the streets. This circumstance has cast a tone of pensiveness over Parkinson's life (who has never married), which renders the goodness and purity of his heart still more interesting. Bowles and I (after securing our tickets for the Harmonic in the evening) dined at the White Hart. Went at night to the Harmonic; very full rooms — at least 300 persons. Introduced to a whole

shoal of baronets, Sir Robert This and Sir John That. Never was so stared at in my life before. Three things of mine sung, "The Minstrel Boy," "Hark! the Vesper Hymn," and a glee from "Anacreon." ——, one of the presidents, proved to be an acquaintance of mine. ——'s name (before he changed it for that of his first wife, an heiress) was Lill, and Colonel Barry wrote the following epitaph on *his tongue:*

> "Here lies the tongue of Godfrey Lill,
> Which always lied, and here *lies still.*"

At supper escaped from a wretched table, where I had been preordained to sit between two ugly old *Blue Boars,* who said they wished much to "*talk to* Mr. Moore." After supper, to my no small horror, "The Minstrel Boy" was sung again, for the purpose of introducing a speech about me from Captain Crofton, proposing my health in a most panegyric style. It was received with great acclamations; but, from having no previous suspicion of such an honour, I had hardly a decent word to say in returning thanks for it. I know I concluded thus: "But perhaps silence is the best sort of eloquence, particularly for an Irishman: I shall, therefore," &c. &c. I meant to have said, "It is, at least, a very Irish sort." During the ball, was stared at on all sides without mercy. In such a place as Bath, *any* little *lion* makes a stir. Got to bed between two and three.

20th. Called upon Lady C. Fitzgerald at half-past eleven. She mentioned that young D'Arblay (Miss Burney's son) had all "Lalla Rookh" by heart: praised him highly. Returned in an hour to Bowles, who wished me to read what he had done in answer to Campbell. Found him in the bar of the White Hart, dictating to a waiter

(who acted as amanuensis for him) his ideas of the true sublime in poetry: never was there such a Parson Adams since the real one. Dr. Sigmond called to say the Burdetts would be glad to see me at two o'clock. Went there; saw only Lady B. Walked with the Fitzgeralds to Urpham's the bookseller; an admirable concern for such a place as Bath. Bought a pretty copy of "Cowper's Poems" as a present for Bessy. Settled with Urpham about binding my "Rees's Encyclopædia" and some other books. Was asked to dine at several places, but preferred dining alone at the White Hart (Bowles having gone home) for the purpose of going early to the play: —"Rob Roy;" dull enough; a Miss Tree sang pretty well. Went, during the third act, to Lady Burdett's box. Much pleased with her pretty daughters, who pressed me much to stay next day to dinner, but must go home. They went away after the play; I staid and saw the farce of "High Notions;" wretched stuff.

21st. Breakfasted with the Fitzgeralds. They sent for Field, the organist of the cathedral, and told him I meant to attend the service: he went off to prepare something good. Took my place, as we went to church, in a coach that was to set off at one. A chant of Lord Mornington's sung; a beautiful response, which I brought away in my memory. Could not wait for the anthem. Arrived at home at five.

22nd to 24th. Read "Mill's India," and made notes for my Remarks on Hastings' Trial. The "Examiner" of last Sunday promised extracts "from the lately published Memorial of that powerful hand, Mr. Thomas Cribb:" has not, however, given them this Sunday. Wrote to Murray, to say I would draw upon him at three months for 150*l.* of my Sheridan money. In his answer he says,

"I wish you would write a 'Tom Brown' on the literature, manners, and characters of the day, and we would sell a billion. 'Cribb' is not happy." This latter sentence annoyed me exceedingly, as corroborating what I long feared about this luckless production. Had a chaise, and took Bessy to visit Mr. Merryweather. Treated little Stacey to a show at Calne.

25th. Walked into Devizes. Found the banker would not discount a bill at three months, so drew for a hundred at two months. Had a letter from the Donegals scolding me about "Cribb," which added not a little to my vexation. Resolved never to have any thing more to do with satire: it is a path in which one not only strews but gathers thorns; and nothing but the most flourishing success can enable one to brave and laugh at all the enmity which it produces. The instant there is anything like a failure, all the stung persons are ready with their stings in return. Determined, as I walked home, to write "A Farewell to Satire, by Thomas Brown," &c. &c. Was asked to stay and dine at the Hughes's, but refused, because this is the anniversary of our wedding-day. Drank my darling Bessy's health in a bumper after dinner, and many happy returns. Power sent us down a turbot and lobster for the occasion, but it came too late. Read Mill and Voltaire's account of Lally, vols. xxii. and xxvi.

26th. Had a chaise for Bessy to return visits at Grosset's and Hawkins', Laycock Abbey (which we went over); a remarkably curious old place. The cloisters in perfect preservation. I dined at Methuen's. Company: Bowles, Joy, and Miss Fuller. Crabbe was to come, but sent a very foolish excuse. Mrs. Methuen very pretty and very agreeable. I sung in the evening. Had received this morning, before I left home, a letter from the Longmans,

which put me in better spirits. The non-announcement of the second edition is accounted for: they have nearly sold the third thousand, and are about to advertise the third edition. They have also sent me my account, and the balance against me, 250*l.*, will be covered by my share of the three editions. This is so far very well, but still think I shall write the "Farewell to Satire." Slept at Methuen's.

27th. Mentioned at breakfast a charade of Mr. Fox's, which Lady Charlotte Fox had told me:—"I would not be my first for all of my second that is contained in my third," *i. e.* "Scotland:" also a ludicrous riddle by one of the Smiths,—"Use me well, I'm *everybody;* scratch my back, I'm *nobody;*" "A looking-glass." After breakfast Mrs. M. led me through the picture rooms. A fine "Head of Salvator Mundi" by Carlo Dolce; "Rubens and his Mistress hunting," a fine picture; "Rubens and his three Wives." Always makes himself so handsome, though he was by no means so, and was very carrotty headed(?). In the course of conversation with Mrs. M., remarking what odd things women's hearts were (in reference to matters of love and gallantry), she answered, "not odder than men's." But I asked her, didn't she think the restraints with which women had to struggle produce more inconsistencies in their conduct, and more fantastical fancies in their minds, than were usually observable in men. The course of the latter is like a free, unresisted current; whereas the continued pressure under which the feelings of woman lie, and the narrow channels of duty through which they are forced, produce all those multiform shoots and unexpected gushes which arise from similar causes in artificial waterworks. In walking home I finished a song to a Swiss air, which I began a day or two ago, "Love and Hope." I

mean it as a subject for Stothard to design something from. Found another kind and comforting letter from Rees, saying, however, that "whether I gave up satire or not, he, for himself, would not advise my publishing a poem entitled 'A Farewell to Satire.'" Read "Mill's India."

28th. Bowles called according to appointment, having given me the proofs of a pamphlet he is about to publish (on the increase of crimes, poor laws, &c.) to look over. I had marked with a pencil the things I had particularly objected to; but the truth is, the whole is weak and confused. His head, however, is now full of his answer to Campbell, which his present intention is to publish in the shape of a letter to me. Mentioned to him that Foscolo told me he had a design of publishing a parallel between Italian and English poetry in four letters addressed to Crabbe, Campbell, Rogers, and myself, of which, however, I have heard nothing more since. Finished the first volume of Evelyn; a good man, but, with all his goodness and piety, a timeserver. Read "Mill's India;" a hard-headed fellow (and his style as hard as his head), who hates lawyers to a most exemplary degree, in which I most heartily agree with him. I am reading "Belsham's George the Third" for the second time: find, by comparing him with Mill, that his sketch of Indian affairs is done with much accuracy, which tells well for his fidelity on other points. Sent off to Power the song of "Love and Hope," and a ballad, which I composed in the chaise, when I last went up to town, both words and music (in fact, I sang it all the way), called, "How happy once, though winged with sighs."

29th and 30th. Read Mill's India and Belsham, and made extracts. Wrote to Mrs. D'Alton, the friend of poor Louisa Maria Stewart, a young poetess (whose manuscript I have just received in a beautiful red cover with a

gold leaf Hibernia on the sides) to tell the poor girl, as delicately as possible, that no bookseller in the world would give her one sixpence for the manuscript, but suggested a subscription, in which I should be most happy to assist. Murray writes to me that Hobhouse has received another letter from Lord Byron, peremptorily insisting on the publication of "Don Juan." But they have again remonstrated: the murder, however, *will out*, some time or other. A letter from my dear father, saying that my mother has "just told him (with a sharp scolding) that he never writes to me but when he wants money," "which" (adds the dear old man) "is too much the case." Bless them both!

31st. The Moneys called to beg I would retract the apology I had sent them for dinner on Saturday next, and meet Mr. and Mrs. Bowles there. Believe I shall. How my old acquaintance, ——, has disgraced himself in this business of —— in the House! Many men go through life with good characters who are thorough rascals all the while; their success in the world keeping them out of the way of those temptations which would draw forth the full display of their dispositions; and the little symptoms of it that do escape being charitably interpreted, as proofs of keenness and knowledge of the world; an eye to the main chance, &c. &c. Received a kind letter from Corry, taking for granted that "Cribb" is mine, and wondering at my *flash* acquirements. Mrs. Phipps drove Bessy to Devizes; didn't dine till *five* in consequence.

April 1st. Made Bessy turn her cap awry in honour of the day. Finished the epitaph for poor Joe, and hope I have now done with the subject. Walked to tell the Moneys I would dine with them: the Phippses to tea with

us in the evening. Received a packet of books from town. The speeches of Burke, Fox, and Wyndham, which I had ordered from the Longmans, and Campbell's "British Poets" and Stewart's "North of Italy," sent as presents by Murray to Bessy and me. Wrote some of the "Life" this morning.

2nd. Wrote some sentences of the "Life." Dined at Phipps's.

3rd. Wrote and read. Dined at Money's. The company, the Bowleses, two Mr. Methuens, and Mr. and Mrs. Merrywether. Talked of prisons, penitentiaries, &c. The penitentiary at Devizes was at first so famous for its good soups, that the prisoners used to be anxious to get back again to enjoy them; but the soups have been abolished. Mrs. Bowles mentioned a curious circumstance that lately happened at Knowell (I think), her native place, where a woman having dreamt that her husband was killed by lightning, could not dismiss the thought from her mind, and during a thunder-storm that occurred soon after, when there came a dreadful flash of lightning, she exclaimed, "That flash has killed my husband:" and it was the case. He was then working in a field about two miles off, and a messenger shortly arrived to say that that very flash had struck him dead. Talked after dinner of sermons. I mentioned that Mr. Fox always spoke of Barrow with enthusiasm, and that, upon the strength of this opinion, I bought his sermons, but found him insufferably dry; at least as far as I read, which was not very far. It is certain however, I believe, that besides containing the amplest stores of theological learning, he has also bursts of eloquence, which though not so poetical as Jeremy Taylor's, are, from their variety and force, far more striking. I mentioned a coin that has just been discovered in

Ireland, with a Hebrew inscription on one side, and a head of Christ on the other. The inscription has been translated by three or four Hebraists, and the discrepancy in their translations is rather unaccountable, except upon the supposition, that these scholars know as much of Hebrew as Zadig did of metaphysics, *i. e.* little or nothing of the matter. One of the company mentioned that the first symptoms of poor Rufus Lloyd's madness was his ringing the alarm bell in the middle of the night at Belvoir Castle, and when the servants all came running up to know what was the matter, he said, "You forgot to leave me my toast and water." How many people there are in this life who, like poor Rufus, ring the alarm bell about toast and water! Story of a cart-wheel going over a dandy's neck, and his being saved by the thickness of his neckcloth. Found Mrs. Phipps with Bessy on my return to supper. Read some of Plutarch's "Life of Alcibiades," before I went to bed. Alcibiades, after all, a sad *roué*, and would hardly be fit company for gentlemen now-a-days.

4th and 5th. Wrote some of "Sheridan." Read Lord Erskine's letter upon Fox's style of eloquence and politics, prefixed to Wright's collection of the latter's speeches. Read some of Stewart Rose's "Italy." These accounts of Italy make me so agog for travelling that I cannot sit easy upon my chair.

6th and 7th. At my task. Received a letter from Linley, expressing great impatience at not hearing my opinion of his music; in other words, dying to be praised. Must do it for the poor man. Some of his things are, indeed, very pretty; particularly the "Ariel's Adieu" to Bowles's words, and a particularly sweet melody, "Fair Leila, gentle," &c.: but his style, in general, is too old-fashioned for my taste. Received a very flattering letter

from a Mr. Michell Forbes, inclosing me the proposals of a subscription for a monument to Burns, and speaking of my similitude to "the Bard" of Caledonia in my love of liberty, in the pathos, fancy, and sprightliness of the songs I had written to the melodies of my country, &c. &c. Received another work of the author of "The Banquet," called "The Dessert" and "The Tea," accompanied by one of those *fricatory* letters with which we asses of literature rub each other. Must rub him, of course, in return. Read Plutarch's "Life of Coriolanus:" how picturesque his entrance into Antium, and the house of Tullus. Wrote to Bessy's sister, between whom and young Murray an attachment has for some time existed, saying that, if her heart is really set upon marrying him, and he is worthy of her, I will do my utmost to facilitate any arrangements that may be made for the support of her mother, &c. &c.

8th. Phipps called in his gig, to ask if I would go with him to Devizes: took an idle fit, and went. Dined with him; and Bessy joined me there in the evening.

9th. Good Friday: went to church. A most inhuman sermon: the sufferings described with all the monotony and coolness of an auctioneer. How different do I remember the Passion sermons in Dublin chapels, when, at the moment that the feelings of the congregation were excited to the utmost pitch by the most eloquent and impassioned description of what the Saviour had suffered, the orator suddenly produced the crucifix before them, and the whole assembly, with groans and tears, prostrated themselves on the earth.

10th. Dined at Salmon's: company, the Phippses, Mr. Pearce (member for Devizes), Wyatt, whom I knew in Ireland when he had the care of Lord Ormond's estate, Tyler, &c. Wyatt, an intelligent man. Talked, among

other things, of the Bank question and the Poor-laws (Pearce a bank director). These Tories all seemed to feel how critically the fate of the country hangs upon both questions. Remarked how tenderly all parties seemed to handle the subject of the Bank the other night in the House, as if from a general consciousness of the extreme delicacy, and perhaps danger, of the question. Pearce says it is understood in town that the Duke of Wellington is very anxious to become Prime Minister, and that, in order to get the character of *un homme d'affaires*, he had himself named on the Bank Committee, and attended it most punctually every day. This will not do. If the Bank was to be taken by a *coup de main*, his Grace might be the person, but God preserve us from his statesmanship! Sung in the evening.

11th. Began words to a very pretty French air. Walked to Devizes for my letters. Wrote to Mr. Forbes to say I would subscribe three guineas to Burns's monument, and a guinea for Mrs. Moore. The sunset this evening glorious: the thoughts that came over me while I looked at it, of how little I have done in this world, and how much my soul feels *capable of*, would have made me cry like a child, if I had given way to them; but surely there *is* some better sphere for those who have but *begun* their race in this. The Phippses supped with us.

12th. Wrote a second verse to the French air, and began words to an air of my own, which I have some thoughts of passing off as a national one, Swedish perhaps. Read the speeches of Burke and Fox during the years '81 and '82. Burke's speeches alone, of all modern oratory, deserve to take a rank in the literature of the country; they altogether display a talent almost superhuman.

13th. Read Pitt's two or three speeches during the

same period. Hughes and his boys and Mrs. Phipps dined with us. Played "The Jew" in the evening: had finished the words to my own air in the morning. Received a letter from Horace Twiss, asking me to write the prologue to his forthcoming tragedy, and telling me that Wm. Spencer writes the epilogue.

14th. Walked to Bowood to see the Lansdownes, who are come down for the Easter; found them at home; very delightful conversation, as one always has with him. Told me that Murray has offered Stewart Rose 2000*l.* for a translation of "Arioste." I mentioned an almost literal translation of him which I had seen, stanza for stanza, the English on one side and the Italian on the other, and which I have long been looking to purchase. We all acknowledged the convenience of such a thing, let one know the language ever so well; particularly in looking hastily for any passage, you find it so much more quickly in the English, from the much greater familiarity the eye naturally has with it. I could sympathise with the world in some of its admirations, but thought it better to be silent in these cases, than risk an impeachment of my own taste in questioning that of others. Chaucer, for instance, in what terms some speak of him! while I confess I find him unreadable. Lord L. said he was glad to hear me say so, as he had always in silence felt the same. This led us to speak of the deference with which some of the works of the ancients are regarded, far beyond what they really deserve. I mentioned my disappointment on first reading the Prometheus of Æschylus, after coming fresh from a description of its merits by one of those enthusiasts for antiquity, who spoke of the sublime conversation which Prometheus holds with the embodied elements of nature, &c. &c.; but I own the speeches of old Ocean (?) mounted

upon his winged charger, did not at all come up to the imagination which this description had excited in me. The untameable courage of Prometheus is admirable, and some touches of pathos in the chorus, recalling the difference of other times, when they had sung hymns around his bath and his bed, on the day of his marriage with the young Hesione, are beautiful; but the allegory, in general, is most clumsily managed. Lord L. mentioned the ludicrousness which the continual outcry of Philoctetes throws over that fine tragedy: exclamations from mental pain are all very well, but when one recollects that this continual *αι αι αι* is on account of a sore foot, it is impossible to feel any of the higher order of sympathy with it. I mentioned the "Alcestis" of Euripides, and the sort of sarcastic squabble there is between Death and Apollo in the first act, quite inconsistent with the serious heroic. We agreed what havoc Voltaire would have made among these chef-d'œuvres of antiquity, if, with his contempt of common prejudices, he had chosen to expose their absurdities; but it was well he did not. Our admiration, in these cases, is become a sort of religion, and is connected with many noble associations, of which it would be a pity the world should be disenchanted. I said that probably the reason Voltaire did not attack the ancients with his ridicule, was that Terrasson and others had tried it against Homer, and having done it clumsily, brought the task into disrepute. Lord L. came to walk part of the way home with me. Fears the Catholic Question will rather lose than gain ground this session: talked of Burke, Fox, &c. coalitions. Lord L. thinks the principle of coalitions not only just, but necessary in a free country, otherwise the Court might bear down everything before it. The same principle, he thinks, applies to party and to

coalitions; a compromise and surrender of individual differences of opinion for the attainment of one common object. Owned he might be biassed in speaking of the two great coalitions; Mr. Fox with Lord North, and Mr. Fox again with Lord Grenville, as the former was opposed to his father, and in the latter he himself was concerned: but to him it appeared that there were grounds of justification for the latter which did not exist in the former, as Mr. Fox, in the former case, coalesced with Lord North to *defeat* what was the result of all his own former efforts and measures, viz. peace; whereas, in joining with Lord Grenville, he but pursued, in most instances, the same objects which he had contended for when in opposition. There is a great deal of truth in this: told him that one of Allen's arguments in defence of the first coalition was, that his father (Lord Shelburne) had become so rooted in the favour of the King, that nothing less could shake him. Lord L. said this was not at all true; that, in the first place, it was evident the King would not like the maker of the peace; and, in the next place, he had proofs that the King actually intrigued *against* his father at that time, and, after professing to Lord Shelburne to approve the terms of the peace, wrote a letter to Lord Camden abusing them in the strongest manner, which letter Lord Camden took instantly and showed to Lord Shelburne, with a fairness of honourable feeling which of course his Majesty did not give him credit for. Talked of Burke; agreed in enthusiastic admiration of his talents. Lord L. inclined to defend his latter doctrines, and to look upon them as not so inconsistent with his former ones as they are generally represented; particularly as there was nothing impeachable in his character throughout life, that could lead one to suspect him of interested motives in changing, though certainly his receiving the

pension at the time was rather a suspicious coincidence. On my reminding him, however, of some circumstances in Burke's life, the money he received from Lord Rockingham, &c. &c., he seemed rather to surrender this favourable view of the matter.

15th. Wrote some of "Sheridan:" read some of Maurice's appendix to his "Ruins of Babylon." Received from the Longmans, Dodsley's and other collections of poems to select from for their "Miscellany:" received also from Murray several volumes of the "Parliamentary Debates." Copied out the two songs I had written to send to Power.

16th and 17th. Reading the "Parliamentary Debates" and writing "Sheridan." Found some odd things in Maurice's book. Have a great mind to write a poem, the scene of which shall be laid in ancient Egypt: its monuments, its scenery, its religious symbols, all poetical: some humour too might be blended with their ludicrous objects of worship; for instance, the two cities whose dissensions rose to such a height concerning the comparative merits of the divinities they worshipped; one of them adoring a dog, and the other a pike; much good satire might be made out of this. Read Bramston's "Art of Politics" in Dodsley: some smart lines in this: —

> "What does not yield to Time's destroying hand?
> Where's Troy? and where's the Maypole in the Strand?
> As if Paul's cupola were brought to bed,
> After hard labour, of a small pin's head."

18th. Took my little bible to church with me, in order to search in it for a subject that would suit a fine triumphant air of Novello's I have to put words to. Found an admirable one in Jeremiah, and wrote four lines during service — War against Babylon: much better employed than I should have been in listening to the drawling parson and

snuffling clerk. Let nobody see me though, having the pew to myself and the two little girls. Flew to the pianoforte when I came home, and finished the first verse before dinner: my delight when I hit off the line, "Breaks like a thunder-cloud;" it goes so happily to the music. This will, I think, beat the "Loud timbrel!"

19th. Went to Chippenham with Phipps and Locke, to a dinner which the former gave to his troop of yeomanry, all common farmers; the only gentlemen ourselves and Gosset. A strange day: such tippling, and such speechifying. I proposed Lord Lansdowne's health, in a speech which but about three persons out of the fifty understood a syllable of: but such men like to be talked to unintelligibly; they take it as a tribute to their understandings. Supped at Phipps's on our return, where we found Bessy.

20th. Read and wrote. In the evening called upon Phipps to arrange about our trip to Bath to-morrow.

21st. Went to Bath; Bessy, myself, the little fellow, and the maid, in a hack-chaise, and the Phippses in their own carriage. Dined at the York House, and went in the evening to the theatre. Young in "Cassius:" got a wretched little private box, where we were almost suffocated, but moved to Lady Burdett's for the farce. Miss Tree sang my song of "Young Love lived once" very prettily, and was encored with great enthusiasm. Supped very merrily at the York House, and slept there.

22nd. Walked about all day shopping: gave directions about the binding of my books at Upham's. Met the Bishop of Meath, and walked with him up and down Milsom Street, talking of Sheridan. Told me the story about the sermon: it was at a country-house of Sheridan's (forget the name of the place; must inquire): the com-

pany there at the time, Tickell, Burgoyne, Mrs. Crewe. The subject given to Sheridan at dinner on the Saturday by O'Beirne, viz. "The abuse of riches." Sheridan absent at coffee and for the rest of the evening; and O'Beirne found the MS. by his bedside next morning neatly tied together with ribbon. An admirable discourse, he said, though with several strange references to Scripture; such as, "It is easier, as *Moses says*, for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle," &c. &c. The person against whom the force of this sermon was directed was *Child*. O'Beirne afterwards, to his astonishment, called to account by some friends of his, for having given such offence to the Childs. Burgoyne then told him the trick Sheridan had put upon him. I mentioned to the Bishop that I often had doubts whether I should insert this anecdote, as it required much delicacy (towards *him* particularly) in the manner of relating it: he agreed it did so, but said it might still be managed. Told me then the writers in "The Englishman;" Tickell (I think), Richard Burke, and himself (the Bishop) wrote the three last papers. Sheridan *edited* it, but did not *write**; exactly reversing what ought to have been his department. Sheridan wrote some of the "Prettymaniana:" the occasion of these squibs was an answer that Prettyman, as secretary of Pitt, gave to Wedgewood, who waited upon him from some association or committee of manufactures, and which answer Prettyman afterwards denied. Was sorry that I could not have more conversation with the Bishop, and think it will be worth my while to go to Bath again to him. Met Crabbe toddling about the streets: who would suspect that he is *the* Crabbe? Lunched at a pastrycook's, and left Bath at five o'clock, Phipps driving, and I on the box with him;

* "All wrong" (1824).

the servants in the hack-chaise. Found, on my arrival at home, a letter from Toller, my proctor, inclosing copies of affidavits, &c. of the adverse party, and asking for instructions how to proceed, as they seemed determined to press matters against me. The catastrophe, therefore, is at hand. This saddened me a little, for I had almost forgotten the whole concern, and now it returns upon me darker than ever. Well, all is perhaps for the best.

23rd. Large dinner at Phipps's. Company: the Hugheses, Lockes, Gossets, Grubb, &c. Sung in the evening; afterwards danced to the pianoforte, and supped. Received Bowles's answer to Campbell: tells me in the note he left with it, that Lord Lansdowne considers his position indisputable; and so I think it is.

24th. A wet, gloomy day: my spirits of the same hue. Often do I wish I had a *good cause to die in.* Compared the Irish edition of "The School for Scandal," with the MS. in my possession: find them, with but few and trifling exceptions, word for word alike, which confirms to me the story of Mrs. Lefanu's sale of the copy to Ryder.

25th. Wrote and read a little; received part of a printed, but not yet published poem of the tiresome and indefatigable author of "——," called "——," asking me modestly to furnish him with a sort of prologue to it. Sent out invitations to some of the neighbours to dine with us on Tuesday next. A letter from the eternal Miss ——, with equal modesty, telling me she has written an opera, and if I will give a few comic touches, to improve the characters of the servants, we can *share* the profits of its representation! Hughes dined with us.

26th. Looked over papers.

27th. Phipps sent in the morning to say he would drive me over to Bath, if I liked it; the very thing I

wanted. Went with him; delicious weather: met the Bishop of Meath in Pulteney Street. Unluckily he was engaged for the rest of the day, and was to leave Bath for Bristol next morning: had about an hour's conversation, however, with him. He seemed to have changed his mind with respect to the insertion of the anecdote about the sermon, on account of some conversation he had had with old Colonel Barry, who thought it would tell against the Bishop. What first brought Sheridan, he said, prominently forward in the concerns of the party, was the Regency, which he chiefly managed, Fox being then abroad. It was positively, he said, Sir Gilbert Elliot that wrote the Prince's letters on that occasion. Asked him with respect to the difference between the Duke of Portland and Sheridan. Said the Duke had, upon his (O'Beirne's) mentioning the matter to him, authorised him to declare that he could not have said that he would not sit in the Cabinet with Sheridan, because there was never any wish or intention expressed of bringing Sheridan into it. S., on the second change of administration (Fox and North), had some expectation of being made Chancellor of the Exchequer, and accordingly shut himself up for three weeks to study figures, which he made himself thorough master of, though perfectly ignorant of the subject before. This accounts for his taking the *financial line* afterwards in his opposition to Pitt. Sheridan's great ambition was to be thought at the bottom of everything. The Bishop had found in a life of Dr. Clarke (I think) the following words, — "She did command, because I *would* obey," and showed it to Sheridan as being the passage he had borrowed one of the lines at the end of the "School for Scandal" from. Sheridan was angry at the imputation. They used to annoy him about his plagiarisms from Wy-

cherley, till he at last swore he had never read a line of Wycherley. I rather think it was Lord J. Townshend, he said, wrote the Probationary Ode by Major Scott (Q. E. E.); he (the Bishop) wrote the one by Mason; Adair wrote the Dedication to Sir Lloyd Kenyon. All these things were got up at the "Esto Perpetua," a club held at Beeket's. What gave rise to the "Rolliad" was a sort of "smoking and spitting party," made in the House of Commons to interrupt and annoy Burke, of which party Rolle was the chief promoter. Tickell (I think, he said) began the poem. Mrs. Sheridan was something quite divine: the Bishop's phrase about her had always been, that she formed the connecting link between angel and woman. Sheridan hated Burke. Burke had fixed upon the Begum Charge for himself, but on S. expressing a wish for it, gave it up to him. Left the Bishop and went to Urpham's: found there Colonel Barry, and talked with him on the same subject. He said I had a most ticklish and perilous task to perform: it was all bristling over with difficulties, like a hedge-hog. Somebody showed him the passage in Beaumont and Fletcher, from which S. borrowed his description of Pizarro on the wreck, but he does not remember where it is. Dined with the Fitzgeralds. Lady C. wrote a note to ask Miss Ogle (Sukey, sister of Sheridan's last wife) to come in the evening. Had some conversation with F. after dinner about Lord Moira. He mentioned the easiness with which his mind got over any annoyances. Often when Lady Charlotte has seen him return in the evening from Carlton House, evidently unhappy and mortified at something that has occurred there, she used to lay a novel carelessly open on his table, which he was sure to take up, and in a few minutes Carlton House and all

that had happened was forgotten in the girlish delight and interest which he took in the story. Lady C. mentioned at dinner a pretty thought of a little girl about the Trinity. "Oh yes," said she, "I understand it very well; there may be three candles in the room, and yet but one light." Miss Ogle came: we had much talk about her brother-in-law. Like all those of his friends or relatives I have met, full of enthusiasm about his memory, his fame, &c., and trusting that I shall do him ample justice (*i. e.* praise him through thick and thin). She said it was melancholy to compare the letters of his two wives (which she saw among his papers), both beginning in the same strain of love and worship for him, and both gradually alienated by his selfish and vainglorious infidelities and extravagancies, till they ended in disliking him—the fate he brought upon himself from both these women who adored him. I mentioned, with respect to the settlement he had made upon her sister, that I rather believed it was by getting the Linleys out of Drury Lane and taking possession of the private boxes he raised that money. She said she had always understood that he had injured some persons, in order to make that settlement good, but whether it was the Linleys, or what were the particulars of the transaction, she did not know. He was fond, she said, of domestic parties, delighted in children, and was altogether, where his vanity or his passions did not interfere, amiable and attracting. They however used, very often, to wish him dead, for her sister's sake, as they thought she might recover her health if she was rid of him; his jealousy latterly incessant and teazing. Went with the Fitzgeralds to an assembly at a Mrs. Bunbury's; met there, among others, Mrs. Richardson, mother of Lady Clare; met also an old Halifax acquaintance of mine, the Baron de Rotten-

burgh: his pretty Baroness not there. Slept at the York House.

28th. Breakfasted with the Fitzgeralds. Took me to call on Mrs. Piozzi; a wonderful old lady; faces of other times seemed to crowd over her as she sat, — the Johnsons, Reynoldses, &c. &c.: though turned eighty, she has all the quickness and intelligence of a gay young woman. Went with the Fitzgeralds to the theatre to see Miss Tree, and to tell her how much I was delighted with the manner in which she sung my song of "Young Love lived once" the other night: a neat little girl, and *may* be made an admirable singer.* Sauntered about Bath; saw and talked with Lord Thomond, &c. &c. Arrived at home about eight o'clock, and Phipps and I dined off some sausages we had brought with us. Mrs. P. had dined with Bessy.

29th. Wrote a few lines to an air of Kozeluch's for a Sacred Song. Bessy and I dined at Locke's; we supped, and did not get home till three o'clock.

30th. Walked to inquire after Mrs. Phipps, and rambled with him and her about their grounds. Our large dinner at home; all men. Company: Phipps, Locke, two Hugheses, Brabant, and Crowe. Crowe's simplicity very delightful.

May 1st. Employed in copying out two Sacred Songs for Power, "Babylon" and "Far, far away, bewild'ring world."

2nd. Power arrived with his daughter Jane, who is to pass a week or ten days with Bessy. Dined at two o'clock, that Power might be time enough for the Calne coach, to

* Nothing can be happier as a compliment than Mr. Luttrell's verses: —

"On this Tree if a nightingale settles and sings,
This Tree will return her as good as she brings."

return again to town at night. Packed up for my own excursion to-morrow.

3rd. Set off from Calne in the York House coach for town. Smattered a little theology with a clergyman, whom I at first took for a clothier, but who turned out to be a very deep-read ecclesiastic; a great advocate for Calvin: tells me that the "Thesaurus" of Suicer (of which I have lost a volume) is now very scarce, and sells at a very high price. Another of my companions turned out to be Sheddon, whose brother married a sister of Monk Lewis. Lewis died of the yellow fever, he said; very unwilling to die; all the last day exclaiming every instant, "The suspense! the suspense!" which the physician who attended him was doubtful whether he meant to allude to religious doubts, or the success of a medicine which he had taken, and on whose operation his life depended. Arrived in town at half-past seven.

4th. Saw Corry, R. Power, and Beecher. Beecher made a very sensible speech last night on the Catholic question. Walked about with Corry: called upon poor Perry, who is evidently dying. In talking of the reports of the debates, he said he could not make them *long* enough for those who spoke them, or *short* enough for those who read them. Went to my proctor, who thinks he can make out some plea to fight off the calamity for me a little while. Called upon the Longmans, who asked Corry and me to dinner, but he dines at Lord Farnham's. Met and talked with Lord Lansdowne, Lord Forbes, Methuen, &c. Lord L. asked me to dine on Sunday next. Met Lord Clifford, who said he had heard from Lord Robert Seymour, that Beecher's was an excellent speech: am delighted at this, for Beecher is a good, manly, sensible fellow. A good deal annoyed by different people about "Cribb." Carpenter

said, very triumphantly, that Richard Power had ordered him to leave it out in the splendid copy of all my works he was preparing for him. Dined at Longmans; they are speculating already upon the purchase of poor Perry's paper, and had much talk with me as to whether I should like to be editor with a *share* and *salary*. Rees and I went to Covent Garden: "Heart of Mid-Lothian, and a very amusing farce, "A Rowland for your Oliver."

5th. Called upon Ridgway the publisher to ask him about Sheridan: told me that when he expostulated pretty strongly with S. on his keeping him so long dancing after him for the copy of the "School," S. said, "The fact is, Mr. R., I have been nineteen years endeavouring to satisfy my own taste in this play, and have not yet succeeded." "After this," said R. to me, "I teased him for it no longer." Dined at Joy's chambers in the Temple. Company: Bowles, Corry, Locke, and a General Brackenbury. Joy's dandy dinner of mutton chops, brought in one by one, "like angel visits, few and far between," highly amusing, except that we were all in a state of starvation. "Joy," says Bowles, in a sort of reverie, "I want — I want ——" "What do you want, my dear Bowles?" "D— it, I want something to eat." Went to Drury Lane: the play a new one and a bad one, — "A Cheque on my Banker." Supped with Corry at the Piazza.

6th. Breakfasted with Rogers, and went with him to see the exhibition of the Queen's things at Christie's. Paid visits at Lords Darnley, Jersey, Grey, Harrington, Tavistock, &c. Walked with George Ponsonby, and begged him, if he had an opportunity, to say to Lord Grey how much I should like to have a little conversation with him about Sheridan. Met my old acquaintances Lord Clonmell, Lord Forbes, &c. &c. Met Walsh (the

musical Walsh), and asked him about the occasional little piece of Sheridan's, in which he acted, and of which I found a sort of programme among the papers. It was called "The Glorious First of June;" acted in '94: very much liked, and ran thirty nights. Sheridan gave the dialogue on scraps of paper out of the boxes during rehearsal. The Duke of Clarence came to see that the little ships for the battle were correct. George Ponsonby came to me at five, to say that Lord Grey would be very glad to see me, with merely himself and Ponsonby, on Sunday next: must get off Lord Lansdowne's to go there. Dined with Corry at Reddishs', and went to the Coburg Theatre. Found a very kind note at home from Lady Holland, asking me to go to Holland House for some days, and saying it would be a visit of charity, as Lord H. was confined by the gout.

7th. Received a letter from dearest Bess, with the intelligence that our little boy has cut two teeth since I left home. Looked about for lodgings for the Phippses. In going to call upon Lord King, saw Adair coming out of his house, and determined to introduce myself to him. His gloomy, rigid look while I explained myself to him (for he did not know me personally) turned at once into the kindest smiles when I mentioned my name: he insisted on my going back with him to his house, and in the course of a few minutes we were seated side by side in as confidential a conversation as if we had known each other for years. Tickell had a good deal of wit, but was a bad arguer. Whenever he found himself hard run in argument with Richardson, he used to begin to mimic Mr. Fox, and by the mere force of mimicry possess himself so much of the mind as well as manner of his original, that Richardson declared he felt as if Mr. Fox was before him, and

became quite subdued by the new character that his antagonist assumed. The first circumstance that induced Mr. Fox to suspect Sheridan of want of principle, was his going down to Newmarket as the Prince's advocate in the Jockey Club business. Sheridan never gamed. Another occasion on which Sheridan took a part displeasing to Fox, was when Lord Rolle agitated the question of the Prince's marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert. Fox begged of the Prince to enable him to speak the truth on the subject; and the Prince assured him there had been no marriage between them, which Fox stated to the House; but on Mrs. F. (who never spoke to Fox afterwards) expostulating with the Prince upon this exposure of her character, his Royal Highness denied that he had ever authorised Fox to make such a declaration, and S. was employed to remove the impression on the public mind, by an equivocal sort of speech which he made afterwards in the House. Mr. Fox did not belong to the Friends of the People, and was always against making Parliamentary Reform the main object or *sine qua non* of the party. Sheridan, too, kept clear of this society; and other Foxites (among whom was Courtenay) took their names off when they found Fox did not approve of it. The course which Lord Grey took with respect to the Prince's debts was an obnoxious circumstance; and in general his high, incorrupt character in money matters made the Prince fear him as a Minister. Adair did not write the Dedication to Kenyon, nor any other part of the "Rolliad." Richardson told him that Tickell was the author of those four lines in the monody, "Oh, proud distinction of the sacred lyre." Sheridan was not a ready man; angry with the party for not bringing him into the Cabinet. Burke jealous of Fox's preference of S. to himself; but it was natural that Fox and Fitzpatrick

should prefer the gaiety and laxity of such a companion as S. to the austere character of Burke's life and conversation. Adair thinks that S. did not really mean to cheat people in money matters, and that he always imagined he should be able to pay the debts he incurred; but new embarrassments banished all thoughts of providing for the former ones out of his head. After leaving Adair, I met Hammersley, with whom I had some conversation about S.'s financial concerns with his house. He promised to talk with me more fully on the subject some time, but said partly what Adair did, that he did not believe S. really meant to cheat people out of their money.

Called upon that beautiful creature Lady Charlemont, and sat some time with her. Left a card at Lord Dunmore's. Met Horace Twiss, who had called upon me twice to-day to ask me to assist in disposing of his tragedy: promised to attend the rehearsal for him to-morrow. Dined at Rogers's to meet Grattan: company only he, I, Rogers, and his brother and sister. Grattan still very delightful. Spoke of old Sheridan: he used to take the good speeches of other characters for his own. Thus, in "Romeo and Juliet," he used to speak Mercutio's speech, and read it, "Oh, then, I see Queen Mab has been with *me*." Agreed with me in preferring Burke to all orators. Rogers remarked that Burke had an advantage over others in having reported his own speeches. Another remark of his, when we spoke of Burke's wonderful display of knowledge, that a man who has not much taste often seems to know more than a man whose fastidiousness of taste restrains him from such an exhibition. Charles Sheridan's letter to Blackstone was in defence of Ireland against the claims of English supremacy; and yet, when this very question was agitated in the House, C. Sheridan (who was brought in

by Lord Muskerry) was one of eighteen who stood up for England against the independence of Ireland. Grattan and I walked home together; and still, when I saw him to his own door, he would insist upon seeing me to mine, so that we saw each other home four or five times. Has a high opinion of Burke's integrity, and thinks the pension was in consequence of his change, not the change in consequence of the pension. Regrets that he and Fox differed, as they might have been a check upon each other, and prevented the opposite extremes into which both fell; both of a nature to embrace whatever cause they took up totally and ardently: *Quicquid vult, valde vult.*

8th. Passed most of the day in wandering about with Phipps looking for lodgings for them. Received a letter from Rome from Count Stendahl (?), the author of "*L'Histoire de la Peinture*," sending me a copy of his book, and praising abundantly "Lalla Rookh" and "Fudge Family." Dined with the Phippses at Ibbetson's and went with them to the Opera, where I had got Perry's box for them. Wrote to Lord Lansdowne to beg him to excuse my dining with him to-morrow.

9th. Breakfasted with Rogers, Malthy, and Crabbe. Sauntered about. Called upon Lord Crewe, Sotheby, Croker, &c. Took the Phippses to see my picture at Shee's; they thought it very bad. Called at Lord Melbourne's; William Lamb just coming out of the door: walked with him for some time: he told me he had written a sketch of the earlier part of the political life of Sheridan, which he would give me to make what use I pleased of. Vanity the reigning passion of Sheridan; no corruptness as to pecuniary motives about him. Dined at Lord Grey's: the company, Lord Hutchinson, Sir Robert Wilson, the Ponsonbys, and the

family. Conversation about the state of the Ministry, the Bank question, the Catholics, &c. &c. It was not till we were near parting, that Sheridan came into play. Lord Grey said he was the chief cause of the Prince's separating from them at the last Regency; and told me the scene that Lord Holland described about the Prince's showing to Sheridan the answer he (Lord G.) and Lord Grenville had drawn up to be sent to the Address of the Houses,—Sheridan altering it entirely, and their protesting strongly against this sort of secret advising. The odd sort of manufacture that took place in S.'s speeches — Mrs. S., Stewart, Read, Richardson, &c. all making extracts, pasting on papers, &c. S. told Lady Asgill that it was he who invented her beauty. Lord G. heard from Richardson that it was Heyne, not Haydn, who was elected by the Institute. This slight upon S. a chief cause of his tirades against Bonaparte and the French.* Sir Robert Wilson and Lord Hutchinson wrote the letters for the Prince about the command in 1803; Sir R. W. the first. Lord G. said, to talk of making speeches quite extempore was all nonsense. Every young orator ought to prepare and write out his speeches; not *verbatim*, but so as to know perfectly what he is about. S.'s great servility to the Prince. Lord H. said, no part of the Prince's conduct astonished him so much as his desertion of S., for he seemed to be really attached to him.

10th. Dined alone at the George, and took the Phippses afterwards to the British Gallery, for which Lord Grey and Rogers gave me tickets. Went afterwards to Lady Jersey's; every one there: a very civil bow from the Duke of Wellington. Lord Grey told me

* For an explanation of this passage, see "Life of Sheridan," 8vo ed. vol. ii. p. 303.

the verses I had mentioned of Sheridan's were a parody on some lines of Lord Rochester. Lady Cowper promised me a ticket for the next Almack's. William Lamb sent me his MS.

11th. Went to see Mr. Fawkes's drawings; chiefly Turner's, and very beautiful. Dined at Power's at four o'clock, to meet Bishop. He mentioned one curious musical joke of Haydn's, who, in composing the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," has, on the last word, *stolen* a passage from Martini. From thence to Astley's with the Phippses.

12th. Got tickets for the Phippses and Locke to see Lord Stafford's Gallery. Saw there the two Persians who have been studying in England sometime, and whose praises of "Lalla Rookh" I have so often been delighted to hear. Introduced myself to them: one of them very agreeable and intelligent. Missed my ticket for Almack's. Dined at the Wiltshire dinner, — Lord Lansdowne in the chair, and made a very tasteful speech in giving the health of the three Wiltshire poets, — Crabbe, Bowles, and myself, all present. I was called on to return thanks, and succeeded marvellously. Among other things, I said that, "as far as a union by acts of friendship, — which, after all, was a more binding thing than a union by acts of parliament, — could convert an Irishman into a Wiltshireman, I was in as fair a train of transformation as they could desire." Of Crabbe I said, that "the *musa severior* which he worships has had no influence whatever on the kindly dispositions of his heart; but that while, with the eye of a sage and a poet, he looks into the darker region of human nature, he stands in its most genial sunshine himself."

13th. Bessy and the little ones arrived: gave them up my lodgings, and took a bed at Rogers's. Went to Miller's

Wharf, to secure berths for them in the packet for Sunday. The price of a state cabin seven guineas; but did not feel comfortable at the idea of their being all cribbed up in such a narrow space, and indulged in the extravagance of giving fourteen guineas for two cabins. Returned home at four: took a hackney-coach, and went with Bessy to Hornsey to visit the grave of our dearest Barbara. Her feelings seem to grow more quiet and reconciled on this subject. At eight o'clock she and I sauntered up and down the Burlington Arcade: then went and bought some prawns, and supped most snugly together.

14th. Went with Bessy and Mrs. Phipps to Hodgkinson's, to buy the wedding-dress and other things which I am sending as presents to Bessy's sister: from thence to other shops. The Phippses dined with us at my lodgings; and in the evening we went, children and all, to the Coburg Theatre.

15th. Was asked to dine at Lord Jersey's and at Croker's, but sent apologies. Went with Bessy and Mrs. P. to see the wild beasts, and afterwards to the Exhibition. Mrs. P. dined with us, and in the evening we went with dear Anastasia to Astley's.

16th (Sunday). Rose, after about an hour's sleep, at four o'clock, and by half-past four were in the hackney coach (which a porter of Longman's brought), on our way to Miller's Wharf. At a little after six, my dear girl, with her two little ones, and Harriet our maid, sailed from the wharf, and I stopped till I saw the last glimpse of them. Breakfasted, on my return, at the London Coffeehouse; then took a warm bath in Pall Mall; the young lady of the house playing and singing my songs all the time, and her mother meeting me as I came out of the room, with an "Anacreon" in her hand, saying, "Oh sir, are you *the*

Mr. Moore whom I have been admiring these thousand years? When will you come to bathe again, sir?" &c. &c. Drove with Mrs. Bennet and Mrs. P. to the Park, and walked there. Dined at Lord Cowper's. Company: Lord and Lady Duncannon, Lord A. Hamilton, the Cliffords, William Lambe and Lady Caroline, &c. &c. Begged of Captain Clifford to mention to Lord John Townshend (his father-in-law) my desire to have some conversation with him about Sheridan. Lady Cowper had seen the Fair Circassian; says she is something like Lady Ossulston; speaks no language that any about her understand, but is now beginning to learn a little English.

17th. Went to see Philipps's pictures with Richard Power. He is painting the subject of the Man and the Child in Paradise and the Peri (there is one in the Exhibition by Corbould from the same poem). The triumphant ascent of the Peri in Philipps's is very spiritedly done. From thence went to call upon Miss O'Neil, and was agreeably surprised by her sitting down to the harp and singing very sweetly and unaffectedly one of my songs. Dined alone at the George, for the purpose of going to see her in "Mrs. Waller" with the Bennets and Phippses.

18th. Breakfasted with Rogers, and walked about with him paying visits of the day. Went with Douglas Kinnaird to Burgess (S.'s solicitor), who says he will apply for an injunction against the "Life" unless there is some arrangement made with the family. Dined with Lord Hutchinson. Company: Lord Donoughmore, Lord Brandon, some young Hutchinsons, and Parson Este, who told a few things of Sheridan, but of no importance, — except indeed one, which was, that Burke, at the meeting upon Garrick's funeral, suggested the thought of those

lines in the monody which end "And points the place," by saying, that whenever the burial of Garrick was commemorated, the position of Shak-speare's statue should not be forgotten. Lord Hutchinson is of opinion that it must be owing to some neglectfulness of S. that he was latterly deserted by the Regent.

19th. Received a note from Captain Clifford, to say that Lord J. Townshend would be most happy to see me, and give all the information about S. in his power. Went to the Exhibition with the Phippses. Dined at Holland House. Company: Lord Grey, Lord A. Hamilton, Mrs. Fox, Miss Fox, Sir J. Mackintosh, Tierney, &c. Their mixture of the doleful and the humorous in their discourse upon last night's defeat in the House of Commons, very amusing. The censer flung round the room by Lady H.'s page after dinner seemed to astonish Murray the advocate, who had not, I suppose, seen the ceremony before; and I was myself a little astonished on hearing, as I came away, a very good male voice singing to the guitar, and finding that it was the *butler* who was accompanying himself in an Italian air. By the bye, the incense burned after dinner here comes from a convent in Spain, which gets it from another establishment connected with it in the north of Persia.

20th. Took the Phippses to see Rogers's house, and Philipps's picture of the Peri. Afterwards saw the procession of the Persian ambassador to Carlton House. Dined at Sotheby's. Company: Bowles, Crabbe, Miss Joanna Baillie, William Spencer, &c. Spencer as usual very amusing. Told us that, in allusion to Lady Crewe, they used to read the well-known line thus — "Crewe, admit me of thy mirth."

22st. Called by appointment upon Lord John Town-

shend, and had about an hour's talk concerning Sheridan. Said S. wrote at least two of "The Englishman;" that on Lord George Germaine and the first. Fox wrote one; was not satisfied with its style, and S. corrected it for him. Lord John read S.'s paper upon Lord G. Germaine to Gibbon at Devonshire House, and he was much pleased with it. S.'s jealousy: Lord John and Fitzpatrick used to say, that he was jealous even of a pretty woman. Burke's admiration of the Begum Speech; that, Mr. Fox said, first proved to him his want of a pure taste. Lord John mentioned the following verse as S.'s in the lines, "Glenbervie, Glenbervie," which indeed, he said, were almost all written off-hand by him:—

"Johnny Wilkes, Johnny Wilkes,
Thou greatest of bilks,
How changed are the notes you now sing;
Your fam'd Forty-five
Is Prerogative,
And your blasphemy, God save the king."

Dined at Longman's; a literary dinner; Mackintosh, Bowles, Colonel Wilkes Sir James Smith (President of the Linnæan Society), Dr. Holland, &c. &c. A very agreeable day. Some good Latin poems of Jekyll's. Upon hearing that Logier taught thorough-bass in three lessons, he said it contradicted the old saying, "Nemo repente fuit *turpissimus*." What Lord Ellenborough said to —— the barrister, upon his asking, in the midst of a most boring harangue, "Is it the pleasure of the Court that I should proceed with my statement?" "Pleasure, Mr. ——, has been out of the question for a long time, but you may proceed," &c. &c. Sir James remarked very truly that shrewdness and wit were Sheridan's forte, not the higher kind of eloquence. We had some discussion as to how far Shakspeare borrowed that passage about the "cloud-

capt towers" from Lord Sterling. The latter was produced, and the plagiarism is so remote, that Shakspeare need not even have seen it. Went afterwards to an assembly to meet the Phippses. Two bishops and a Persian (my friend Giafer) in the room.

22nd. Dined alone; and went to Covent Garden in the evening. Saw Yates's mimicries; very good; his Matthews excellent. This is turning the tables on the great performers, as Tate Wilkinson did on Foote.

23rd. Dined with Mackenzie, who was agent for exchange of prisoners in France, and is now commissioner for settling British claims. Company: a Russian Prince (whose name I forget), Lord William Bentinck, Captain Leigh (who had the adventure in the Pyramids), Sir Thomas Tyrwhit Jones Barker (Consul at Aleppo), Stratford Canning, Mr. Morier, &c. Sat between the two latter. Canning, an intelligent man: gave a ludicrous account of Lord Byron's insisting upon taking precedence of the *corps diplomatique* in a procession at Constantinople (when Canning was secretary), and upon Adair's refusing it, limping, with as much swagger as he could muster, up the hall, cocking a foreign military hat on his head. He found, however, he was wrong, and wrote a very frank letter acknowledging it, and offering to take his station anywhere.

24th. Dined with Rogers; in the evening to Covent Garden; and supped with Corry and Power. The company at Rogers's, the Bowleses, Rogers's two brothers and sister, &c.

25th. Went to the Panorama. Drove with Frederick Byng in his gig off to the Park. Dined with a party in the One Tun Tavern in Jermyn Street; Sir Francis Burdett, his son, Lord Rancliffe, Power, Beecher, and

Corry. Went to Ferrars's concert and ball at Almack's; saw there the Duke of Wellington, the Morpeths, Lansdownes, &c. &c. Corry and I supped together afterwards.

26th. Dined with Brackenbury, a friend of Joy's, out of town four miles. Met there my old friend Barnewall (now Lord Trimlestown) who once wrote me a French poem as if from the Invisible Girl, in which I recollect he summed up the catalogue of my mistresses thus — "Mais Betsy, Rose, Iris, Hortense." Went to Almack's (the regular assembly) and staid till three in the morning. Lord Morpeth said to me, "You and I live at Almack's."

27th. Dined with Perry: the company, Boswell (son to Bozzy,), Freeling of the Post Office, Bowles, &c. &c. Went to an assembly at Lansdowne House.

28th. Dined with Hume at his cottage at Hanwell, the dinner being in celebration of my birthday. Taken out by the Brigstocks, Mrs. B. being an exceedingly pretty Biondina. Cannon (one of the Regent's chaplains) told some good stories of his master during dinner. "Alarming times; I receive some dreadful anonymous letters; don't I, Bloomfield? You remember that one which I didn't like to send to the Secretary of State, beginning, 'You damned old fellow, I'll pull you out of the coach.'" Mentioned also the *gracious* answer sent by Bloomfield to an application of Mrs. Murray's, to be allowed to remain in her chambers: "Madam, His R. H. was most feelingly gracious in the expression of his decision, which was —— unfavourable to your request," &c. &c. Hume had proposed a large laurel crown, which was *imposed* upon me after dinner.

29th. Called upon Miss Costello, the young authoress that Bowles patronises; rather a nice girl. She had sent

me her poems the night before with a very flattering letter, "first poet of the age," &c. &c. I drove down to Bishopsgate Street for the purpose of taking a stage to Sir J. Mackintosh's (within two miles of Ware). Mackintosh had written me a note on Thursday with instructions as to the route and conveyance. The stages all full; walked to Enfield (a very pretty path between Edmonton and Enfield through the fields); took a chaise there and arrived at Mackintosh's a little before seven; found a large party just going to sit down to dinner,—Allen (Lady M.'s brother, married to a daughter of Lord R. Seymour) and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Malthus, Mr. Le Bas, Miss Stewart (a pretty Irish girl), Miss Allen, &c. Sung a little in the evening.

30th. A good deal of conversation with Mackintosh, chiefly about Sheridan and the politics of his time. Wyndham said of S., it was not from want of fertility or quickness that he *prepared* so much, but an over-desire of polish and correctness. Sheridan was ignorant of almost every subject he had to handle, and manfully acknowledged it. He showed the great difference there was between prudence and good sense; no one could advise others better. Fox said of the florid parts of S.'s speech, "I don't like these things, except in Burke,—they are natural to him." Mackintosh defends coalitions warmly, and is certainly right as to the *general* principle, though some of the particular instances have been unlucky. The eighteenth century full of coalitions; the Revolution brought about by a coalition; Lord Chatham's coalition with the Duke of Newcastle, which turned out so prosperously. I mentioned, as one of the discreditable and unfortunate coalitions, that of Mr. Pulteney, in 1741, though this was between Whigs and

Whigs. M. said that, unless coalitions were allowed, we must submit for ever to a standing Court Ministry; and the Opposition must become merely a sort of Tribunitian Band, who, being unchecked by those hopes of succeeding to power, which at present moderate the temper of their opposition, and prevent them from committing themselves to rash opinions or impracticable measures, would run into all sorts of violence, and produce such shocks as would at last ruin the constitution. Mr. Pitt, he said, had himself been in negotiation for a coalition with Lord North, though he afterwards condemned Fox so much for forming it. Fox, too, was in treaty with Lord Shelburne before he coalesced with Lord North; but though he had more points of contact in politics with the former, he disliked the man; whereas, though differing so much with Lord North in public, he had a strong regard and sympathy for his private character; so that, while he incurred the charge of inconsistency in joining with Lord North, he would have sacrificed every private feeling in coalescing with Lord Shelburne. It is said Sheridan was against the India Bill. Mr. Burke's speech upon conciliation with the colonies one of his best; was well listened to during the American war. This contradicts what Lord Erskine says in the preface to "Fox's Speeches." Mr. Fox used to ask of a speech, "Does it read well?" "Yes." "Then it was not a good speech." The King's duplicity throughout his whole reign. The Grenvilles have an hereditary dislike to him. A few Whig families are our only security for the constitution. The Duke of Devonshire might better burn Chatsworth to the ground than forfeit one of his hereditary pledges to the Whigs. The political economists quite a new school. Has heard Fox say, talking of finance, "You know, Grey, you and

I don't mind these things." The leaders of this school at present, Lords Grenville, King, Lansdowne, &c. Burke's pension was not coincident with his apostasy, but three or four years afterwards: nothing wrong about Burke's paymastership. Sayings of Madame de Staël:—Of the scene at Richmond she said, it was "*Calme et animée, ce qu'il faut être, et ce que je ne suis pas.*" Praised Barrow's first sermon. We read over together Dryden's "Epistle on Painting;" the famous passage in Hooker, about law.

31st. Mackintosh, who seemed yesterday to think that I must hold a veil up before Sheridan's criminalities, told me this morning he had been thinking of the subject the greater part of the night, and had come to the decision, that I ought to do no such thing: it would be unjust to my own character and to the world; and that I ought (as, he owned, I seemed well inclined to do) to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth. He and Allen walked with me to Ware. The former mentioned a whimsical joke of Stewart Rose's—"that he had learned from Lord Byron's poetry that two bulls make a nightingale" (bulbul). We had a good deal of laughing at an Irishman who was of our party, on account of a bull he had made at breakfast, and which we called "half a nightingale,"—a sort of "spatch-cock nightingale." Arrived in town just in time to dress for dinner, at Pearse's the Bank director and M. P. for Devizes, who made a speech the other night against the Report. Odd enough, I was asked also to dine to-day with Lord King; *so I had the two extremes* of the Bank Question on my list. Company at Pearse's, Duke of Dorset, Lord Clinton, Mr. and Mrs. Long Wellesley, &c. &c. An assembly there in the evening; *re*-presented to Miss Addington, whom I had met before one morning at Lady Donegal's; and had

much conversation with her, to the astonishment of some Sidmouthites from my neighbourhood. Mrs. Frere sang, and the Miss Pearses played; but on my being asked, bolted, the company being too large.

June 1st. Called on Lady Malcolm (the wife of the Indian hero), to whose house I went the other day with Mrs. Thomas Sheridan, but she was not at home. By the bye, during that walk I took with Mrs. Sheridan, she told me there was another place, besides the registrarship of Malta, which S. had made Tom refuse. She spoke kindly of S. and of his good-nature, when no object of his own interfered: owned also that, under the alarm of any pressure or inconvenience from the want of money, he would not hesitate at any means of procuring it. Found Lady Malcolm at home to-day, and introduced myself. She played for me the Persian air which Mrs. S. told me of, and some others, rather pretty. Went from her to the Duchess of Sussex, whom, with her beautiful daughter, I met on the 24th at Miss White's assembly (where, by the by, a little girl acted in a French *proverbe* who was found amidst the conflagration of Moscow, quite an infant, and not known whether French or Russian; now seven years old, and acted very archly). This daughter of the Duke of Sussex, by Lady A. Murray, a very fine creature. They call her the Princess Emma among themselves, but her general designation is Mademoiselle d'Este. Sat for near two hours with her, and sung a good deal; never saw a more enthusiastic person about music. They asked me to dine next Tuesday. Dinner at Lord Crewe's: company, Luttrell, Rogers, the Cunliffes, &c. Lord Crewe said he had a letter from Sheridan to Mrs. Greville, prefixed as a sort of dedication to some MS. book of poems, which he would let me see. Luttrell very comical

about the cocked hats in the orchestra at Vauxhall, which looked, he said, as if they were the last of their race, the *ultima cœlestum . . . Astræa*, leaving the earth and half-coming to heaven. I sung in the evening, and Mrs. Cunliffe sung a song of Lewis's, "I am not mad, I am not mad," without accompaniment. The energy with which she gives these songs is sometimes rather painful; but they have great effect. I have seen numbers in tears at her ballad, "It was a winter's evening." She and Cunliffe invited me very earnestly to their seat in Wales. All went to an assembly at Sotheby's in the evening.

2nd. Called at Longman's, and consulted them as to what I should do with respect to Murray; who, in a late conversation I had with him, said it was to *me* the creditors would legally look, as it was to me those papers that formed the property on which their claims were founded, had been given by Charles Sheridan. This, though it did not occur to me before, appears to be the real state of the case. I told the Longmans that what I wished was to propose to Murray one of the two following measures: either he must guarantee me against these claims of the creditors, in which case I would proceed with the "Life" on our present terms; or if not, I would refund the money I had already drawn for on account (460*l.*), and give up the whole concern. The Longmans approved of this plan, and professed themselves ready to honour my draft for the 460*l.* Met there Campbell the poet, and walked with him to a little bedroom he has taken in St. Paul's Churchyard, in order to consult medical advice about a complaint he has. He accompanied me afterwards to call upon Richard Power, who was waiting for me to go to Miss Stephens (the singer), and we all three proceeded together to her house. On the way I met Lord

Dunmore, and introduced Campbell to him. Miss Stephens, who lives in a pretty, light, flowery-looking house, quite worthy of her, sung "Donald" for us; and I sung two or three songs in return. It was the first time Campbell had heard me, and he seemed much pleased. He asked me with much warmth for a song (which I recollect his praising before in very warm terms), "Oh, had we some bright little isle of our own," in the "Irish Melodies;" but the air is not fit for the words, and I never sing it. In walking home Campbell said to me, he thought still more highly of my style of song-writing since he heard me sing. We talked of Lord Byron. He said he was a "fallen angel;" then added, with a smile, "and broke his feet in falling," alluding to Lord B.'s lameness. Dined at Horace Twiss's, in Chancery Lane: an odd dinner, in a borrowed room, with champagne, pewter spoons, and old Lady Cork. The company, besides her ladyship, William Spencer, Lord Petersham, Colonel Berkeley, Nugent, Keen the actor, and one or two more. Sat next Nugent. He told me of a woman in Paris saying, when he asked why she called the Napoleons (coins) Louis, "*Mais Monsieur, c'est une douce habitude, que nous sommes bien aises de reprendre.*" One of Louis's courtiers said, at the time when Napoleon was advancing in that magnificent manner from Elba, "*Ce qu'il y a d'affreux dans tout cela c'est que ça est superbe.*" Went up to coffee, and found Mrs. Siddons, who was cold and queen-like to me. From thence, about twelve, to an assembly at Mrs. Phillips's, where I saw Mrs. Siddons again. Discovered the reason of her coldness: I had not gone to a party she had invited me to: and, by a mistake, she did not hear of a visit I had paid her a day or two after. All right again! By the by, Campbell had told me in the morning, as a very

characteristic trait of Sheridan, that after his death there was found an immense heap of letters, which he had taken charge of to frank, from poor husbands to wives, fathers to children, &c. &c.

3rd. Attended a meeting of the stewards of Burns's dinner (the object of which is to aid the subscription for a monument to him), and found all Scotchmen there. In settling the airs to be played after the toasts, I proposed after the city of Edinburgh to have "I'll gae nae mair to yon town," which allusion to the unwillingness of the Scotch to return northward did not seem to be much relished. I found I had been more active than any of the stewards, except the originator of the business, Mr. Forbes Mitchell. Dined with my good friend Admiral Douglas and his pretty little wife, and went with them in the evening to Miss O'Neil's benefit.

4th. Walked with Richard Power and Corry to Alsop's Buildings, Baker Street, and saw some paintings by Martin; most remarkable works, particularly one on the subject of Joshua bidding the sun stand still. He means to paint a subject from "Lalla Rookh." Called upon Hunt (the "Examiner") who lives in the neighbourhood. A literary dinner at Longmans'. Dr. Whitaker (who published an edition, or rather a reprint, of "Pierse Plowman"), Dr. Hewlett, Captain Ross of arctic renown, Daniel the painter, &c. &c. Went to a dance at Tegart's, and staid till three in the morning. Danced with a pretty Hebe of a girl, Miss Wilson, who caught my fancy for the time exceedingly. Apropos to dancing with pretty girls, I have had two or three letters from my own pretty girl, who is safe in Edinburgh, and delighted to see once more her mother and sisters.

5th. To-day our Burns's dinner. Had great difficulty in arranging my party, as I had only seven seats allowed me at the Duke's table, and my friends were Power, Beecher, Corry, Sir F. Burdett, Tegart, Phillips the painter, Brownlow, Murray the bookseller, Crabbe the poet, and Joy. Put down some of them to a lower table. Murray, one of them, not at all pleased; came to me, and said that his object in coming was merely the pleasure of enjoying my company, and as it was rather inconvenient to him to stay, he would leave me a draft for his donation (ten guineas) and be off. This would not do, so I promoted him to the top table. Phillips, too, very cross; but what could I do? Seated Crabbe next myself. The Duke of Sussex's speech was good, and full of golden sentences (for a Prince) about liberty. Sir J. Mackintosh very eloquent, but rather too much of it, and heavy and round-about. My reception most flattering; my name was never mentioned (and it was often by the speakers) without bringing applause; and when I rose to speak, the people crowded from their seats towards my table. At every sentence I was interrupted by plaudits: my own countrymen never received me with more enthusiasm. I was glad too to have two or three of them by, to witness and enjoy it, as they did most thoroughly. Burns's son was brought forward, and spoke sensibly: very like the father to judge by the engravings, and worthy of him in the manly sentiments he expressed about politics; too manly and free, poor fellow, for his advancement as a placeman. Power, Corry, Brownlow, and I adjourned to the Piazza and supped: poor Corry so bewildered with drinking bumpers to me and "the honour of old Ireland," that he could not walk home. By the by, there were about 350 Scotchmen at the dinner; and the donations of

my party made more than a fourth of the subscriptions at table.

6th. Breakfasted with Meerza Jiafer Jabeeb: showed me some curious Persian MSS. A Mr. Shakspeare there, a good oriental scholar. Jiafer is to take a diploma of doctor at Oxford this month. Went from thence to Rogers's. Crabbe had been with him, maintaining (in talking of the dinner of yesterday) that Murray deserved a higher place than Phillips the artist and royal academician, because——he kept his carriage! This is inconceivable. I had bid Mackintosh tell Lady Holland I should go out to dine to-day if she would let me; so I went. The company, only Lord John Russell, Mackintosh, Allen, young Charles Fox, and myself. Allen mentioned that one of the things which brought Burns into disgrace with his excise masters was a toast which he gave, "Here's the last verse of the last chapter of the last book of Kings." He was also accused of having called for *ça Ira* at the Dumfries theatre. In the middle of dinner Lady H. said to me: "I hope you mean to sleep here to-night; you are never agreeable when you are on the wing for your Lady Corks, &c.: you hav'n't the *esprit présent*." I said "Yes," of course; and a man and horse were dispatched for my things, her ladyship promising that I should have the prettiest bedroom in the house. Talked of Mazeppa, the name Lord B. has given to his hero instead of Don Juan. Looked over the account of Mazeppa in Le Clerc's "Russia." He was, as a punishment, tied on a wild horse, and run away with into the Ukraine; but his adventures have nothing to do with Lord B.'s hero. Allen showed me a fine story of Amurath in "Wanley's Wonders," taken from Knolles. Something might be made of it in poetry. I pointed out to Lord Holland and

the rest a passage from Busbequius that struck me as romantic; where he describes the soldiers singing a song, supposed to be uttered by a dying warrior on the river's bank, addressing the river as it flows by, and bidding it hasten to tell his mistress how gallantly he had died. They did not seem to think anything of it; but if I had mentioned (what was really the case) that it was Lord Byron who first pointed it out to me, they would have been sure to have found out all possible beauty in it,—such is the *prestige* of a name! In talking as to whether Lady Byron really loved Lord Byron, Lady H. seemed to think she must. "He was such a loveable person. I remember him (said she) sitting there, with that light upon him, looking so beautiful!" My bedroom was, as she had promised, the prettiest thing that could be imagined, one of those lately fitted up; and I heard the nightingales singing the greater part of the night.

7th. The good lady at my lodgings had sent me no proper toilette for the morning; so I ordered a hackney coach from Kensington and made my way into town, leaving a valedictory note for Lady H. Went to the theatre to try and get a dress for Lady Darnley's fancy ball in the evening. Connor (the Irish actor) took me to his house and provided me with an old English or Spanish dress (old in every sense of the word) which his wife had worn in "Floranthe." Heard a few sweet notes from Miss Stephens, who was rehearsing. Was to have dined at Lord Dunmore's, but sent an excuse in order to go early to the Philharmonic, having had a ticket sent me by the directors. Dined at a coffee-house, but did not get to the Philharmonic till the first act was over. Saw Braham there, who took me aside, and proposed that I should write words to some fantasias, or wild melodies of

his, so as to make scenas of them, and that we should publish them together; but my mentioning that I was bound to Power put an end to the idea, as he is bound to the new Musical Institution. Met the pretty young bride, Mrs. —— (Longman's daughter), and her husband, and sat by her during the concert. Went home to dress for Lady Darnley's at eleven, and what with stitching and patching was not ready to join the party from Power's till half-past twelve. The ball a most beautiful spectacle, but I had left my glass at home; besides, I was rather ashamed of my dress; and the little girl at my lodgings had stitched my stockings to the trunks so ill, that they came asunder, and threatened every minute to make a Highlander of me. To add to my annoyance, the Duke of Sussex, when I was hiding snug behind a pillar, took me by the hand, and drawing me forth into the full light of the room, said, "Come, let us look at you; why, you're very smart." His daughter was leaning on his arm; the first time he has appeared with her in public. Her dress, a Mary Queen of Scots, most becoming to her. Left the ball soon.

8th. The "Morning Post" kind enough to tell me what I was last night (which I did not know myself), and announces me as having been in the character of a court page in the reign of Henry VIII. Threatened with invasion in my bed by Joy, to whom I had half promised to go to Ascot races to-day and dine at Brigstock's. Obliged to fly from bed and home, unshaved, untoileted, and take refuge in a coffee-house near. But he watched like a bailiff for me, and when, after having fled into the city, and done some little businesses there, I was returning home in fancied security about five o'clock, I saw his gig still drawn up, but within two doors of my lodgings, he

having said to the girl, "I am afraid the gig frightens him away." This is, to be sure, quite the perfection of boring. Dined at Rogers's, by my own invitation: the company, a Mr. Hibbert and his daughters, Luttrell, Sharpe, and Miss Rogers. The dinner most excellent. Luttrell told us about Hare, describing Tarleton, on some occasion when there was a mob collected round Devonshire House, saying to them, "My good fellows, if you grow riotous, I shall really be obliged to *talk* to *you*." "Upon which (said Hare) they dispersed immediately." We went in the evening to Mrs. Chinnery's, where I heard Viotti, Ashley, &c., play a beautiful quintett of Boccherini's, full of sweet melody. The Demoiselles Liker sung too. Lady Dunmore asked me, should I like to go to see the charity children at St. Paul's on Thursday, if she could get me a ticket.

9th. Met Bishop by appointment at Power's, in order for him to look over the National Melodies I have done, and take my ideas as to their arrangement. This being our first time of working together, I felt rather nervous; but he appears everything I could wish; intelligent, accommodating, and quick at understanding my wishes upon the subject. One thing flattered me a good deal: among the airs I produced to him, I had stolen in one of my own, under the disguise of a Swedish air. It was the last I brought forward, and he had scarcely played two bars of it when he exclaimed "Delicious!" and when he finished it said, "This is the sweetest air you have selected yet." I could not help telling him the truth about it; and, indeed, I doubt very much whether I shall go on with the imposture by introducing it into the collection. If I do, I shall call it a *Moorish* air. Dined with Corry, and went to a wretched exhibition at Drury Lane for the benefit of a Mr. Lanza.

10th. Went with the Dunmores and Lady Ann Hamilton to St. Paul's: a most interesting spectacle; near 12,000 children assembled in that grand church. Nothing could be more striking than their all, at the same moment, rising and veiling their faces with their aprons at the first sound of the organ and at the Benediction. We were in the Lord Mayor's seat, as were also Lord and Lady Darnley, &c.; but afterwards we went to the organ-loft, from which the coup d'œil was most beautiful. Lady Dunmore was in tears during the Coronation Anthem. Dined at Lady Cork's. Company: Lord and Lady Bessborough, William and Lady Caroline Lambe, Jekyll, Mr. and Mrs. Villiers, and Miss White. Jekyll said, that some one being asked how Lord Glenbervie felt on seeing his son join the ranks of opposition, answered, "Why, something like a hen when she sees a young duckling she has hatched take to the water." In the evening the Duchess of Sussex and her daughter came, the latter, at Lady Cork's request, in the dress she wore at Lady Darnley's. A good deal of singing by Mrs. Friere, myself, and Mrs. Cunliffe. From thence I went to Lady Grey's ball, which is always of the best kind, and stayed till between two and three. Lord Grey himself was there, after having made a splendid speech of two hours on the Transubstantiation question. Had some talk with Lord Lansdowne, Lady Jersey, &c.

11th. Sat for two hours to Phillips, who proposed to paint a copy of this picture for Mrs. Moore, on condition I would give him a set of my works. Most gladly agreed to the bargain. Went to my proctor, who gave me somewhat a better account of the state of my Bermuda affairs. Dined at ——: a large party of God knows who; but all the women seemed selected as foils to his pretty wife. Smith of the "Rejected Addresses" one of

the party, and was rather amusing at dinner. Mentioned a good idea some one gave of poor Skeffington with his antiquity, his rouge, &c. &c., that "he was an admirable specimen of the florid Gothic." Denied being the author of the riddle about the looking-glass. Had never heard it before, but mentioned one of his own: "How would you spell the Archipelago with three letters? — Ægean Sea, *i. e.* e, g, and e." A large party in the evening. Much against my will, I sung. Smith gave some of his comic songs, which are excellent.

12th. Set out at six for Calne in the White Lion coach: full. One of the passengers a pretty girl going alone to Bath. Found her to be a Miss Maxwell, cousin to Sir Murray. She had been travelling in Italy and France for two years: a very pleasing girl. Told her who I was before we parted, and she asked me to call upon her. Had just read "Lalla Rookh" through, and looked her praises of it. Have seldom got over twelve hours of travelling more agreeably. Walked from Calne home. My cottage looking very sunny, but very solitary.

13th. Brought up the arrears of this journal. Have forgot to mention a visit I paid to Holland House one morning. Lord H. had just finished "Lalla Rookh." My lady said she had two objections to reading it: in the first place, it was Eastern; and, in the second place, it was in quarto. I told her the latter objection had been removed for near two years past. Poets, inclined to a plethora of vanity, would find a dose of Lady Holland now and then very good for their complaint. Rogers told me Lord H. was very much pleased with "Lalla;" liked the prose too, and Fadladeen. Lord H. mentioned this day, as a proof of the improvement of property in France since the Revolution, that the Duke of Richmond's estate of D'Aubigny,

which before that event was 1200*l.* a year (800*l.* of which being from seignorial rights was, of course, swept away by their abolition), now brought him in 1500*l.* Lady Holland took Rogers and me into town in her carriage. Another thing I forgot is my having read the proof sheets of the second canto of "Don Juan" at Murray's. This poem will make a great sensation. Young Haidee is the very concentrated essence of voluptuousness, and will set all the women wild. There are also some unmanly allusions to Lady Byron through the poem, which her sex will, I think, arm against. Murray showed me a letter which Lord B. has written him, which is to me unaccountable, except from the most ungovernable vanity. He there details to him (to Murray the bookseller, a person so out of his caste, and to whom he writes formally, beginning, "Dear sir") the details of an intrigue, in which he says he is at this moment actually engaged with a Venetian girl, "the daughter of one of their noblemen," whose name is Angelina, and whose age is eighteen, &c. &c.; entering into such details as it would be dishonourable to communicate even to the most confidential friend, and thus completely identifying the poor girl (if, indeed, any such girl exists), for the edification of Mr. Murray and all the visitors of his shop, to whom it is, of course, intended he shall read the gazette of my lord's last Venetian victory. This is really too gross. In the same spirit is the drawing (exhibited in Harlowe's Collection, Pall Mall) of a Venetian woman, with a note under it in Lord Byron's own handwriting, saying that it was a likeness of "Marguerita" (I forget the other name), done at Venice, at the request of G. G. Byron, &c. &c. Dined alone.

17th. Dined with the Hugheses. During these days did little but write letters. Read over again Burke's

admirable speeches on Conciliation with the Colonies and the Nabob of Arcot's debts. Happened to read at the same time Canning's own report of his late speech on the vote of thanks to the Indian army. How weak and jejune in comparison!

19th. Went into Devizes to dine with the Salmons. Read before dinner the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh in Howell. Sir Edward Coke's conduct unpardonable. His abuse of Raleigh actual Billingsgate. Slept at Salmons'.

20th. Dined at home. This last week have written words to a Scottish air, "Peace be around thee;" and to a Portuguese air, "Whisperings heard by wakeful maids."

21st. Began a little allegory about Common Sense and Genius to a French air, "Le Bonheur." Have been turning in my mind an "opus magnum," in the poetical way; the story placed first in Egypt, and then in Greece, in the first or second century of Christianity; my hero, a young Epicurean philosopher; my heroine, an enthusiastic girl who becomes a Christian, and at last, a martyr. It is very much the same outline as my "Philosophy of Pleasure;" but how much better could I fill it up now, while my fancy is as much alive as ever, and my taste and judgment improved!

25th. Dined at Phipps's. Had adapted in the morning some words I wrote some time ago, "Oh no, not even when first we loved," to an air, said to be Cashmerian. Wrote to take a place for Sunday (the day after to-morrow) to town, as I expect Bessy on her return from Edinburgh next week, having sent her the supplies for her journey on Wednesday last. The dear girl asked but for fifteen pounds, and I sent her thirty.

26th. Walked into Devizes; rather at my wit's end

for money. Branigan announced to me in a letter I had from him last week, that he had ordered his partners in London to send me a bank post-bill for 50*l.* to defray the expenses of his little girl, which have not yet come to half the sum; but it is very convenient just now. No tidings of it. Drew upon Power for 50*l.*

27th. Gave up my ordered place in the coach, and resolved to stay till to-morrow. Dined at the Macdonalds'; Mrs. P., too, dined there. Had in the morning begun a song to a Spanish air, "Speed to the Battle." Received the 50*l.* from B.'s partners.

28th. Set off in the York House coach for town. A lady in the coach, who, I suspect, was a teacher of music. On my mentioning, in the course of conversation, that I had heard Miss O'Neil sing one morning lately, she asked, "Was it one of Moore's 'Irish Melodies' she sung?" I said "Yes." "Which of them?" "One that, I believe, is called 'Love's Young Dream!'" Did not avow myself, though we were alone the greater part of the way. Dined at the George at eight o'clock.

29th. Called at Power's, at Shee's the painter, and at Douglas's: the latter asked me to dine. Called also at Murray's. Has given Lord Byron 2000*l.* for "Mazeppa;" "Don Juan" to be the make-weight. What a trick he has played upon the public about "Mazeppa," leading them to suppose it was the long expected "Don Juan." Was not yet decided upon giving me the guarantee against the claims of Sheridan's creditors on the papers Charles S. has given me. Told him I had begun a new poetical work. He asked me, "Is it disposed of?" and I replied that I was sure he himself would not have a good opinion of me if I were to give up the Longmans. To this he assented with a very good grace; and said he only re-

gretted, and never ceased to do so, that he had lost "Lalla Rookh," when he might have had it. He showed me the amount of his first edition of "Crabbe's Tales," just published, by which it appears that, when the whole (3000) are sold off, he will still be 1900*l.* minus. Met Lord Grey in the street, and had some conversation with him about his late Transubstantiation motion; he means to try it again. Dined at Douglas's, and went to Lady Grey's ball at night. Miss O'Neil and the Duchess of York there. Talked a good deal with Pamela.

30th. Called at Longman's. Found that my expected visit to Scotland was mentioned very flatteringly in the "Scotsman." Dined at Lord Dunmore's: company, Lord A. Hamilton, Nicholson and his sister, Sir H. Englefield, Hallam, &c. We talked of literary impostures; that of Ireland, of Muretus upon Scaliger, &c. Sir Harry very indignant against all such tricks; particularly against George Stevens's deceit upon the Society of Antiquaries (of which Sir H. is a distinguished member, though he says he was not among those taken in). Said Stevens "deserved to be whipped at the cart's tail for it." The rest of us seemed to think it was very good fun, and very venial. It was a stone which Stevens had prepared by leaving it sometime in a corner to give it the appearance of age, and then corroding a Saxon inscription into it by means of aquafortis, to the following effect, "Here the king Hardicanute, having drank off the cup, stared about him and died." As Hardicanute is said to have died in this manner at Lambeth, he had this stone exhibited in the windows of a curiosity seller in that neighbourhood, where it was, of course, soon found out by the antiquaries, and received as genuine by that learned body, till one of them discovered that the inscription was corroded and not engraved,

which detected the trick. Mademoiselle D'Este and Lady Charlemont in the evening. Went to Almack's; asked Madlle. D'Este there what *she* thought of Lady Charlemont. "Oh, beautiful," she said, "as lovely as Lalla Rookh herself."

July 1st. Went out to breakfast at Holland House. Lord Holland sent for me into his dressing-room; talked of what happened last night in the House of Lords, on the reversal of Lord E. Fitzgerald's attainder; seemed to fear he had said a little too much in the way of praise and gratitude, Lord Lansdowne having remarked to him that he ought to have said something about the injustice of the attainder. Talked, at breakfast, of Sheridan's speech upon Addington's accession to the premiership; the joke from Aristophanes about Theseus, borrowed from a letter of G. Wakefield's to Mr. Fox, which S. had pronounced "curst pedantry," when it was read to him, but afterwards turned it to his own account. Francis said to Lord H. upon Sheridan's stealing his joke about the Peace, "This is the way they live upon me." Lord John Russell's book, the "Life of Lord Russell," just published. Talked with Lord John about his intention of voting against Burdett's motion for reform. Said I did not see how he could with any consistency oppose it; and spoke as strongly as I could of the loss of ground the Whigs would suffer with the public, if they took part against so moderate and fair a proposal as I understood Burdett's was to be. Called upon the Duke of Sussex on the way into town, and sat with him for half an hour. He mentioned the Prince's fancy ball as a good thing for a wag to write something comical upon. Asked me with much kindness about my Bermuda affair. Dined with Rogers. Was to have gone to Lady Ennismore's ball, but heard she was

in alarm at the idea of the Regent (who was expected there) meeting me, and did not go.

2d. Called at Murray's, and found Croker there. Long conversation with him about the Catholic Question (which, he said, we should see carried with a high hand before very long), and about Peel's defeat by Brougham. Gave me a copy of his speech on the Catholic Question, and wrote in it, "To T. M. esq., from his old friend the author." Went from thence to sit for Phillips. Lords Grey and Jersey came while I was sitting. Dined at Holland House. Warm dispute between Mackintosh and Lord H. after dinner about Buonaparte's detention of the English travellers in France; Lord H. being of opinion that our seizure of the ships justified him in it, and Mackintosh alleging the usage and law of nations which allowed plunder by sea, but forbade it by land. Slept there.

3d. Received a note announcing my dear Bessy's arrival the night before from Edinburgh, which she left on Tuesday (29th); a very short passage. Breakfasted with her in Duke Street, and then went to my proctor's, who told me that the first of my three Bermuda cases was to come before the Lords of Appeal on Tuesday next; and he had great hopes it would be dismissed, from the evident signs of collusion in the adverse party. Dined at home with Bess, and took her to the Surrey Theatre in the evening.

4th. Called with Bessy upon Lady Cork. Asked us both to an assembly, to which she said she had invited the Regent, but complained that he never would come near her since I had described him at her routs in the "Two-penny Post Bag." Told me a great deal about Sheridan. First met him and Mrs. S., soon after their marriage, at a Mr. Cootes's. Mrs. S. sung with the Miss Cooteses, the little children that are painted with her in her portrait

(by Sir J. Reynolds) as St. Cecilia. Sheridan then an ugly, awkward-looking man. The Duchess of Devonshire anxious to have Mrs. S. to sing at her house, but not liking to have him, — a "player," as she called him. Reminded of this some time after by Lady Cork on her keeping a house two months unoccupied, which she had taken at great expense at Bath, and alleging for her reason that she and her party were detained from day to day at Chatsworth by the agreeableness of S.'s conversation. S. always said the "Rivals" was one of the worst plays in the language, and he would give anything he had not written it. It was by her brother Monckton's interest, S. first got in for Stafford. He would often keep his chaise and four waiting all day at Monckton's while he played cricket with the children. Dined (Bessy and I) with Shee. Lady Kennedy came in the evening, and sung; so did I.

5th. Bessy shopping in the morning. We dined at Douglas's at five, and she and they went to the play to see Miss O'Neil in "Juliet," while I went to dine again at Lord Lansdowne's. Company: Mackintosh, Brougham, Hallam, Wishaw, Sir Alexander Johnstone, &c. Got into a sad scrape during dinner, by repeating Byron's unpardonable verses upon poor Romilly; for I found afterwards, that Romilly's son was sitting opposite to me. Left Lord L.'s at nine, and joined the party at Covent Garden. Saw "Mother Goose." In talking of Crabbe with Hallam at dinner, he quoted what Miss —— had said of him as a companion, that "the cake was no doubt very good, but there was too much sugar to cut through in getting at it." To-day my Bermuda cause comes on.

6th. A desperate wet day. We dined at Power's, in the Strand. Had taken places for Bessy and her train in the Calne coach for to-morrow.

7th. Walked out with Bess, and made some visits. She bought a seal as a present for Mrs. Phipps, and ordered "Sophia" and a "Forget-me-not" to be engraved upon it, which the man said he would have ready by half-past four. Dined early, and saw her and her little ones off. Was mortified sadly at finding that I had by mistake taken their places in the six-inside coach, and that they were crammed in with a legion of disagreeable people, and a pile at the top quite terrifying. Wanted Bessy to forfeit what I had paid and give up going; but she would not. Worried myself about it all the evening. Richard Power and I went to the Lyceum to see the Jovial Crew; from thence to Covent Garden, behind the scenes—Don Juan and Miss Stephens; afterwards to Vauxhall, where we were joined by Beecher and a Mr. French. Saw Madame Saqui ascending among the fireworks, more like a vision than anything I had ever yet beheld. Supped, drank arrack-punch, and was home by three. Have not heard from Toller to-day, so take for granted my cause did not come on yesterday.

8th. Walked about with R. Power in the morning: called at Lord Blessington's, and fixed Sunday for both of us to dine with him. Dined at Richardson's (P. and S.) for the purpose of going to see Miss O'Neil in "Evadne." There being a delay in bringing dinner, we resolved to eat but half of it before the play, and have the rest afterwards. Miss O'Neil's acting most exquisitely touching. Must no longer delay thanking Sheil for his dedication of this very effective play to me.

9th. Went to breakfast with Rogers, and found Luttrell and him going upon the water to follow the Fishmongers' barge, and enjoy the music. Went with them, upon Rogers's insuring my return at six to Douglas's christening

dinner. Luttrell, as usual, very agreeable. We were talking of the beauty of the bridges, and how some persons had opposed the building of the Waterloo Bridge, saying it would spoil the river: "Gad, sir," says Luttrell, "if a few very sensible persons had been attended to, we should still have been champing acorns." Nobody puts a sound philosophical thought in a more pithy, sarcastic form than he does. I was mentioning the poems lately published by "Barry Cornwall," which had been sent to me by the author; and that, on my calling at the publisher's to leave my card for him, I was told his real name was Proctor, but that, "being a gentleman of fortune, he did not like to have his name made free with in the Reviews." "I suppose," says Luttrell, "he is of opinion *qui non habet in crumenâ luat in corpore?*" (These poems, by the by, are full of original talent.) In talking of devices, I mentioned the man who, on receiving from a mistress he was tired of the old device, a leaf with "*Je ne change qu'en mourant*," sent back a seal with a shirt on it and the following motto, "*J'en change tous les jours.*" Luttrell mentioned the open scissors with "We part only to meet again." At Hammersmith, on our return, I took the coach to town, but was after all too late, and lost my dinner at Douglas's. Dined alone at the George; and went behind the scenes at Covent Garden to see "Figaro." Miss Stephens and that pretty Miss Beaumont delightful in "Susanna and the Page." There is no such pleasant piece as "Figaro."

10th. Took for granted, from not having heard since Tuesday from Toller, that all was safe; but the truth came upon me like a thunder-clap this morning; the cause was heard and decided against me, and in two months from last Wednesday an attachment is to be put in force against my person. Toller had written to tell me, but from his mis-

directing his note to Duke Street, *Westminster*, I have been left in the bliss of ignorance for these three days past. Went and consulted with the Longmans, who are all anxiety and kindness. Wrote to tell Bessy the sad news, which comes the worse from my having been lately led to expect that the case would be dismissed. Beecher offered me an asylum in his place near Cork, if I thought I could conceal myself there; and this I should like better than a flight to France, if I thought I could be safe there. Dined with R. Power at the George, and went to "Don Juan" in the evening.

11th. Breakfasted with Rogers, and afterwards went out to Holland House. Found they knew of my misfortune on Tuesday last, Brougham having been at the Cockpit when it was decided, and having written a despatch from thence to Lady Holland. R. Power and I dined at Lord Blessington's. Lord B. mentioned a good story of an Irishman he knew, saying to a dandy who took up his glass to spy a shoulder of mutton, and declared he had never seen such a thing before, "Then, I suppose, sir, you have been chiefly in the *chop line*."

12th. Wrote to old Sheddon, who recommended this precious deputy (his nephew) to me. Every one says he is bound in honour to bear me harmless through the loss, but I have but little hope that he will. Met Bishop at Power's (Strand) to see his arrangements of the "National Airs" I gave him: like what he has done very much. Dined with R. Power and Beecher at the Piazza, in order to see Miss O'Neil in "Belvidera:" had called upon her in the morning. The play altogether well acted; she, all woman, and thorough woman. What a play it is! and what a woman she is! The Blessingtons in the Prince's box. Joined them after the play, and went home and

supped with them. My lady very anxious for me to stay in town for a dinner of Opposition people, they are to have next week; is trying, with all her influence, to bring the Peer over to the right side of politics, and says she is sure of succeeding. Wishes much I would introduce Lord Lansdowne to her.

13th. Had an interview with Dr. Lushington, who advises my keeping out of the way, and has no doubt that by so doing I may make a good compromise with these American merchants. He, as well as Rogers and others, seem to think that any place of concealment in Ireland would not have security enough, and that I had better go to France. By the by, Burdett, on Sunday last, was strenuously advising an application to the Crown to relinquish *its* claim (the least of the three), and was proceeding at last to enforce it so seriously, that I was obliged to declare warmly that I would rather bear twice the calamity than suffer the least motion to be made towards asking the slightest favour from the Crown. It was singular enough that I should be pitted against Sir Francis on such a subject. Called at the Longmans, who have come forward in the handsomest manner, and offered to advance me any sum, in the way of business, to which by compromise I may be able to reduce the sum of the claims upon me (which at present seems to be near 6000*l.*), saying that they have the most perfect confidence in me every way. This is very gratifying, and this is the plan I mean to adopt as the most independent and most comfortable to my feelings. Called upon Perry, who put in a paragraph yesterday stating the circumstance. This paragraph has made a great sensation. He had had a letter from "Examiner" Hunt the night before, urging the instant opening of a subscription, without consulting me at all, and saying, with a

warmth which I am very grateful for, "that he would sooner sell, and would actually sell, the pianoforte which had so often resounded with my music, than not contribute his mite to keep such a man from going to prison." I begged of Perry, however, to put a stop to his intentions of proposing a subscription. Perry most friendlily offered every assistance in his power, and suggested whether a private subscription, in the way of a loan, might not be got up among my own immediate friends, without inciting any objection in my mind. He had already cited Charles Fox as a precedent for a subscription; but this was a blemish in Fox's life to be deplored rather than imitated; and I never shall forget Sir Charles Hastings complaining to me once of Fox's *hauteur* in scarcely returning his bow, "Though, by G—— (says Sir Charles), I was one of those who gave 300*l.* towards his maintenance." Who would have this said of him that could, by a crust and water, avoid it? Called upon Rogers, who objects to my "making myself a slave to the booksellers," and thinks I ought to accept of the offers of friends. "There is my 500*l.* (he said) ready for you. Your friend Richard Power will, of course, advance another." I answered, "No, my dear Rogers, "your 500*l.* has done its duty most amply; and I am resolved never more, if I can help it, to owe any money to friends." Dined with Admiral Douglas, and went to Mrs. Drummond Burrell's in the evening; the Duchess of York, and all the world (at least all the summer world) there. Came away early.

14th. Dined with Power (Strand) to meet Bishop, who brought two more of the airs he has arranged. He mentioned a good story to prove how a musician's ear requires the extreme seventh to be resolved. Sebastian Bach, one morning, getting out of bed for some purpose, ran his

fingers over the keys of the pianoforte as he passed, but when he returned to bed found he could not sleep. It was in vain he tossed and turned about. At length he recollected that the last chord he struck was that of the seventh; he got up again, resolved it, and then went to bed and slept as comfortably as he could desire. Went at ten to meet Richard Power at the York, where we supped; thence home to pack, as I was to be off in the morning.

15th. Set off for home in the York coach at seven o'clock; Pigou's brother one of my fellow-passengers; lives near Reading, and wished me to stop and pass a day or two with him. Found the Phipps's gig at Calne, waiting to take me home. Bessy and the little ones quite well; but the dear girl much annoyed at the idea of my going to France without her. My intention, however, is, if the negotiation should threaten to be tedious (which I rather fear it will), to have her and the little ones over, and settle either at Calais or Boulogne till it is terminated.

16th. Walked to Devizes to witness the nomination of a member for the county, in the place of Methuen, who has resigned. Dined at Salmon's with the Phippses, and walked home in the evening. Received a letter from Lord Lansdowne, saying he had written to me to town on reading in the newspapers of my misfortune, and as he supposed the letter had missed, he would repeat what was in it, namely, that he would be most happy to assist me in this exigency, either by becoming my security, or in any other way I could point out. This is real friendship, and should make me pause a little in my conclusions with respect to the hollowness of the great. It is the more valuable from Lord L.'s being a man that measures well every step he takes, and therefore means all he professes.

17th. Walked to Bowood. Sat with Lord Lansdowne

some time, and thanked him, as well as I could, for his great kindness to me. I had sent him Byron's "Don Juan," and he was most delighted with some parts of it. Walked to show me a pretty path through the wood on my return. Dined at home. The Phippses and Macdonald dined with me on some salmon I had brought with me from town. Mrs. Macdonald and her visitors the Debretts in the evening. Sung to them.

18th. Dined at Bowood. Company: the Hollands and Morpeths, Lord J. Russell, &c. I mentioned before dinner, to Lord Holland, two passages that had struck me in looking over a new publication of Montgomery's that morning. The first was:

> "The dead are like the stars by day,
> Withdrawn from mortal eye,
> But not extinct,—they hold their way
> In glory through the sky."

Lord H. did not much like them. In the first place he said, "they begged the question;" but surely poets are privileged to be even bold beggars in this way. In the next place he said, the stars reappeared continually, which the dead did not: but the poet only compares the dead to stars "by *day;*" and it is too hard upon similes to travel out of the record thus in search of things in which the objects compared are *not* like. The other passage describes a setting of the sun behind a hill:

> "and in his own blue element expires:
> Thus Aaron laid his gorgeous robes aside
> On Horeb's consecrated mount, and died!"

This he was more tolerant about. Lord John Russell talked to me, with much kindness, about my Bermuda business. We all walked in the evening through the pleasure-grounds. I joined Bessy and Mrs. P. at supper.

Wrote an election squib while at supper, copied it out like print, and left it to be sent to the "Salisbury Journal" by Mrs. P. in the morning.

20th. Looked over papers. Began a song to an air of Pleyel's, "To paint her brow is a task beyond." Walked in the evening through the ruin, with Bessy and Mrs. P. (who had dined with us), to Macdonald's, in order to settle about a pic-nic party which we had intended to the wood to-morrow. It being so wet, resolved to have it in-door at Macdonald's instead.

21st. Received a letter from Lord J. Russell, inclosing one which he had just got from his brother, Lord Tavistock, and which, after requesting Lord John to make inquiries about me as to whether anything was doing to save me from imprisonment, adds, "I am very poor, but I have always had such a strong admiration for Moore's independence of mind, that I would willingly sacrifice something to be of use to him." Lord John in his letter says, that had I not expressed to him on Monday (19th) my resolution not to accept of any assistance, it was his intention to offer me the future editions of his "Life of Lord Russell," just published, which, if worth anything, were much at my service, though he would not have ventured to mention it now only for Lord Tavistock's letter. This is all most creditable both to them and me; and it is really worth while being in the scrape to have such testimonies of friendship exhibited on all sides. Dined at Macdonald's, the cold pic-nic dinner laid out very rurally and tastefully in their barn, which was lined all round with tablecloths, large wreaths of flowers, &c. &c. Danced in the evening, and did not get home till two o'clock.

22nd. Received a letter from my unknown friend Mrs. A., offering me her house as a place of concealment, if

I found it necessary, but saying it was unknown to her husband she made this offer, and begging me to answer her letter so as not to discover her having done so. Dined at Bowood: nearly the same party. Had a good deal of conversation with Lord Holland about Sheridan, which I have made notes of among my memoranda. Sung in the evening, and was rather glad I had an opportunity of making the Hollands *feel* a little what I could do in this way, for they never heard me properly before. Lady H. evidently much pleased: told me afterwards my articulation was the most beautiful she had ever heard. Lord H., Lord Lansdowne, and I talked of poetry. Lord H. inclined to place Virgil and Racine in the very highest rank; but have they enough of the imagination, of the sublime, for this distinction? Dryden too close a reasoner to be much a poet of imagination; yet Milton's imagination did not hurt his powers in this way; at least in what may be called his *political* reasoning, exhibited so powerfully in the speeches of the Devil; the theological argumentation in his poetry being wretched enough. Lord Holland said a man's enjoyment of "The Medal" was the true test whether he was a real admirer of Dryden or not. Lord H. has no ear for the *music* of verse. Gave the last lines of Denham's "Cooper's Hill" as a specimen of perfect harmony in versification; yet in these lines both the pauses and the cadences are unvaried. Milton, as Lord Lansdowne justly said, is the truly musical poet, and Milton was a musician, which neither Pope nor any of his monotonous imitators are. The genuine music of poetry is to be found in the olden time, and we, in these days, would revive its note, if the lovers of the Popish sing-song would let us. Slept at Bowood.

23rd. Breakfasted at Bowood; Lord Holland men-

tioned a Mr. P—— who lived at Bath, rather a nervous man; and who finding that his estates in Ireland were not going on as they ought, went over in order to examine his agent's accounts; but on his arrival there for that purpose, the agent said to him, "Sir, I think it right to inform you that, if you look over my books, I shall consider it as personal;" upon which poor Mr. P—— returned frightened to Bath again. Dined at home. Mrs. P. dined with us in order to go to a rural party in the evening at Hughes's Belvidere, near Devizes. Very nearly upset by the horse backing down the hill. The place very pretty and the evening delicious. Met Phipps on our return at night to Devizes. He drove us home.

24th. Received a letter from Miss F—— (the lady who wrote "Come, Stella, arouse thee"): full of sorrow at my misfortune, and offering me the copyright of a volume of poems, which she has ready for publication. Dinner at home: Salmons and Miss S. Hughes; the Phippses and Brabant in the evening. Sung. Supped out in the open air at ten o'clock, and sat out till half-past eleven. The candles hardly moved by a breath. Had written to Lord Holland about some voters for Bennet. Received a long answer from him, begging me to state particularly to Bennet or his friends, that it was *because* he believed him a friend to religious liberty, and an enemy to all disqualifying tests, that he gave him his good wishes in the contest. A note too from Lord Lansdowne, asking me to dinner to-morrow.

25th. Dined at Bowood; company as before. Had employed the morning in looking out Mr. Fox's letters from among Sheridan's papers, to take to Lord Holland. Took with me also some letters of the Prince's, in order to put some queries to him about them. After coffee,

went with Lord H. to his dressing-room, and read over these letters together. Told me some curious particulars, which I have noted down elsewhere. Returned to the drawingroom and sung. Lord H. particularly pleased with "War against Babylon." Lady H. expressed a wish to me afterwards that I would write something in that style of "philosophical pathos," which she said I possessed, about the captive on the rock of St. Helena. Told me she sent him out presents every three months through Lord Bathurst, and had received two or three messages from him, acknowledging hers and Lord H.'s kindness. Had got other persons too to send him something. Lord Glenbervie had sent his book; so had Lord John Russell. Talked with Lord H. of Barrow and Taylor. He said few people had read them, and laughed at the coxcombry of Jeffrey for referring always so pompously to them, though most likely as little read in them as others. I mentioned I had heard that Mr. Fox was very fond of Barrow. He said he was not aware of this; but that Lord Chatham was, and of reading "Bailey's Dictionary." I said that it was a practice of Curran's too to read through the Dictionary. Lord H. and Lord L. said they neither of them had ever read any English grammar till Cobbett's lately. I mentioned our study of the English grammar in Ireland, and Lord Lansdowne said he could easily suppose that I had made English grammar a particular study, as he had never known any Irishman but myself who did not sometimes make mistakes about "will" and "shall." The best remarks on the use of these words he had ever seen, were in Mitford's "Harmony of Languages." A pun of Lord H.'s upon some one who praised "Trapp's Virgil," "though he knows nothing of Virgil, yet he *understands Trap*.'

Mentioned that George Dyer, in despair of getting any one to listen to him reading his own poetry, at last, when Dr. Graham came into the neighbourhood with his plan of burying people up to the neck in the earth, and leaving them there some hours (as a mode of cure for some disease), took advantage of the situation of these patients, and went and read to them all the while they were thus stuck in the earth. Lady Lansdowne and Lady Georgiana Morpeth fixed Tuesday to come and call upon Bessy. Slept at Bowood.

26th. Lord H. in the morning hailed me on my coming into the breakfast-room, with a shout of "War against Babylon," and said if he knew how to sing, he would have chaunted it out in passing my bedroom door. Dined at home. Mrs. P. and the Macdonalds in the evening. Played at bagatelle; Mrs. P. and Bessy and I as Bennetites against Macdonald, Mrs. D., Miss Maugham, and Miss Debrett as Astleyites; and beat them.

27th. Waited all the morning for Lady L. &c. Was to dine at Hughes's in Devizes, and met her on her way to the cottage after I had set out. Lord Morpeth one of the party; and, as I found afterwards, Lord Lansdowne and Lord J. Russell joined them at the cottage. Left Devizes at eight and joined Bessy and Mrs. P. at Macdonald's, where I found them dancing quadrilles. Took to country dances, and I afterwards supped out in the garden in a bower, very prettily lighted up.

28th. Looking over papers in the morning. Drank tea, and supped at Hughes's.

29th. Macdonald took Bessy and me in his carriage to call at Bowood. Found Lord and Lady L. Saw some new pictures he had had down. A copy from one of the Caracci by Ross, most beautiful. Went and drank tea

with Mrs. P. P. came home from Salisbury in the evening.

30th. Was to have dined at Bishop's Cannings, but sent an excuse. Had Macdonald and Mrs. P. in the evening, and supped *al fresco.*

31st. Took a cold collation to Chittoway Wood; Bessy and Mrs. Phipps, Miss Maugham, Miss Debrett, and Anastasia. Phipps not well, and could not come. A very delightful day. The Hugheses to supper.

August 1st. Called to inquire after Phipps, and sauntered with him and her through their gardens. Dined at home; and went, Bessy and I, to drink tea at Phipps's. Walked into his wood to choose a place for the pic-nic dinner they are to give on Friday next.

2nd. Bowles called in the morning. Much delighted with an article in "Blackwood's Magazine" concerning his controversy with Campbell. Told me of his having advised the poor psalm-writer (that comes to him for charity) to turn Dissenting preacher; of his rigging him out with an old black coat and breeches of his own, and saying, "There, now you are fit to preach before any one." Excellent this in a minister of the establishment. In the evening a *fête champêtre* at Salmons' near Devizes; a beautiful place, and everything gay and *riant;* a boat on the little lake, musicians playing on the island in the middle of it, tents pitched for it, &c. &c. Bessy did not go, which I was very sorry for. Walked about with Mrs. P., and danced afterwards till three o'clock. It was said that the mob of Devizes had threatened to burn the wood, this being the high fever of the election; but all was quiet.

4th. Walked to Bowood, and called at P.'s in the way. Saw Lady Lansdowne, and left with her a memorandum book of Sheridan's, in which I had found Lord L.'s

name down among a list of persons for some subscription. Wished to know for what purpose it was. She spoke of Lady Holland; she would not set out on a journey of a Friday for any consideration; dreadfully afraid of thunder, &c. &c. I had received, by the by, a kind letter from her, two or three days since, inclosing one from Brougham, in which he said that Creevey, who lived a great deal with Sheridan, will be very happy to write down for me whatever anecdotes he remembers.

5th. Phipps returned from Salisbury, with franks from Bennet, who triumphed yesterday. Bessy went early to P.'s to assist in making preparations for the pic-nic of to-morrow. We both dined there; and in the evening chose the place in the plantations for the dinner. Put up an awning, and covered the posts with laurel, &c. &c.

6th. Day unluckily wet for the fête, but cleared up a little. Dined in the bower; very merry; the dancing, too, very pleasant; and did not break up till past three in the morning.

7th. Went with Macdonald to dine at Bowood. Company, besides ourselves, Mr. Joy and Bowles. Talked of the Princess of Wales's meditated return to England, and the probable consequences of it: whether it may not be the ambition of Lady Hertford that is stirring up the process of a divorce. Percival's book. When he sent one of the privately printed copies to Canning the latter very prudently sent it back without breaking the seal, and said, as he was sure it would some day or other find its way to the public eye, he would not run the risk of being at all suspected of having any share in its promulgation, by keeping the copy in his possession. Lord L. told me he perfectly remembered the occasion on which he had subscribed 100*l.* for Sheridan; it was to

defray the expenses of his standing for Westminster. Talked of the memorandums for speeches among S.'s papers. How different from those left among Burke's. The latter were merely memorandums of the *reasoning*, for Burke could trust the wealth of his imagination. Sheridan, on the contrary, whose imagination was slow, took notes chiefly of the *shining* parts, the figures, jokes, &c. &c. We talked of Vanini the atheist, whom, strange enough, Bowles said he had never heard of. Lord L. mentioned an anecdote (not very credible), that when this poor wretch was in the flames, he was heard to cry out "Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" and on some one saying, "Listen to him now; he owns there is a God," Vanini answered, "Façon de parler." I mentioned his writing a letter to the Pope to say, that if he did not give him a benefice he would, in six months, overturn the whole Christian religion; and I believe he actually set about appointing twelve apostles for that purpose. I have read one book of his, and it is very dull. Came away early and supped at Macdonald's. Began to-day a song to a Maltese air, "When the merry castanet."

8th. To church. Dined at home. Mrs. P. in the evening.

9th. Have been comparing the MS. report of S.'s Westminster Hall speech with the printed one in the history of the trial; and making extracts, which I shall get Mrs. P. and others to transcribe for me. I drank tea at Hughes's.

10th. Lord Lansdowne called, and brought me a letter from Allen, on the subject of my going to reside at Holyrood House, about which Lady Holland wrote to me some days since. They think in Edinburgh it would protect me; and certainly, if so, it would be far preferable to the

transportation of my family to the Continent. Allen has written to Thomson of Edinburgh to inquire. Lord L. evidently wishes that I should, at all events, go in the first instance to Paris, as he is going there himself. Dined at Macdonald's, for the purpose of going to Locke's ball in the evening. Bessy came, and dressed after dinner. A very gay ball. Got home at five in the morning.

12th. Called at Bowood. Took with me some of S.'s papers, which Lord L. had expressed a wish to see.

13th. Drove with Phipps to Bowood. Sung for Mrs. P.'s friend Mrs. Tindall, before we went. Dined at Locke's.

14th. Called on Mrs. P. Thence to Money's, who walked me through some parts of his grounds; very pretty and secluded. A dinner at home; the Hugheses. In the evening the P.s came; played at "The Jew," and supped.

15th. Wrote a verse of a song to the "Garçon volage," and copied out some of my "Life of Sheridan." Dined at Bowood. Company: Lemon and Lady Charlotte, Richard Wellesley, and Sir Charles Ball. Stories of Lady Cork. I mentioned her assailing me one morning with a pitch-plaster at a rehearsal we had of a reading of "Comus," when I had alleged cold as my excuse for not taking a share in it; her proceeding to unbutton my waistcoat for the purpose of putting on the plaster; and my flying from her and taking refuge among the Bacchanals, she following with the plaster in her hand. Lord L. told of his calling upon her one morning, and finding her whole establishment assembled and in a state of bustle and important discussion. "Come in," said she, "Lord Lansdowne, come in; I am so glad you arrived at this moment; only think! the grey parrot has

just laid an egg." Stories of mistakes of Frenchmen and Englishmen. In returning home in the evening overtook the P.s and Macdonalds riding. Went to sup at Macdonald's.

17th. Transcribed a little. Had a tea-drinking party, and a dance to the pianoforte in the evening; our party about sixteen. Did not separate till near three in the morning. On their drinking my health at supper, made them a short speech, alluding to the probability of my soon being obliged to leave them, which drew tears from most of the women.

18th. Dined at the Book Club at Chippenham; my first time of appearing among them since they elected me by acclamation. Made a speech after dinner, on my health being drunk, in which I eulogised book societies. Said if I wished to give a foreigner an idea of the taste and turn of thinking of the middle classes of England, I should be content to refer him to the annual list of books selected for these societies; no trash, &c. &c.; but works solid, useful, and enlightening; the labours of the historian &c. &c.; or, if sometimes they turned to reading lighter works, it was but to drink of such rich streams of fiction as that which had lately issued so abundantly from the North,—whose source was almost as hidden as that of the Nile, but which seemed as if, like the Nile, it would flow for ever. If controversy, such controversy as that which Bowles (who was present) had lately maintained with Campbell, "where two of the first poetical champions of the day equip themselves from the shining armoury of taste, and enter the lists in a strife as gentle as it is animated,—while the pure flame of poetical feeling is seen, like that on the helmet of Diomed, issuing from the brow of each combatant during the conflict."

19th. Called upon Lord Lansdowne, to show him the letter Allen had received from his friend Thomson, expressing no doubt whatever as to the safety of Holyrood House. Rogers, however, had told Allen that I was threatened with an Exchequer process, which he feared Holyrood would not protect me from; but I have nothing of the sort to fear. Lord L. gave me another letter he had just received from Allen for me, inclosing one from Mackintosh on the same subject. Borrowed a collection of French airs from Lady L., and began words to one in walking home,—"Love is a hunter boy." Dined quietly at home, and transcribed in the evening. Received a letter from Lord John Russell, saying the Duke wished me to go to Woburn for a few days before our departure for Paris.

20th. Wrote to Allen, Mackintosh, and Lord John. Mrs. Phipps took Bessy and me into Devizes in her carriage, that Bessy might return Mrs. Estcourt's visit. Mrs. P. dined with us; and, in the evening, she and I and Anastasia walked through the beautiful valley behind our cottage.

22d. A very kind letter from Mackintosh, in which he says, "You will find in Edinburgh as many friends and admirers as even *you* could find anywhere." Regulated my papers preparatory to my flight; tore letters, &c. Dined at Macdonald's to meet the Phippses.

23rd. Employed in preparation for my departure. My darling Bessy bears all so sweetly, though she would give her eyes to go with me; but, please Heaven! we shall not be long asunder. Dined at home at half-past two, and dined at Bowood afterwards. Called upon Mrs. P. on my

way. Mrs. Bennet arrived while I was with her. Lord L. quoted a line to the poetical Emperor of China, something like, "*Et tous tes vers son bons dans ton empire.*" Told of Lord Morley's having engaged a governess, and afterwards found out, by his misdirecting a letter of hers which he was franking, that she was the female orator at the British Forum. The letter was sent to Mrs. Villiers, and in it the oratoress gave her opinion pretty freely of the family, and mentioned the use she intended to make of the knowledge she acquired among them in her future speeches. Walked with Lord L. on the terrace in the evening. Mentioned to him my transactions with Lord Moira; his promise to me during the reign of the Whigs, that I should be one of the auditors of public accounts; my final interview and conversation with him, &c. &c. Had much talk about Lord M.'s efforts to form an administration after the failure of his negotiations with Grey and Grenville. He had gone so far as to fix with three or four to go to Carlton House to kiss hands; but Canning, who was one of them, went there in an every-day coat, as he knew he could not kiss hands without a dress one, and was resolved merely to go and see what was doing.

24th. Left Calne for town in the White Lion coach; Windham, Lady Ennismore's brother, joined at Marlborough. Went with him, on arriving in town, to the Piazza, and had turtle and cold punch. Slept at my lodgings in Duke Street.

25th. Transcribed my "Sheridan" for Murray till one o'clock. Called at Tegart's. Met the Duke of Leinster, and got three franks. Miss Tegart knows Cobbett's family, and says the women are as feminine and engaging persons as can be; Miss Cobbett a particularly nice girl.

Went to Power's; and thence to Longmans' by water. They advise my taking this opportunity to make my three months' tour, and think the plan I have of a few Poetical Epistles from the most remarkable places would pay my expenses. Called at Drury Lane upon Ward, who promises to give me very important documents with respect to Sheridan's theatrical concerns. Told me the skeleton of the "Forty Thieves" was Sheridan's; then he (Ward) filled it up, and afterwards George Colman got 100*l.* for an infusion of jokes, &c. into it. Sheridan used to lie in bed all day; not for the purpose of indulging his indolence (as he wished it to be supposed, and as it was supposed), but for study and preparation. Told me that once when Sheridan was routed from one house to another, and his things I believe sold, a collection of *gages d'amour*, locks of hair, &c., which vanity induced him to keep, were sent for safe custody to a trusty person, and left there, till, this person dying, they came into the hands of a fellow who resolved to extort money from S. and the women concerned, on the strength of them. S. consulted Ward; and the plan they adopted was to employ a Bow Street officer, make a forcible and sudden entry with pistols into the man's house, and after having gained the treasure, defy him to bring his action. Dined at the George; while at dinner received a note written by a gentleman in the room, a Mr. ——, saying that finding out who I was, he could not, as a friend of Walter Scott and an admirer of poetry in general, resist the opportunity of introducing himself, and begging I would take some wine with him. Joined him after I had done dinner, and drank a bottle of claret with him. A parson and a poet himself, but not very orthodox, I suspect, in either capacity.

Went to the Lyceum, and saw "Belles without Beaux," and "Amateurs and Actors." Wilkinson excellent.

26th. Received a letter from Allen, inclosing one from Thomson, which appears to me to be quite decisive as to the safety of Holyrood House. A letter too from Mackintosh inferring a *different* result of his inquiries; but he owns it is upon the authority of English lawyers, who judge more by analogy than experience. Transcribed till one o'clock. Called at Carpenter's, who told me Lord Strangford had written to him most anxiously about my affair. By the bye, I forget whether I have recorded what I heard from Dublin the other day, that the Bishop of Kildare (whom I know not at all), when a subscription was talked of for me, said his 50*l.* was ready; and "*c'est beaucoup dire*" from a bishop. Called at Power's, at Longman's, and at Toller's. T. thinks they will not be very alert in their pursuit of me; but I must not trust to this. Dined at Tegart's, Mrs. and Miss Cobbett in the evening; the mother, a quiet, good sort of woman; and the daughter, very gentle, and, I dare say, sensible. When we talked of the rude manners of the Americans, Mrs. Cobbett said it was the *republican* part of them that deserved this character; for the Royalist or Federal party were very different in their manners. Went to the Haymarket, and saw Liston speak a speech upon an ass.

27th. Wrote till one. Went to Power's, and copied out two songs for him. Thence to Longman's, who gave me the proofs of "An Epistle to Thomas Moore, Esq.," of which they are printing fifty copies to distribute among my friends. The name of the author is a secret. By the bye, a thing has just been published, called "The Fudger Fudged; or, T——y M——e and the Devil." I ordered

a copy down in Phipps's fish basket the other day: never was there such wretched stuff. Dined at Lady Blessington's; company, Mrs. Purvis, Stroëhling the painter and his wife, Dr. Richardson, who travelled with Lord Belmore, and is about to publish; Tegart, and Charles Kemble. Mrs. Stroëhling sung in the evening very sweetly. Did not get home till three o'clock.

28th. Transcribed. Made calls. Went with Woolriche to dine at a bad coffee-house in Spring Gardens, and thence to Astley's.

29th, Transcribed. Called upon Mrs. Stroëhling, who sung over to me some of the things I liked, and promised to copy them for me. Orme called at half-past two to take me out to dine at Longman's at Hampstead: Mrs. —— looking very pretty: sang some of my "Sacred Songs" with her in the evening. Slept there.

30th. Walked in, after looking over "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk." He says of Jeffrey's dress at some assembly, "In short he was more of a *dandy* than any great author I ever saw, always excepting Tom Moore." Called at Heath's the engraver, to see the design Stothard has done for the second number of the "National Melodies.', Love and Hope is beautiful, but Common Sense does not tell the story at all. A note from Elliston, wishing me to call upon him at Drury Lane. Went, as I had an appointment with Ward also, in order to get some papers relating to Sheridan from him. Elliston's business was to entreat me to write something for the theatre. When I mentioned the precariousness of writing for the stage, he said, "As to *success*, one cannot answer; but as to money, there shall be no precariousness; for I have such dependence upon your talents, that I will buy the piece at once from you.

Name your own price, and rate yourself as you ought, among the highest." This is very flattering, but I fear the new manager is altogether too dashing. Dined with Power, and looked over music in the evening.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

LONDON:
SPOTTISWOODES and SHAW,
New-street-Square.